This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

IN MEMORY OF

MARIA J. VAN BRUNT JONES

Reader sculp.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE,

Oct.r October 19th 1806.

Æt. 21 Years.

THE

REMAINS

OF

HENRY KIRKE WHITE,

OF NOTTINGHAM,

Late of St. John's College, Cambridge;

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS

LIFE,

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY EVERT DUYCKINCK,
No. 68 Water-street.

1820.

J. C. Totten, printer, 9 Bowery.

Gift of the family of
Samuel A. Jones
8-5-49
2 v.

828
W585
S 79
1820
v. 1

ACCOUNT OF

THE

LIFE OF HENRY K. WHITE.

IT fell to my lot to publish, with the assistance of my friend Mr. Cottle, the first collected edition of the works of Chatterton, in whose history I felt a more than ordinary interest, as being a native of the same city, familiar from my childhood with those great objects of art and nature by which he had been so deeply impressed, and devoted from my childhood with the same ardour to the same pursuits. It is now my fortune to lay before the world some account of one whose early death is not less to be lamented as a loss to English literature, and whose virtues were as admirable as his genius. In the present instance there is nothing to be recorded but what is honourable to himself, and to the age in which he lived; little to be regretted, but that one so ripe for heaven should so soon have been removed from the world.

Henry Kirke White, the second son of John and Mary White, was born in Nottingham, March 21st, 1785. His father is a butcher; his mother, whose maiden name was Neville, is of a respectable Staffordshire family.

From the years of three till five, Henry learnt to read at the school of Mrs. Garrington; whose name, unimportant as it may appear, is mentioned, because she had the good sense to perceive his extraordinary capacity,

and spoke of what it promised with confidence. She was an excellent woman, and he describes her with affection in his poem upon Childhood. At a very early age his love of reading was decidedly manifested; it was a passion to which every thing else gave way. "I could fancy," says his eldest sister, "I see him in his little chair, with a large book upon his knee, and my mother calling, 'Henry, my love, come to dinner,' which was repeated so often without being regarded, that she was obliged to change the tone of her voice before she could rouse him." When he was about seven, he would creep unperceived into the kitchen, to teach the servant to read and write; and he continued this for sometime before it was discovered that he had been thus laudably employed. He wrote a tale of a Swiss emigrant, which was probably his first composition, and gave it to this servant, being ashamed to show it to his mother. The consciousness of genius is always at first accompanied with this diffidence; it is a sacred solitary feeling. No forward child, however extraordinary the promise of his childhood, ever produced any thing truly great.

When Henry was about six, he was placed under the Rev. John Blanchard, who kept, at that time, the best school in Nottingham. Here he learnt writing, arithmetic, and French. When he was about eleven, he one day wrote a separate theme for every boy in his class, which consisted of about twelve or fourteen. The master said he had never known them write so well upon any subject before, and could not refrain from expressing his astonishment at the excellence of Henry's. It was considered as a great thing for him to be at so good a school, yet there were some circumstances which rendered it less advantageous to him than it might have been. Mrs. White had not yet overcome her husband's

intention of breeding him up to his own business, and by an arrangement which took up too much of his time, and would have crushed his spirit, if that "mounting spirit" could have been crushed, one whole day in the week, and his leisure hours on the others, were employed in carrying the butcher's basket. Some differences at length arose between his father and Mr. Blanchard, in consequence of which Henry was removed.

One of the ushers, when he came to receive the money due for tuition, took the opportunity of informing Mrs. White what an incorrigible son she had, and that it was impossible to make the lad do any thing. This information made his friends very uneasy; they were dispirited about him; and had they relied wholly upon this report, the stupidity or malice of this man would have blasted Henry's progress for ever. He was, however, placed under the care of a Mr. Shipley, who soon discovered that he was a boy of quick perception, and very admirable talents; and came with joy, like a good man, to relieve the anxiety and painful suspicions of his family.

While his school-masters were complaining that they could make nothing of him, he discovered what Nature had made him, and wrote satires upon them. These pieces were never shown to any, except his most particular friends, who say that they were pointed and severe. They are enumerated in the table of Contents to one of his manuscript volumes, under the title of School-Lampoons; but, as was to be expected, he had cut the leaves out and destroyed them.

One of his poems written at this time, and under these feelings, is preserved.

ON BEING CONFINED TO SCHOOL

One pleasant morning in Spring.

Written at the age of thirteen.

THE morning sun's enchanting rays,
Now call forth every songster's praise;
Now the lark with upward flight,
Gayly ushers in the light;
While wildly warbling from each tree,
The birds sing songs to Liberty.

But for me no songster sings,
For me no joyous lark up-springs;
For I, confined in gloomy school,
Must own the pedant's iron rule,
And far from sylvan shades and bowers,
In durance vile must pass the hours;
There con the scholiast's dreary lines,
Where no bright ray of genius shines,
And close to rugged learning cling,
While laughs around the jocund spring.

How gladly would my soul forego
All that arithmeticians know,
Or stiff grammarians quaintly teach,
Or all that industry can reach,
To taste each morn of all the joys
That with the laughing sun arise;
And unconstrain'd to rove along
The bushy brakes and glens among;

And woo the muse's gentle power,
In unfrequented rural bower!
But ah! such heav'n-approaching joys
Will never greet my longing eyes;
Still will they cheat in vision fine,
Yet never but in fancy shine.

Oh, that I were the little wren
That shrilly chirps from yonder glen!
Oh, far away I then would rove,
To some secluded bushy grove;
There hop and sing with careless glee,
Hop and sing at liberty;
And till death should stop my lays,
Far from men would spend my days.

About this time his mother was induced, by the advice of several friends to open a Ladies' Boarding and Day School in Nottingham, her eldest daughter having previously been a teacher in one for some time. In this she succeeded beyond her most sanguine expectations, and Henry's home comforts were thus materially increased, though it was still out of the power of his family to give him that education, and direction in life, which his talents deserved and required.

It was now determined to breed him up to the hosiery trade, the staple manufacture of his native place, and at the age of fourteen he was placed in a stocking-loom, with the view, at some future period, of getting a situation in a hosier's warehouse. During the time that he was thus employed, he might be said to be truly unhappy; he went to his work with evident reluctance, and could not refrain from sometimes hinting his extreme aversion to it: but the circumstances of his family

obliged them to turn a deaf ear:* His mother, however, secretly felt that he was worthy of better things: to her he spoke more openly: he could not bear, he said,

* His temper and tone of mind at this period, when he was in his fourteenth year, are displayed in this extract from an Address to Contemplation.

THEE do I own, the prompter of my joys,
The soother of my cares, inspiring peace;
And I will ne'er forsake thee.—Men may rave,
And blame and censure me, that I don't tie
My ev'ry thought down to the desk, and spend
The morning of my life in adding figures
With accurate monotony; that so
The good things of the world may be my lot,
And I might taste the blessedness of wealth:
But, Oh! I was not made for money getting;
For me no much-respected plum awaits,
Nor civic honour, envied—For as still
I tried to cast with school dexterity
The interesting sums, my vagrant thoughts
Would quick revert to many a woodland haunt,
Which fond remembrance cherish'd, and the pen
Dropt from my senseless fingers as I pictur'd,
In my mind's eye, how on the shores of Trent
I erewhile wander'd with my early friends
In social intercourse. And then I'd think
How contrary pursuits had thrown us wide,
One from the other, scatter'd o'er the globe;
They were set down with sober steadiness,
Each to his occupation. I alone,
A wayward youth, misled by Fancy's vagaries,
Remain'd unsettled, insecure, and veering
With every wind to ev'ry point o' th' compass.
Yes, in the Counting House I could indulge
In fits of close abstraction; yea, amid
The busy bustling crowds could meditate,
And send my thoughts ten thousand leagues away
Beyond the Atlantic, resting on my friend.

the thought of spending seven years of his life in shining and folding up stockings: he wanted *something to occupy his brain*, and he should be wretched if he continued longer at this trade, or indeed in any thing except one of the learned professions. These frequent complaints, after a year's application, or rather misapplication, (as his brother says) at the loom, convinced her that he had a mind destined for nobler pursuits. To one so situated,

> Aye, Contemplation, ev'n in earliest youth
> I woo'd thy heavenly influence! I would walk
> A weary way when all my toils were done,
> To lay myself at night in some lone wood,
> And hear the sweet song of the nightingale,
> Oh, those were times of happiness, and still
> To memory doubly dear; for growing years
> Had not then taught me man was made to mourn,
> And a short hour of solitary pleasure,
> Stolen from sleep, was ample recompence
> For all the hateful bustles of the day.
> My opening mind was ductile then, and plastic,
> And soon the marks of care were worn away,
> While I was swayed by every novel impulse,
> Yielding to all the fancies of the hour,
> But it has now assumed its character;
> Mark'd by strong lineaments, its haughty tone,
> Like the firm oak, would sooner break than bend,
> Yet still, oh, Contemplation! I do love
> T' indulge thy solemn musings; still the same
> With thee alone I know to melt and weep,
> In thee alone delighting. Why along
> The dusky tract of commerce should I toil
> When with an easy competence content,
> I can alone be happy; where with thee
> I may enjoy the loveliness of nature,
> And loose the wings of Fancy!—Thus alone
> Can I partake of happiness on Earth;
> And to be happy here is man's chief end,
> For to be happy he must needs be good.

and with nothing but his own talents and exertions to depend upon, the Law seemed to be the only practicable line. His affectionate and excellent mother made every possible effort to effect his wishes, his father being very averse to the plan, and at length, after overcoming a variety of obstacles, he was fixed in the office of Messrs. Coldham and Enfield, attornies and town-clerks of Nottingham. As no premium could be given with him, he was engaged to serve two years before he was articled, so that though he entered this office when he was fifteen, he was not articled till the commencement of the year 1802.

On his thus entering the law, it was recommended to him by his employers, that he should endeavour to obtain some knowledge of Latin. He had now only the little time which an attorney's office, in very extensive practice, afforded; but great things may be done in "those hours of leisure which even the busiest may create,"* and to his ardent mind no obstacles were too discouraging. He received some instruction in the first rudiments of this language, from a person who then resided at Nottingham under a feigned name, but was soon obliged to leave it, to elude the search of government, who were then seeking to secure him. Henry discovered him to be Mr. Cormick, from a print affixed to a continuation of Hume and Smollet, and published, with their histories, by Cooke. He is, I believe, the same person who wrote a life of Burke. If he received any other assistance it was very trifling; yet, in the course of ten months, he enabled himself to read Horace with tolerable facility, and had made some progress in Greek, which indeed he began first. He used to exercise himself in

* Turner's Preface to the History of the Anglo-Saxons.

declining the Greek nouns and verbs as he was going to and from the office, so valuable was time become to him. From this time he contracted a habit of employing his mind in study during his walks, which he continued to the end of his life.

He now became almost estranged from his family; even at his meals he would be reading, and his evenings were entirely devoted to intellectual improvement. He had a little room given him, which was called his study, and here his milk supper was taken up to him; for, to avoid any loss of time, he refused to sup with his family, though earnestly intreated so to do, as his mother already began to dread the effects of this severe and unremitting application. The law was his first pursuit, to which his papers show he had applied himself with such industry as to make it wonderful that he could have found time, busied as his days were, for any thing else. Greek and Latin were the next objects: at the same time he made himself a tolerable Italian scholar, and acquired some knowledge both of the Spanish and Portuguese. His medical friends say that the knowledge he had obtained of chemistry was very respectable. Astronomy and electricity were among his studies: some attention he paid to drawing, in which it is probable he would have excelled. He was passionately fond of music, and could play very pleasingly by ear on the piano-forte, composing the bass to the air he was playing; but this propensity he checked, lest it might interfere with more important objects. He had a turn for mechanics, and all the fittings up of his study were the work of his own hands.

At a very early age, indeed soon after he was taken from school, Henry was ambitious of being admitted a member of a Literary Society then existing in Nottingham, but was objected to on account of his youth: after

repeated attempts, and repeated failures, he succeeded his wish, through the exertions of some of his friends, was elected. In a very short time, to the great surpr of the Society, he proposed to give them a Lecture, a they, probably from curiosity, acceded to the proposal. The next evening they assembled: he lectured up Genius, and spoke extempore for above two hours, i such a manner, that he received the unanimous thank of the Society, and they elected this young Roscius oratory their Professor of Literature. There are certai courts at Nottingham, in which it is necessary for an a torney to plead; and he wished to qualify himself for a eloquent speaker, as well as a sound lawyer.

With the profession in which he was placed, he wa well pleased, and suffered no pursuit, numerous as hi pursuits were, to interfere in the slightest degree with it duties. Yet he soon began to have higher aspirations, and to cast a wistful eye toward the universities with little hope of ever attaining their important advantages, yet probably not without some hope, however faint. There was at this time a magazine in publication, called the Monthly Preceptor, which proposed prize themes for boys and girls to write upon; and which was encouraged by many school-masters, some of whom, for their own credit, and that of the important institutions in which they were placed, should have known better than to encourage it. But in schools, and in all practical systems of education, emulation is made the main spring, as if there were not enough of the leaven of disquietude in our natures, without inoculating it with this dilutement—this *vaccine virus of* envy. True it is that we need encouragement in youth; that though our vices spring up and thrive in shade and darkness, like poisonous fungi, our better powers require light and air; and that praise is

the sun-shine, without which genius will whither, fade, and die; or rather in search of which, like a plant that is debarred from it, will push forth in contortions and deformity. But such practices as that of writing for public prizes, of publicly declaiming, and of enacting plays before the neighbouring gentry, teach boys to look for applause instead of being satisfied with approbation, and foster in them that vanity which needs no such cherishing. This is administering stimulants to the heart, instead of "feeding it with food convenient for it;" and the effect of such stimulants is to dwarf the human mind, as lap-dogs are said to be stopt in their growth, by being dosed with gin. Thus *forced*, it becomes like the sapling which shoots up when it should be striking its roots far and deep, and which therefore never attains to more than a sapling's size.

To Henry, however, the opportunity of distinguishing himself, even in the Juvenile Library, was useful; if he had acted with a man's foresight, he could not have done more wisely than by aiming at every distinction within his little sphere. At the age of fifteen, he gained a silver medal for a translation from Horace; and the following year a pair of twelve inch globes, for an imaginary Tour from London to Edinburgh. He determined upon trying for this prize one evening when at tea with his family, and at supper he read to them his performance, to which seven pages were granted in the magazine, though they had limited the allowance of room to three. Shortly afterwards he won several books for exercises on different subjects. Such honours were of great importance to him; they were testimonies of his ability, which could not be suspected of partiality, and they prepared his father to regard with less reluctance that change in his views and wishes which afterwards took place.

He now became a correspondent in the Monthly Mirror: a magazine which first set the example of typographical neatness in periodical publications, which has given the world a good series of portraits, and which deserves praise also on other accounts, having among its contributors, some persons of extensive erudition, and acknowledged talents. Magazines are of great service to those who are learning to write; they are fishing boats, which the Buccaniers of Literature do not condescend to sink, burn, and destroy: young poets may safely try their strength in them; and that they should try their strength before the public, without danger of any shame from failure, is highly desireable. Henry's rapid improvement was now as remarkable as his unwearied industry. The pieces which had been rewarded in the Juvenile Preceptor, might have been rivalled by many boys; but what he produced a year afterwards, few men could equal. Those which appeared in the Monthly Mirror attracted some notice, and introduced him to the acquaintance of Mr Capel Lofft, and of Mr. Hill, the proprietor of the work, a gentleman who is himself a lover of English literature, and who has probably the most copious collection of English poetry in existence. Their encouragement induced him, about the close of the year 1802, to prepare a little volume of poems for the press. It was his hope that this publication might either, by the success of its sale, or the notice which it might excite, enable him to prosecute his studies at college, and fit himself for the Church. For though so far was he from feeling any dislike to his own profession, that he was even attached to it, and had indulged a hope that one day or other he should make his way to the Bar, a deafness to which he had always been subject, and which appeared to grow progressively worse, threatened to preclude all possibility of advance-

ment; and his opinions, which had at one time inclined to deism, had now taken a strong devotional bias.

Henry was earnestly advised to obtain, if possible, some patroness for his book, whose rank in life, and notoriety in the literary world, might afford it some protection. The days of dedications are happily well nigh at an end; but this was of importance to him, as giving his little volume consequence in the eyes of his friends and townsmen. The Countess of Derby was first applied to, and the manuscript submitted to her perusal. She returned it with a refusal, upon the ground that it was an invariable rule with her never to accept a compliment of the kind; but this refusal was couched in language as kind as it was complimentary, and he felt more pleasure at the kindness which it expressed, than disappointment at the failure of his application: a 2*l.* note was enclosed as her subscription to the work. The Margravine of Anspach was also thought of. There is among his papers the draught of a letter addressed to her upon the subject, but I believe it was never sent. He was then recommended to apply to the Duchess of Devonshire. Poor Henry felt a fit repugnance at courting patronage in this way, but he felt that it was of consequence in his little world, and submitted; and the manuscript was left with a letter, at Devonshire House, as it had been with the Countess of Derby. Some time elapsed, and no answer arrived from her Grace; and as she was known to be pestered with such applications, apprehensions began to be entertained for the safety of the papers. His brother Neville (who was now settled in London) called several times; of course he never obtained an interview: the case at last became desperate, and he went with a determination not to quit the house till he had obtained them. After waiting four hours in the servants' hall, his perseverance conquered their

idle insolence, and he got possession of the manuscript. And here he, as well as his brother, sick of "dancing attendance" upon the great, would have relinquished all thoughts of the dedication; but they were urged to make one more trial:—a letter to her Grace was procured, with which Neville obtained audience wisely leaving the manuscript at home; and the Duchess with her usual good nature, gave permission that the volume should be dedicated to her. Accordingly her name appeared in the title page, and a copy was transmitted to her in due form, and in its due morocco livery, of which no notice was ever taken. Involved as she was in an endless round of miserable follies, it is probable that she never opened the book; otherwise her heart was good enough to have felt a pleasure in encouraging the author. Oh, what a lesson would the history of that heart hold out!

Henry sent his little volume to each of the then existing Reviews, and accompanied it with a letter, wherein he stated what his advantages had been, and what were the hopes which he proposed to himself from the publication: requesting from them that indulgence of which his productions did not stand in need, and which it might have been thought, under such circumstances, would not have been withheld from works of less promise. It may be well conceived with what anxiety he looked for their opinions, and with what feelings he read the following article in the Monthly Review for February, 1804.

Monthly Review, February, 1804.

"The circumstances under which this little volume is offered to the public, must, in some measure disarm criticism. We have been informed, that Mr. White has scarcely attained his eighteenth year, has hitherto exerted himself in the pursuit of knowledge under the discourage-

ments of penury and misfortune, and now hopes, by this early authorship, to obtain some assistance in the prosecution of his studies at Cambridge. He appears, indeed, to be one of those young men of talents and application who merit encouragement: and it would be gratifying to us, to hear that this publication had obtained for him a respectable patron, for we fear that the mere profit arising from the sale cannot be, in any measure, adequate to his exigencies as a student at the university. A subscription, with a statement of the particulars of the author's case might have been calculated to have answered his purpose; but, as a book which is to "win its way" on the sole ground of its own merit, this poem cannot be contemplated with any sanguine expectation. The author is very anxious, however, that critics should find in it something to commend, and he shall not be disappointed: we commend his exertions, and his laudable endeavours to excel, but we cannot compliment him with having learned the difficult art of writing good poetry.

"Such lines as these will sufficiently prove our assertion:

> "Here would I run a visionary *boy*,
> When the hoarse thunder shook the vaulted *sky*,
> And, fancy led, beheld the Almighty's form
> Sternly *careering* in the eddying storm."

"If Mr. White should be instructed by Alma mater he will, doubtless, produce better sense, and better rhymes."

I know not who was the writer of this precious article. It is certain that Henry could have no personal enemy; his volume fell into the hands of some dull man, who took it up in an hour of ill humour, turned over the leaves to

look for faults, and finding that *Boy* and *Sky* were not orthodox rhymes, according to his wise creed of criticism, sat down to blast the hopes of a boy, who had confessed to him all his hopes and all his difficulties, and thrown himself upon his mercy. With such a letter before him, (by mere accident I saw that which had been sent to the Critical Review.) even though the poems had been bad, a good man would not have said so; he would have avoided censure, if he had found it impossible to bestow praise. But that the reader may perceive the wicked injustice, as well as the cruelty of this reviewal, a few specimens of the volume, thus contemptuously condemned because *Boy* and *Sky* are used as rhymes in it, shall be inserted in this place.

*TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.**

1.

SWEET scented flower! who art wont to bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er the wintery desert drear
To waft thy waste perfume!
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow;
And as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song,
And sweet the strain shall be and long,
The melody of death.

2

Come, funeral flow'r! who lov'st to dwell
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,

* The Rosemary buds in January. It is the flower commonly put in the coffins of the dead.

And throw across the desert gloom
A sweet decaying smell.
Come, press my lips, and lie with me,
Beneath the lovely Alder tree,
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude,
To break the marble solitude,
So peaceful and so deep.

3

And hark! the wind-god as he flies,
Moans hollow in the forest-trees,
And sailing on the gusty breeze,
Mysterious music dies.
Sweet flower! that requiem wild is mine,
It warns me to the lonely shrine,
The cold turf altar of the dead;
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
Where as I lie, by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

TO THE MORNING.

Written during Illness.

BEAMS of the day-break faint! I hail
Your dubious hues, as on the robe
Of night, which wraps the slumbering globe,
I mark your traces pale.
Tir'd with the taper's sickly light,
And with the wearying, numbered night,
I hail the streaks of morn divine:
And lo! they break between the dewy wreathes

That round my rural casements twine;
The fresh gale o'er the green lawn breathes,
It fans my feverish brow,—it calms the mental strife,
And cheerily re-allumes the lambent flame of life.

The Lark has her gay song begun,
She leaves her grassy nest,
And soars 'till the *unrisen sun*
Gleams on her speckled breast.
Now let me leave my restless bed,
And o'er the spangled uplands tread;
Now thro' the custom'd wood-walk wend;
By many a green lane lies my way,
Where high o'er head the wild briers bend,
'Till on the mountain's summit grey,
I sit me down and mark the glorious dawn of day.

Oh, heaven! the soft refreshing gale
It breathes into my breast,
My sunk eye gleams, my cheek so pale,
Is with new colors drest.
Blythe Health! thou soul of life and ease!
Come thou too, on the balmy breeze,
Invigorate my frame:
I'll join with thee the buskin'd chace,
With thee the distant clime will trace,
Beyond those clouds of flame.

Above, below, what charms unfold
In all the varied view!
Before me all is burnish'd gold,
Behind the twilight's hue.
The mists which on old Night await,
Far to the West they hold their state,

They shun the clear blue face of Morn;
Along the fine cerulean sky
The fleecy clouds successive fly,
While bright prismatic beams their shadowy folds adorn.

And hark! the Thatcher has begun
His whistle on the eaves,
And oft the Hedger's bill is heard
Among the rustling leaves.
The slow team creaks upon the road,
The noisy whip resounds,
The driver's voice, his carol blythe,
The mower's stroke, his whetting sythe,
Mix with the morning's sounds.

Who would not rather take his seat
Beneath these clumps of trees,
The early dawn of day to greet,
And catch the healthy breeze,
Than on the silken couch of Sloth
Luxurious to lie;
Who would not from life's dreary waste
Snatch, when he could, with eager haste,
An interval of joy!

To him who simply thus recounts
The morning's pleasure's o'er,
Fate dooms ere long, the scene must close
To ope on him no more.
Yet, Morning! unrepining still
He'll greet thy beams awhile,
And surely thou, when o'er his grave
Solemn the whisp'ring willows wave,
Wilt sweetly on him smile;
And the pale glow-worm's pensive light,
Will guide his ghostly walks in the drear moonless night.

An author is proof against reviewing, when, like myself, he has been reviewed above seventy times; but the opinion of a reviewer upon his first publication, has more effect, both upon his feelings and his success, than it ought to have, or would have, if the mystery of the ungentle craft were more generally understood. Henry wrote to the *Editor, to complain of the cruelty with which he had been treated. This remonstrance produced the following answer in the next month.*

Monthly Review, March, 1804.

ADDRESS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"In the course of our long critical labours, we have necessarily been forced to encounter the resentment, or withstand the lamentations of many disappointed authors; but we have seldom, if ever, been more affected than by a letter from Mr. White, of Nottingham, complaining of the tendency of our strictures on his poem of Clifton Grove, in our last number. His expostulations is written with a warmth of feeling in which we truly sympathize, and which shall readily excuse, with us, some expressions of irritation: but Mr. White must receive our most serious declaration, that we did "judge of the book by the book itself;" excepting only, that from his former letter, we were desirous of mitigating the pain of that decision which our public duty required us to pronounce. We spoke with the utmost sincerity when we stated our wishes for patronage to an unfriended man of talents, for talents Mr. White certainly possesses, and we repeat those wishes with equal cordiality. Let him still trust that, like Gifford (see preface to his translation of Juvenal) some Mr. Cookesley may yet appear to foster a capacity

which endeavours to escape from its present confined sphere of action; and let the opulent inhabitants of Nottingham reflect, that some portion of that wealth which they have worthily acquired by the habits of industry, will be laudably applied in assisting the efforts of the mind."

Henry was not aware that reviewers are infallible. His letter seems to have been answered by a different writer: the answer has none of the common-place and vulgar insolence of the criticism; but to have made any concession, would have been admitting that a review can do wrong, and thus violating the fundamental principle of its constitution.

The poems which had been thus condemned appeared to me to discover strong marks of genius. I had shewn them to two of my friends, than whom no persons living better understand what poetry is, nor have given better proofs of it; and their opinion coincided with my own. I was fully convinced of the injustice of this criticism, and having accidentally seen the letter which he had written to the reviewers, understood the whole cruelty of their injustice. In consequence of this I wrote to Henry to encourage him: told him, that though I was well aware how imprudent it was in young poets to publish their productions, his circumstances seemed to render that expedient, from which it would otherwise be right to dissuade him; advised him therefore, if he had no better prospects, to print a larger volume by subscription, and offered to do what little was in my power to serve him in the business. To this he replied in the following letter.

* * * *

"I dare not say all I feel respecting your opinion of my little volume. The extreme acrimony with which the Monthly Review (of all others the most important) treat-

ed me, threw me into a state of stupefaction: I regarded all that had passed as a dream, and thought I had been deluding myself into an idea of possessing poetic genius, when in fact I had only the longing without the *afflatus*. I mustered resolution enough, however, to write spiritedly to them: their answer, in the ensuing number, was a tacit acknowledgment that they had been somewhat too unsparing in their correction. It was a poor attempt to salve over a wound wantonly and most ungenerously inflicted. Still I was damped, because I knew the work was very respectable, and therefore could not, I concluded, give a criticism *grossly* deficient in equity—the more especially, as I knew of no sort of inducement to extraordinary severity. Your letter, however, has revived me, and I do again venture to hope that I may still produce something which will survive me.

"With regard to your advice and offers of assistance, I will not attempt, because I am unable to thank you for them. To-morrow morning I depart for Cambridge, and I have considerable hopes that, as I do not enter into the university with any sinister or interested views, but sincerely desire to perform the duties of an affectionate and vigilant pastor, and become more useful to mankind, I therefore have hopes, I say, that I shall find means of support *in the University*. If I do not, I shall certainly act in pursuance of your recommendations; and shall, without hesitation, avail myself of your offers of service, and of your directions.

"In a short time this will be determined; and when it is, I shall take the liberty of writing to you at Keswick, to make you acquainted with the result.

"I have only one objection to publishing by subscription, and I confess it has weight with me. It is, that in this step, I shall seem to be acting upon the advice so un-

feelingly and contumelously given by the Monthly Reviewers, who say what is equal to this—that had I gotten a subscription for my poems before their merit was known, I might have succeeded; provided, it seems, I had made a *particular statement of my case*; like a beggar, who stands with his hat in one hand, and a full account of his cruel treatment on the coast of Barbary in the other, and so gives you his penny sheet for your sixpence, by way of half purchase, half charity.

"I have materials for another volume, but they were written principally while Clifton Grove was in the press, or soon after, and, do not now at all satisfy me. Indeed, of late, I have been obliged to desist, almost entirely, from converse with the dames of Helicon. The drudgery of an attorney's office, and the necessity of preparing myself, in case I should succeed in getting to College, in what little leisure I could boast, left no room for the flights of the imagination."

In another letter he speaks, in still stronger terms, of what he had suffered from the unfeeling and iniquitous criticism.

"The unfavourable review (in the "Monthly") of my unhappy work, has cut deeper than you could have thought; not in a literary point of view, but as it affects my respectabilty. It represents me actually as a *beggar*, going about gathering money to put myself at college, when my book is worthless; and this with every appearance of candour. They have been sadly misinformed respecting me; this review goes before me wherever I turn my steps; it haunts me incessantly, and I am persuaded it is an instrument in the hands of Satan to drive me to distraction. I must leave Nottingham."

It is not unworthy of remark, that this very reviewal, which was designed to crush the hopes of Henry, and

suppress his struggling genius, has been, in its consequences, the main occasion of bringing his Remains to light, and obtaining for him that fame which assuredly will be his portion. Had it not been for the indignation which I felt at perusing a criticism at once so cruel and so stupid, the little intercourse between Henry and myself would not have taken place; his papers would probably have remained in oblivion, and his name, in a few years, have been forgotten.

I have stated that his opinions were at one time, inclining towards deism: it needs not be said on what slight grounds the opinions of a youth must needs be founded: while they are confined to matters of speculation, they indicate, whatever their ecoentricities, only an active mind: and it is only when a propensity is manifested to such principles as give a sanction to immorality, that they show something wrong at heart. One little poem of Henry's remains, which was written in this unsettled state of mind. It exhibits much of his character, and can excite no feelings towards him, but such as are favourable.

MY OWN CHARACTER.

Addressed (during illness) to a Lady.

DEAR Fanny, I mean, now I'm laid on the shelf,
To give you a sketch—aye, a sketch of myself.
'Tis a pitiful subject, I frankly confess,
And one it would puzzle a painter to dress;
But however, here goes, and as sure as a gun,
I'll tell all my faults like a penitent nun;
For I know, for my Fanny, before I address her,
She wont be a cynical father confessor.
Come, come, 'twill not do! put that curling brow down:

You can't, for the soul of you, learn how to frown.
Well, first I premise, its my honest conviction,
That my breast is a chaos of all contradiction;
Religious—Deistic—now loyal and warm;
Then a dagger-drawn Democrat hot for reform:
This moment a fop—*that*, sententious as Titus;
Democritus now, and anon Heraclitus;
Now laughing and pleas'd, like a child with a rattle;
Then vex'd to the soul with impertinent tattle;
Now moody and sad, now unthinking and gay;
To all points of the compass I veer in a day.

I'm proud and disdainful to Fortune's gay child,
But to Poverty's offspring submissive and mild!
As rude as a boor, and as rough in dispute;
Then as for politeness—oh! dear—I'm a brute!
I shew no respect where I never can feel it:
And as for contempt take no pains to conceal it.
And so in the suite, by these laudable ends,
I've a great many foes, and a very few friends.

And yet, my dear Fanny, there are who can feel
That this proud heart of mine is not fashion'd of steel.
It can love, (can it not?)—it can hate, I am sure,
And its friendly enough, tho' in friends it be poor.
For itself tho' it bleed not, for others it bleeds;
If it have not *ripe* virtues, I'm sure it's the *seeds*;
And tho' far from faultless, or even so-so,
I think it may pass as our worldly things go.

Well, I've told you my frailties without any gloss;
Then as to my virtues, I'm quite at a loss!
I think I'm devout, and yet I can't say,
But in process of time I may get the wrong way.

I'm a *general lover*, if that's commendation,
And yet can't withstand *you know whose* fascination.
But I find that amidst all my tricks and devices,
In fishing for virtues, I'm pulling up vices;
So as for the *good*, why, if I possess it,
I am not yet learned enough to express it.

You yourself must examine the lovelier side,
And after your every art you have tried,
Whatever my faults, I may venture to say,
Hypocrisy never will come in your way.
I am upright, I hope, I am downright, I'm clear!
And I think my worst foe must allow I'm sincere;
And if ever sincerity glow'd in my breast,
'Tis now when I swear——————* *

About this time Mr. Pigott, the curate of St. Mary's, Nottingham, hearing what was the bent of his religious opinions, sent him, by a friend, Scott's Force of truth, and requested him to peruse it attentively, which he promised to do. Having looked at the book, he told the person who brought it to him, that he could soon write an answer to it; but about a fortnight afterwards, when this friend inquired how far he had proceeded in his answer to Mr. Scott, Henry's reply was in a very different tone and temper. He said, that to answer that book was out of his power, and out of any man's, for it was founded upon eternal truth; that it had convinced him of his error; and that so thoroughly was he impressed with a sense of the importance of his Maker's favour, that he would willingly give up all acquisitions of knowledge, and all hopes of fame, and live in a wilderness, unknown, till death, so he could insure an inheritance in heaven.

A new pursuit was thus opened to him, and he en-

gaged in it with his wonted ardour. "It was a constant feature in his mind," says Mr. Pigott, "to persevere in the pursuit of what he deemed noble and important. Religion, in which he now appeared to himself not yet to have taken a step, engaged all his anxiety, as of all concerns the most important. He could not rest satisfied till he had formed his principles upon the basis of Christianity, and till he had begun in earnest to think and act agreeably to its pure and heavenly precepts. His mind loved to make distant excursions into the future and remote consequences of things. He no longer limited his views to the narrow confines of earthly existence; he was not happy till he had learnt to rest and expatiate in a world to come. What he said to me when we became intimate is worthy of observation; that, he said, which first made him dissatisfied with the creed he had adopted, and the standard of practice which he had set up for himself, was the *purity of mind* which he perceived was every where inculcated in the Holy Scriptures, and required of every one who would become a successful candidate for future blessedness. He had supposed that morality of conduct was all the purity required; but when he observed that purity of the very *thoughts* and *intentions* of the soul also was requisite, he was convinced of his deficiencies, and could find no comfort to his penitence, but in the atonement made for human frailty by the Redeemer of mankind; and no strength adequate to his weakness, and sufficient for resisting evil, but the aid of God's Spirit, promised to those who seek them from above in the sincerity of earnest prayer."

From the moment when he had fully contracted these opinions, he was resolved upon devoting his life to the promulgation of them; and therefore to leave the law, and, if possible, place himself at one of the Universities.

Every argument was used by his friends to dissuade him from his purpose, but to no effect: his mind was unalterably fixed; and great and numerous as the obstacles were, he was determined to surmount them all. He had now served the better half of the term for which he was articled; his entrance and continuance in the profession, had been a great expence to his family; and to give up this lucrative profession, in the study of which he had advanced so far, and situated as he was, for one wherein there was so little prospect of his obtaining even a decent competency, appeared to them the height of folly or of madness. This determination cost his poor mother many tears; but determined he was, and that by the best and purest motives. Without ambition he could not have existed, but his ambition now was to be eminently useful in the ministry.

It was Henry's fortune, through his short life, as he was worthy of the kindest treatment, always to find it. His employers, Mr. Coldham and Mr. Enfield, listened with a friendly ear to his plans, and agreed to give up the remainder of his time, though it was now become very valuable to them, as soon as they should think his prospects of getting through the University were such as he might reasonably trust to; but till then, they felt themselves bound, for his own sake, to detain him. Mr. Pigott, and Mr. Dashwood, another clergyman, who at that time resided in Nottingham, exerted themselves in his favour: he had a friend at Queen's College, Cambridge, who mentioned him to one of the Fellows of St. John's, and that gentleman on the representations made to him of Henry's talents and piety, spared no effort to obtain for him an adequate support.

As soon as these hopes were laid out to him, his employers gave him a month's leave of absence, for the ben-

efit of uninterrupted study, and of change of air, which his health now began to require. Instead of going to the sea coast, as was expected, he chose for his retreat the village of Wilford, which is situated on the banks of the Trent, and at the foot of Clifton Woods. These woods had ever been his favourite place of resort, and were the subject of the longest poem in his little volume, from which, indeed, the volume was named. He delighted to point out to his more intimate friends the scenery of this poem; the islet to which he had often forded, when the river was not knee deep; and the little hut wherein he had sat for hours, and sometimes all day long, reading or writing, or dreaming with his eyes open. He had sometimes wandered in these woods till night far advanced, and used to speak with pleasure of having once been overtaken there by a thunder storm at midnight, and watching the lightning over the river and the vale towards the town.

In this village his mother procured lodgings for him, and his place of retreat was kept secret, except from his nearest friends. Soon after the expiration of the month, intelligence arrived that the plans which had been formed in his behalf had entirely failed. He went immediately to his mother: "All my hopes," said he, "of getting to the university are now blasted; in preparing myself for it, I have lost time in my profession; I have much ground to get up, and as I am determined not to be a *mediocre* attorney, I must endeavour to recover what I have lost." The consequence was, that he applied himself more severely than ever to his studies. He now allowed himself no time for relaxation, little for his meals, and scarcely any for sleep. He would read till one, two, or three o'clock in the morning; then throw himself on the bed, and rise again to his work at five, at the call of a *Larum*,

which he had fixed to a *French* clock in his chamber. Many nights he never had down at all. It was in vain that his mother used every possible means to dissuade her from this destructive application. In this respect, and in this only one, was Henry undutiful, and neither entreaties, nor tears, nor intreaties, could check his desperate and deadly ardour. At one time she went every night into his room, to put out his candle: as soon as he heard her coming up stairs, he used to hide it in a cupboard, throw himself into bed, and affect sleep, while she was in the room; then, when all was quiet, rise again, and pursue his baneful studies.

"The night," says Henry, in one of his letters, "has been every thing to me; and did the world know how I have been indebted to the hours of repose, they would not wonder that night images are, as they judge, so ridiculously predominant, in my verses." During some of these midnight hours he indulged himself in complaining, but in such complaints that it is to be wished more of them had been found among his papers.

ODE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

1.

COME, Disappointment, come!
Not in thy terrors clad;
Come in thy meekest, saddest guise:
Thy chastening rod but terrifies
The restless and the bad.
But I recline
Beneath thy shrine,
And round my brow resign'd, thy peaceful cyprus twine.

2.

Tho' Fancy flies away
Before thy hollow tread,
Yet meditation, in her cell;
Hears with faint eye the ling'ring knell,
That tells her hopes are dead;
And tho' the tear
By chance appear,
Yet she can smile, and say, My all was not laid here.

3.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Though from Hope's summit hurl'd,
Still, rigid Nurse, thou art forgiven,
For thou severe were sent from heaven
To wean me from the world;
To turn my eye
From vanity,
And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die.

4.

What is this passing scene!
A peevish April day!
A little sun—a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discuss'd)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

5.

Oh, what is beauty's power?
It flourishes and dies;

Will the cold earth its silence break,
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek
Beneath its surface lies?
Mute, mute is all
O'er beauty's fall;
Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her pall.

6.

The most belov'd on earth
Not long survives to-day;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet
But now 'tis gone away.
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form belov'd is laid.

7.

Then since this world is vain,
And volatile and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys,
Where rust corrupts, and moth destroys,
And cares and sorrows eat?
Why fly from ill
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart be still?

8.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Thou art not stern to me;
Sad Monitress! I own thy sway,
A votary sad in early day,
I bend my knee to thee.

From sun to sun
My race will run,
I only bow and say, My God, thy will be done.

On another paper are a few lines, written probably in the freshness of his disappointment.

I DREAM no more—the vision flies away,
And Disappointment * * * *
There fell my hopes—I lost my all in this,
My cherish'd all of visionary bliss.
Now hope farewell, farewell, all joys below;
Now welcome sorrow, and now welcome woe,
Plunge me in glooms * * *

His health soon sunk under these habits; he became pale and thin, and at length had a sharp fit of sickness. On his recovery he wrote the following lines in the church yard of his favourite village.

LINES WRITTEN IN WILFORD CHURCH-YARD,

On Recovery from Sickness.

HERE would I wish to sleep.—This is the spot
Which I have long mark'd out to lay my bones in;
Tir'd out and wearied with the riotous world,
Beneath this yew I would be sepulchred.
It is a lovely spot! the sultry sun,
From his meridian height, endeavours vainly
To pierce the shadowy foliage, while the zephyr
Comes wafting gently o'er the rippling Trent,
And plays about my wan cheek. 'Tis a nook
Most pleasant.—Such a one perchance did Gray

Frequent, as with the vagrant muse he wanton'd.
Come, I will sit me down and meditate,
For I am wearied with my summer's walk,
And here I may repose in silent ease;
And thus, perchance, when life's sad journey's o'er,
My harass'd soul, in this same spot, may find
The haven of its rest—beneath this sod
Perchance may sleep it sweetly, sound as death.

I would not have my corpse cemented down
With brick and stone, defrauding the poor earth-worm
Of its predestined dues; no, I would lie
Beneath a little hillock, grass o'ergrown,
Swath'd down with oziers, just as sleep the cotters.
Yet may not *undistinguish'd* be my grave;
But there at eve may some congenial soul
Duly resort, and shed a pious tear,
The good man's benizon—no more I ask.
And oh! (if heavenly beings may look down
From where, with cherubim inspir'd, they sit,
Upon this little dim discover'd spot,
The earth,) then will I cast a glance *below*
On him who thus my ashes shall embalm;
And I will weep too, and I will bless the wanderer,
Wishing he may not long be doom'd to pine
In this low-thoughted world of darkling woe,
But that, ere long, he reach his kindred skies.

Yet 'twas a silly thought—as if the body,
Mouldering beneath the surface of the earth,
Could taste the sweets of summer scenery.
And feel the freshness of the balmy breeze!
Yet nature speaks within the human bosom,
And, spite of reason, bids it look beyond.

His narrow verge of being, and provide
A decent residence for its clayey shell,
Endear'd to it by time. And who would lay
His body in the city burial place,
To be thrown up again by some rude Sexton,
And yield its narrow house another tenant,
Ere the moist flesh had mingled with the dust,
Ere the tenacious hair had left the scalp,
Expos'd to insult lewd, and wantonness?
No, I will lay me in the *village* ground;
There are the dead respected. The poor hind,
Unlettered as he is, would scorn to invade
The silent resting-place of death. I've seen
The labourer, returning from his toil,
Here stay his steps, and call his children round,
And slowly spell the rudely sculptur'd rhymes,
And, in his rustic manner, moralize.
I've mark'd with what a silent awe he'd spoken,
With head uncover'd his respectful manner,
And all the honours which he paid the grave,
And thought on cities, where ev'n cemeteries,
Bestrew'd with all the emblems of mortality,
Are not protected from the drunken insolence
Of wassailers profane, and wanton havock.
Grant heav'n, that here my pilgrimage may close!
Yet, if this be deny'd, where'er my bones
May lie—or in the city's crouded bounds,
Or scatter'd wide o'er the huge sweep of waters,
Or left a prey on some deserted shore
To the rapacious cormorant,—yet still
(For why should sober reason cast away
A thought which soothes the soul?)— yet still my spirit
Shall wing its way to these my native regions,

And hover o'er this spot. Oh, then I'll think
Of times when I was seated 'neath this yew
In solemn rumination; and will smile
With joy that I have got my long'd release.

His friends are of opinion that he never thoroughly recovered from the shock which his constitution had sustained. Many of his poems indicate that he thought himself in danger of consumption; he was not aware that he was generating or fostering in himself another disease, little less dreadful, and which threatens intellect as well as life. At this time youth was in his favour, and his hopes, which were now again renewed, produced perhaps a better effect than medicine. Mr. Dashwood obtained for him an introduction to Mr. Simeon, of King's College, and with this he was induced to go to Cambridge. Mr. Simeon, from the recommendation which he received, and from the conversation he had with him, promised to procure for him a Sazarship at St. John's, and, with the additional aid of a friend, to supply him with 30l. annually. His brother Neville promised twenty; and his mother, it was hoped, would be able to allow fifteen or twenty more. With this, it was thought, he could go through College. If this prospect had not been opened to him, he would probably have turned his thoughts towards the orthodox dissenters.

On his return to Nottingham, the Rev. —— Robinson, of Leicester, and some other friends advised him to apply to the Elland Society for assistance, conceiving that it would be less oppressive to his feelings to be dependant on a Society instituted for the express purpose of training up such young men as himself (that is, such in circumstances and opinions) for the ministry, than on the bounty of an individual. In consequence of this advice, he went

to Elland at the next meeting of the Society, a stranger there, and without one friend among the members. He was examined, for several hours, by about five-and-twenty clergymen, as to his religious views and sentiments, his theological knowledge, and his classical attainments. In the course of the inquiry, it appeared that he had published a volume of poems: their questions now began to be unpleasantly inquisitive concerning the nature of these poems, and he was assailed by queries from all quarters. It was well for Henry that they did not think of referring to the Monthly Review for authority. My letter to him happened to be in his pocket; he luckily recollected this, and produced it as a testimony in his favour. They did me the honour to say that it was quite sufficient, and pursued this part of their inquiry no further. Before he left Elland, he was given to understand, that they were well satisfied with his theological knowledge; that they thought his classical proficiency prodigious for his age, and that they had placed him on their books. He returned little pleased with his journey. His friends had been mistaken; the bounty of an individual calls forth a sense of kindness, as well as of dependance: that of a Society has the virtue of charity perhaps, but it wants the grace. He now wrote to Mr. Simeon, stating what he had done, and that the beneficence of his unknown friends was no longer necessary: but that gentleman obliged him to decline the assistance of the Society, which he very willingly did.

This being finally arranged, he quitted his employers in October, 1804. How much he had conducted himself to their satisfaction, will appear by this testimony of Mr. Enfield, to his diligence and uniform worth. "I have great pleasure," says this gentleman, "in paying the tribute to his memory, of expressing the knowledge which was afforded me during the period of his connexion with Mr.

Coldham and myself, of his diligent application, his ardour for study, and his virtuous and amiable disposition. He very soon discovered an unusual aptness in comprehending the routine of business, and great ability and rapidity in the execution of every thing which was entrusted to him. His diligence and punctual attention were unremitted, and his services became extremely valuable a considerable time before he left us. He seemed to me to have no relish for the ordinary pleasures and dissipations of young men; his mind was perpetually employed, either in the business of his profession, or in private study. With his fondness for literature, we were well acquainted, but had no reason to offer any check to it, for he never permitted the indulgence of his literary pursuits to interfere with the engagements of business. The difficulty of hearing, under which he laboured, was distressing to him in the practice of his profession, and was, I think, an inducement, in co-operation with his other inclinations, for his resolving to relinquish the law. I can, with truth, assert, that his determination was matter of serious regret to my partner and myself."

Mr. Simeon had advised him to *degrade* for a year, and place himself, during that time, under some scholar. He went accordingly to the Rev. —— Grainger, of Winteringham, in Lincolnshire, and there, notwithstanding all the intreaties of his friends, pursuing the same unrelenting course of study, a second illness was the consequence. When he was recovering, he was prevailed upon to relax, to ride on horseback, and to drink wine; these latter remedies he could not long afford, and he would not allow himself time for relaxation when he did not feel its immediate necessity. He frequently, at this time, studied fourteen hours a day: the progress which he made in twelve months was indeed astonishing: when he went to Cam-

bridge, he was immediately as much distinguished for his classical knowledge as his genius: but the seeds of death were in him, and the place to which he had so long looked on with hope, served unhappily as a hot-house to ripen them.*

During his first term, one of the University Scholarships became vacant, and Henry, young as he was in College, and almost self-taught, was advised, by those who were best able to estimate his chance of success, to offer himself as a competitor for it. He past the whole term in preparing himself for this, reading for College subjects in bed, in his walks, or, as he says, where, when, and how he could, never having a moment to spare, and often going to his tutor without having read at all. His strength sunk under this, and though he had declared himself a candidate, he was compelled to decline: but this was not the only misfortune. The general College examination came on; he was utterly unprepared to meet it, and believed that a failure here would have ruined his prospects for ever. He had only about a fortnight to read what other men had been the whole term reading. Once more he exerted himself beyond what his shattered health could bear; the disorder returned, and he went to his tutor, Mr Catton, with tears in his eyes, and told him that he could not go into the Hall to be examined. Mr. Catton, however,

* During his residence in my family, says Mr. Grainger, his conduct was highly becoming, and suitable to a Christian profession. He was mild and inoffensive, modest, unassuming, and affectionate. He attended, with great cheerfulness, a Sunday School which I was endeavouring to establish in the village, and was at considerable pains in the instruction of the children; and I have repeatedly observed, that he was most pleased and most edified, with such of my sermons and addresses to my people as were most close, plain, and familiar. When we parted, we parted with mutual regret; and by us his name will long be remembered with affection and delight.

thought his success here of so much importance, that he exhorted him, with all possible earnestness, to hold out the six days of the examination. Strong medicines were given him, to enable him to support it, and he was pronounced the first man of his year. But life was the price which he was to pay for such honours as these, and Henry is not the first young man to whom such honours have proved fatal. He said to his most intimate friend, almost the last time he saw him, that were he to paint a picture of Fame, crowning a distinguished under-graduate, after the Senate-house examination, he would represent her as concealing a Death's head under a mask of beauty.

When this was over he went to London. London was a new scene of excitement, and what his mind required was tranquility and rest. Before he left College, he had become anxious concerning his expenses, fearing that they exceeded his means. Mr. Catton perceived this, and twice called him to his rooms, to assure him of every necessary support, and every encouragement, and to give him every hope. This kindness relieved his spirits of a heavy weight, and on his return he relaxed a little from his studies, but it was only a little. I found among his papers the day thus planned out:—"Rise at half past five. Devotions and walk till seven. Chapel and breakfast till eight. Study and lectures till one. Four and a half clear reading. Walk, &c. and dinner, and Woolaston, and chapel to six. Six to nine, reading—three hours. Nine to ten, devotions. Bed at ten."

Among his latest writings are these resolutions:—

"I will never be in bed after six.

I will not drink tea out above once a week, excepting on Sundays, unless there appear some good reason for so doing.

I will never pass a day without reading some portion of the Scriptures.

I will labour diligently in my mathematical studies, because I half suspect myself of a dislike to them.

I will walk two hours a day, upon the average of every week.

Sit mihi gratia addita ad hæc facienda."

About this time, judging by the hand writing, he wrote down the following admonitory sentences, which, as the paper on which they are written is folded into the shape of a very small book, it is probable he carried about with him as a manual.

"1. Death and judgment are near at hand.

2. Though thy bodily part be now in health and ease, the dews of death will soon sit upon thy forehead.

3. That which seems so sweet and desirable to thee now, will, if yielded to, become bitterness of soul to thee all thy life after.

4. When the waters are come over thy soul, and when in the midst of much bodily anguish, thou distinguishest the dim shores of Eternity before thee, what wouldest thou not give to be lighter by this one sin!

5. God has long withheld his arm; what if his forbearance be now at an end? Canst thou not contemplate these things with the eyes of death? Art thou not a dying man, dying every day, every hour?

6. Is it not a fearful thing to shrink from the summons when it comes? To turn with horror and despair from the future being? Think what strains of joy and tranquillity fall on the ear of the saint who is just swooning into the arms of his Redeemer; what fearful shapes

and dreadful images of a disturbed conscience, surround the sinner's bed, when the last twig which he grasped fails him, and the gulf yawns to receive him.

7. Oh, my soul, if thou art yet ignorant of the enormity of sin, turn thine eyes to the man who is bleeding to death on the cross! See how the blood, from his pierced hands, trickles down his arms, and the more copious streams from his feet run on the accursed tree, and stain the grass with purple! Behold his features, though scarcely animated with a few remaining sparks of life, yet how full of love, pity, and tranquillity! A tear is trickling down his cheek, and his lip quivers.—He is praying for his murderers! O, my soul! it is thy Redeemer—it is thy God! And this too for *Sin*—for Sin! and wilt thou ever again submit to its yoke?

8. Remember that the grace of the Holy Spirit of God is ready to save thee from transgression. It is always at hand: thou canst not sin without wilfully rejecting its aid.

9. And is there real pleasure in sin? Thou knowest there is not. But there is pleasure, pure and exquisite pleasure, in holiness. The Holy Ghost can make the paths of religion and virtue, hard as they seem, and thorny, ways of pleasantness and peace, where, though there be thorns, yet are there also roses; and where all the wounds which we suffer in the flesh, from the hardness of the journey, are so healed by the balm of the Spirit, that they rather give joy than pain."

The exercise which Henry took was no relaxation; he still continued the habit of studying while he walked; and in this manner, while he was at Cambridge, committed to memory a whole tragedy of Euripides. Twice he

distinguished himself in the following year, being again pronounced first at the great College examination, and also one of the three best theme writers, between whom the examiners could not decide. The College offered him, at their expense, a private tutor in mathematics during the long vacation; and Mr. Catton, by procuring for him exhibitions to the amount of 66*l.* per ann. enabled him to give up the pecuniary assistance which he had received from Mr. Simeon and other friends. This intention he had expressed in a letter, written twelve months before his death. "With regard to my college expenses, (he says,) I have the pleasure to inform you that I shall be obliged, in strict rectitude, to wave the offers of many of my friends. I shall not even need the sum Mr. Simeon mentioned after the first year; and it is not impossible that I may be able to live without any assistance at all. I confess I feel pleasure at the thought of this, not through any vain pride of independence, but because, I shall then give a more unbiassed testimony to the truth, than if I were *supposed* to be bound to it by any ties of obligation or gratitude. I shall always feel as much indebted for intended as for actually afforded assistance; and though I should never think a sense of thankfulness an oppressive burthen, yet I shall be happy to evince it, when *in the eyes of the world* the obligation to it has been discharged." Never, perhaps had any young man, in so short a time excited such expectations; every University honour was thought to be within his reach; he was set down as a medallist, and expected to take a senior wrangler's degree; but these expectations were poison to him, they goaded him to fresh exertions when his strength was spent. His situation became truly miserable: to his brother, and to his mother, he wrote always that he had relaxed in his

studies, and that he was better; always holding out to them his hopes, and his good fortune: but to the most intimate of his friends, (Mr. Maddock,) his letters told a different tale: to him he complained of dreadful palpitations—of nights of sleeplessness and horror, and of spirits depressed to the very depth of wretchedness, so that he went from one acquaintance to another, imploring society, even as a starving beggar intreats for food. During the course of this summer, it was expected that the Mastership of the Free-School at Nottingham would shortly become vacant. A relation of his family was at that time Mayor of the town; he suggested to them what an advantageous situation it would be for Henry, and offered to secure for him the necessary interest. But, though the salary and emoluments are estimated at from 4 to 600l. per annum, Henry declined the offer; because, had he accepted it, it would have frustrated his intentions with respect to the ministry. This was certainly no common act of forbearance in one so situated as to fortune, especially as the hope which he had most at heart, was that of being enabled to assist his family, and in some degree requite the care and anxiety of his father and mother, by making them comfortable in their declining years.

The indulgence shown him by his college, in providing him a tutor during the long vacation was peculiarly unfortunate. His only chance of life was from relaxation, and home was the only place where he would have relaxed to any purpose. Before this time he had seemed to be gaining strength; it failed as the year advanced; he went once more to London to recruit himself—the worst place to which he could have gone; the variety of simulating objects there hurried and agitated him, and when he returned to College, he

was so completely ill, that no power of medicine could save him. His mind was worn out, and it was the opinion of his medical attendants, that if he had recovered, his intellect would have been affected. His brother Nevile was just at this time to have visited him. On his first seizure, Henry found himself too ill to receive him, and wrote to say so; he added, with that anxious tenderness towards the feelings of a most affectionate family which always appeared in his letters, that he thought himself recovering; but his disorder increased so rapidly, that this letter was never sent; it was found in his pocket after his decease. One of his friends wrote to acquaint Neville with his danger: he hastened down; but Henry was delirious when he arrived. He knew him only for a few moments; the next day sunk into a state of stupor; and on Sunday, October 19th, 1806, it pleased God to remove him to a better world, and a higher state of existence.

* * * * * *

THE will which I had manifested to serve Henry, he had accepted as the deed, and had expressed himself upon the subject in terms which it would have humbled me to read at any other time than when I was performing the last service to his memory. On his decease, Mr. B. Maddock addressed a letter to me, informing me of the event, as one who had professed an interest in his friend's fortunes. I inquired, in my reply, if there was any intention of publishing what he might have left, and if I could be of any assistance in the publication; this led to a correspondence with his excellent brother, and the whole of his papers were consigned into my hands, with as many of his letters as could be collected.

These papers (exclusive of the correspondence) filled a box of considerable size. Mr. Coleridge was present when I opened them, and was, as well as myself, equally affected and astonished at the proofs of industry which they displayed. Some of them had been written before his hand was formed, probably before he was thirteen. There were papers upon law, upon electricity, upon chemistry, upon the Latin and Greek languages, from their rudiments to the higher branches of critical study, upon history, chronology, divinity, the fathers, &c. Nothing seemed to have escaped him. His poems were numerous: among the earliest, was a sonnet addressed to myself, long before the little intercourse which had subsisted between us had taken place. Little did he think, when it was written, on what occasion it would fall into my hands. He had begun three tragedies when very young: one was upon Boadicea, another upon Inez de Castro; the third was a fictitious subject. He had planned also a History of Nottingham. There was a letter also upon the famous Nottingham election, which seemed to have been intended either for the newspapers, or for a separate pamphlet. It was written to confute the absurd stories of the Tree of Liberty, and the Goddess of Reason, with the most minute knowledge of the circumstances, and a not improper feeling of indignation against so infamous a calumny; and this came with more weight from him, as his party inclinations seem to have leaned towards the side which he was opposing. This was his only finished composition in prose. Much of his time, latterly, had been devoted to the study of Greek prosody: he had begun several poems in Greek, and a translation of the Samson Agonistes. I have inspected all the existing manuscripts of Chatterton, and they excited less wonder than these.

Had my knowledge of Henry terminated here, I should have hardly believed that my admiration and regret for him could have been increased; but I had yet to learn that his moral qualities, his good sense, and his whole feelings, were as admirable as his industry and genius. All his letters to his family have been communicated to me without reserve, and most of those to his friends. A selection from these are arranged in chronological order, in these volumes, which will make him his own biographer, and lay open to the world as pure, and as excellent, a heart, as it ever pleased the Almighty to warm with life. Much has been suppressed, which, if Henry had been, like Chatterton, of another generation, I should willingly have published, and the world would willingly have received; but in doing honour to the dead, I have been scrupulously careful never to forget the living.

It is not possible to conceive a human being more amiable in all the relations of life. He was the confidential friend and adviser of every member of his family; this he instinctively became; and the thorough good sense of his advice is not less remarkable, than the affection with which it is always communicated. To his mother, he is as earnest in beseeching her to be careful of her health, as he is in labouring to convince her that his own complaints were abating; his letters to her are always of hopes, of consolation, and of love. To Neville he writes with the most brotherly intimacy, still, however, in that occasional tone of advice which it was his nature to assume, not from any arrogance of superiority, but from earnestness of pure affection. To his younger brother he addresses himself like the tenderest and wisest parent; and to two sisters, then too young for any other communication, he writes to direct their studies, to inquire into their progress, to encourage, and to improve them. Such let-

ters as these are not for the public; but they to whom they are addressed, will lay them to their hearts, like relics, and will find in them a saving virtue, more than ever relics possessed.

With regard to his poems, the criterion for selection was not so plain; undoubtedly many have been chosen which he himself would not have published, and some few which, had he lived to have taken that rank among English poets, which would assuredly have been within his reach, I also should then have rejected among his posthumous papers. I have, however, to the best of my judgment, selected none which does not either mark the state of his mind, or its progress, or discover evident proofs of what he would have been, if it had not been the will of Heaven to remove him so soon. The reader, who feels any admiration for Henry, will take some interest in all these remains, because they are his; he who shall feel none, must have a blind heart, and therefore a blind understanding. Such poems are to be considered as making up his history. But the greater number are of such beauty, that Chatterton is the only youthful poet whom he does not leave far behind him.

While he was under Mr. Grainger, he wrote very little; and when he went to Cambridge, he was advised to stifle his poetical fire, for severer and more important studies; to lay a billet on the embers until he had taken his degree, and then he might fan it into a flame again.—This advice he followed so scrupulously, that a few fragments, written chiefly upon the back of his mathematical papers, are all which he produced at the University. The greater part, therefore, of these poems, indeed nearly the whole of them, were written before he was nineteen.—Wise as the advice may have been which had been given him, it is now to be regretted that he adhered to it, his

latter fragments bearing all those marks of improvement which were to be expected from a mind so rapidly and contiually progressive. Frequently he expresses a fear that early death would rob him of his fame; yet, short as his life was, it has been long enough for him to leave works worthy of remembrance. The very circumstance of his early death gives a new interest to his memory, and thereby new force to his example. Just at that age when the painter would have wished to fix his likeness, and the lover of poetry would delight to contemplate him, in the fair morning of his virtues, the full spring blossom of his hopes,—just at that age hath death set the seal of eternity upon him, and the beautiful hath been made permanent. To the young poets who come after him, Henry will be what Chatterton was to him; and they will find in him an example of hopes, with regard to worldly fortune, as humble; and as exalted in all better things, as are enjoined equally by wisdom and religion, by the experience of man, and the word of God. And this example will be as encouraging as it is excellent. It had been too much the custom to complain that genius is neglected, and to blame the public when the public is not in fault. They who are thus lamented as the victims of genius, have been, in almost every instance, the victims of their own vices; while genius has been made, like charity, to cover a multitude of sins, and to excuse that which in reality it aggravates. In this age, and in this country. whoever deserves encouragement, is sooner or later, sure to receive it. Of this Henry's history is an honourable proof. The particular patronage which he accepted, was given as much to his piety and religous opinions, as to his genius; but assistance was offered him from other quarters. Mr. P. Thomson, of (Boston, Lincolnshire,) merely upon perusing his little volume, wrote to know

how he could serve him; and there were many friends of literature who were ready to have afforded him any support which he needed, if he had not been thus provided. In the University, he received every encouragement which he merited, and from Mr. Simeon, and his tutor, Mr. Catton, the most fatherly kindness.

"I can venture," says a lady of Cambridge, in a letter to his brother, "I can venture to say, with certainty, there was no member of the University, however high his rank or talents, who would not have been happy to have availed themselves of the opportunity of being acquainted with Mr. Henry Kirke White. I mention this to introduce a wish, which has been expressed to me so often by the senior members of the University, that I dare not decline the task they have imposed upon me; it is their hope that Mr. Southey will do as much justice to Mr. Henry White's limited wishes, to his unassuming pretensions, and to his rational and fervent piety, as to his various acquirements, his polished taste, his poetical fancy, his undeviating principles, and the excellence of his moral character; and that he will suffer it to be understood, that these inestimable qualities had not been unobserved, nor would they have remained unacknowledged. It was the general observation, that he possessed genius without its eccentricities."

Of his fervent piety, his letters, his prayers, and his hymns, will afford ample and interesting proofs. I must be permitted to say, that my own views of the religion of Jesus Christ differ essentially from the system of belief which he had adopted; but, having said this, it is indeed my anxious wish to do full justice to piety so fervent. It was in him a living and quickening principle of goodness, which sanctified all his hopes, and all his affections; which made him keep watch over his own heart, and enabled

him to correct the few symptoms, which it ever displayed, of human imperfection.

His temper had been irritable in his younger days, but this he had long since effectually overcome: the marks of youthful confidence, which appear in his earliest letters, had also disappeared; and it was impossible for man to be more tenderly patient of the faults of others, more uniformly meek, or more unaffectedly humble. He seldom discovered any sportiveness of imagination, though he would very ably, and pleasantly, rally any one of his friends for any little peculiarity: his conversation was always sober, and to the purpose. That which is most remarkable in him, is his uniform *good sense*, a faculty perhaps less common than genius. There never existed a more dutiful son, a more affectionate brother, a warmer friend, nor a devouter Christian. Of his powers of mind it is superfluous to speak; they were acknowledged wherever they were known. It would be idle too, to say, what hopes were entertained of him, and what he might have accomplished in literature. These volumes contain what he has left, immature buds, and blossoms shaken from the tree, and green fruit; yet will they evince what the harvest would have been, and secure for him that remembrance upon earth for which he toiled.

> "Thou soul of God's best earthly mould,
> Thou happy soul! and can it be
> That these . . . . . .
> Are all that must remain of thee!" *Woodsworth.*

LETTERS,

&c.

LETTERS.

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, September, 1799.

DEAR BROTHER,

IN consequence of your repeated solicitations, I now sit down to write to you, although I never received an answer to the last letter which I wrote, nearly six months ago; but as I never heard you mention it in any of my mother's letters, I am induced to think it has miscarried, or been mislaid in your office.

It is now nearly four months since I entered into Mr. Coldham's office, and it is with pleasure I can assure you, that I never yet found any thing disagreeable; but, on the contrary, every thing I do seems a pleasure to me, and for a very obvious reason;—it is a business which I like—a business which I chose before all others; and I have two good tempered, easy masters, but who will, nevertheless, see that their business is done in a neat and proper manner. The study of the law is well known to be a dry, difficult task, and requires a comprehensive, good understanding, and I hope you will allow me (without charging me with egotism) to have a tolerable one; and I trust, with perseverance, and a very large law library to refer to, I shall be able to accomplish the study of so much of the laws of England, and our system of jurisprudence, in less than five years, as to enable me to be a country attorney; and then, as I shall have two more years to serve, I hope I shall attain so much knowledge in all parts of the

law, as to enable me, with a little study at the inns of court, to hold an argument, on the nice points in the law, with the best attorney in the kingdom. A man that understands the law is sure to have business; and in case I have no thoughts, in case, that is, that I do not aspire to hold the honourable place of a Barrister, I shall feel sure of gaining a genteel livelihood at the business to which I am articled.

I attend at the office at eight in the morning, and leave at eight in the evening; then attend my Latin until nine, which, you may be sure, is pretty close confinement.

Mr. Coldham is clerk to the commercial commissioners, which has occasioned us a deal of extraordinary work. I worked all Sunday, and until twelve o'clock on Saturday night, when they were hurried to give in the certificates to the bank. We had also a very troublesome cause last assizes. The corporation, versus Gee, which we (the attornies for the corporation) lost. It was really a very fatiguing day, (I mean the day on which it was tried.) I never got any thing to eat, from five in the afternoon the preceding day, until twelve the next night, when the trial ended.

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, 26th June, 1800.

DEAR BROTHER,

* * * * *

Mr mother has allowed me a good deal lately for books, and I have a large *assortment*, [a retailer's phrase.] But I hope you do not suppose they consist of novels:—no—I have made a firm resolution never to spend above

one hour at this amusement. Though I have been obliged to enter into this resolution in consequence of a vitiated taste acquired by reading romances, I do not intend to banish them entirely from my desk. After long and fatiguing researches in Blackstone or Coke, when the mind becomes weak, through intense application, Tom Jones, or Robinson Crusoe, will afford a pleasing and necessary relaxation.

A-propos—now we are speaking of Robinson Crusoe, I shall observe, that it is allowed to be the best novel for youth in the English language. De Foe, the author, was a singular character: but as I make no doubt you have read his life, I will not trouble you with any further remarks.

The books which I now read with attention, are Blackstone, Knox's Essays, Plutarch, Chesterfield's Letters, four large volumes, Virgil, Homer, and Cicero, and several others. Blackstone and Knox, Virgil and Cicero, I have got; the others I read out of Mr. Coldham's library. I have finished Rollin's Ancient History, Blair's Lectures, Smith's Wealth of Nations, Hume's England, and British Nepos, lately. When I have read Knox, I will send it you, and recommend it to your attentive perusal; it is a most *excellent* work. I also read now the British Classics; the common edition of which I now take in; it comes every fortnight; I dare say you have seen it, it is Cooke's edition. I would recommend you also to read these; I will send them to you. I have got the Citizen of the World, Idler, Goldsmith's Essays, and part of the Rambler. I will send you soon the fourth number of the Monthly Preceptor. I am noticed as worthy of commendation, and as affording an encouraging prospect of future excellence.—You will laugh. I have also turned poet, and

have translated an ode of Horace into English verse, also for the Monthly Preceptor, but, unfortunately, when I sent it, I forgot the title, so it won't be noticed.

I do not forsake the flowery paths of poesy, for that is my chief delight: I read the best poets. Mr. Coldham has got Johnson's complete set, with their lives; these of course, I read.

With a little drudgery, I read Italian—Have got some good Italian works, as Pastor Fido, &c. &c. I taught myself, and have got a grammar.

I must now beg leave to return you my sincere thanks for your kind present. I like "La Bruyere the Less" very much: I have read the original La Bruyere: I think him like Rochefoucault. Madame de Genlis is a very able woman.

* * * *

But I must now attempt to excuse my neglect in not writing to you. First, I have been very busy with these essays and poems for the Monthly Preceptor. Second, I was rather angry at your last letter—I can bear any thing but a sneer, and it was one continued grin from beginning to end, as were all the notices you made of me in my mother's letters, and I could not, nor can I now, brook it. I could say much more, but it is very late, and must beg leave to wish you good night.

I am, dear Brother,
Your affectionate Friend,
H. K. WHITE.

P. S. You may expect a regular correspondence from me in future, but no sneers; and shall be very obliged by a long letter.

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, 25th June, 1800.

DEAR NEVILLE,

* * * * *

You are inclined to flatter me when you compare my application with yours; in truth, I am not half so assiduous as you, and I am conscious I waste a deal of time unwittingly. But, in reading, I am upon the continual search for improvement: I thirst after knowledge, and though my disposition is naturally idle, I conquer it when reading an useful book. The plan which I pursued in order to subdue my disinclination to dry books, was this, to begin *attentively* to peruse it, and continue thus one hour every day: the book insensibly, by this means, becomes pleasing to you; and even when reading Blackstone's Commentaries, which are very dry, I lay down the book with regret.

With regard to the Monthly Preceptor, I certainly shall be agreeable to your taking it in, as my only objection was the extreme impatience which I feel to see whether my essays have been successful; but this may be obviated by your speedy perusal, and not neglecting to forward it. But you must have the goodness not to begin till August, as my bookseller cannot stop it this month.

* * * * * *

I had a ticket given me, to the boxes, on Monday night, for the benefit of Campbell, from Drury Lane, and there was such a riot as never was experienced here before. He is a democrat, and the soldiers planned a riot in conjunction with the *mob*. We heard the shouting of the rabble in the street before the *play* was over: the moment the curtain dropt, an officer went into the front box, and gave

the word of command: immediately about sixty troopers started up, and six trumpeters in the pit played "God save the King." The noise was astonishing. The officers in the boxes then drew their swords; and at another signal the privates in the pit drew their bludgeons, which they had hitherto concealed, and attacked all indiscriminately that had not an uniform: the officers did the same with their swords, and the house was one continued scene of confusion: one pistol was fired, and the ladies were fainting in the Lobby. The outer doors were shut, to keep out the mob, and the people jumped on the stage as a last resource. One of these noble officers, seeing one man stand in the pit with his hat on, jumped over the division, and cut him with his sword, which the man instantly wrenched from him, and broke, whilst the officer sneaked back in disgrace. They then formed a troop, and having emptied the play-house, they scoured the streets with their swords, and returned home victorious. The players are, in consequence, dismissed; and we have informations in our office against the officers.

* * * * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, Michaelmas-day, 1800.

DEAR NEVILLE,

I CANNOT divine what, in an epistolary correspondence, can have such charms (with people who write only common-place occurrences) as to attach a man from his usual affairs, and make him waste time and paper on what cannot be of the least real benefit to his correspondent. Amongst relatives, certainly there is always an incitement, we always feel an anxiety for their welfare.

But I have no *friend* so dear to me, as to cause me to take the trouble of reading his letters, if they only contained an account of his health, and the mere nothings of the day; indeed, such an one would be unworthy of friendship. What then is requisite to make one's correspondence valuable? I answer, *sound sense.*—Nothing more is requisite; as to the style, one may very readily excuse its faults, if repaid by the sentiments. You have better natural abilities than many youth, but it is with regret I see that you will not give yourself the trouble of writing a good letter. There is hardly any species of composition (in my opinion,) easier than the epistolary; but, my friend, you never found any art, however trivial, that did not require some application at first. For, if an artist, instead of endeavouring to surmount the difficulties which presented themselves, were to rest contented with mediocrity, how could he possibly ever arrive at excellence! Thus it is with you; instead of that indefatigable perseverance which in other cases, is a leading trait in your character, I hear you say, "Ah, my poor brains were never formed for letter writing—I shall never write a good letter," or some such phrases; and thus, by despairing of ever arriving at excellence, you render yourself hardly tolerable. You may, perhaps, think this art beneath your notice, or unworthy of your pains; if so, you are assuredly mistaken, for there is hardly any thing which would contribute more to the advancement of a young man, or which is more engaging.

You read, I believe, a good deal: nothing could be more acceptable to me, or more improving to you, than making a part of your letters to consist of your sentiments, and opinion of the books you peruse; you have no idea how beneficial this would be to yourself; and that you are able to do it, I am certain. One of the great-

est impediments to good writing, is the thinking too much before you note down. This, I think, you are not entirely free from. I hope that by always writing the first idea that presents itself, you will soon conquer it; my letters are always the rough first draft, of course there are many alterations; these you will excuse.

I have written most of my letters to you in so negligent a manner, that, if you would have the goodness to return all you have preserved *sealed*, I will peruse them, and all sentences worth preserving I will extract and return.

You observe, in your last, that your letters are read with contempt—Do you speak as you think?

You had better write again to Mr. ——. Between friends, the common forms of the world in writing letter for letter, need not be observed: but never write three without receiving one in return, because in that case they must be thought unworthy of answer.

We have been so busy lately, I could not answer yours sooner.—Once a month suppose we write to each other. If you ever find that my correspondence is not worth the trouble of carrying on, inform me of it, and it shall cease.

* * * * *

P. S. If any expression in this be too harsh, excuse it. —I am not in an ill-humour, recollect.

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, 11th April, 1801.

DEAR NEVILLE,

On opening yours, I was highly pleased to find two and a half sheets of paper, and nothing could exceed my joy at so apparently long a letter; but, upon finding it consisted of sides filled after the rate of five words in a line, and nine lines in a page, I could not conceal my

chagrin; and I am sure I may very modestly say, that one of my ordinary pages contains three of yours: if you knew half the pleasure I feel in your correspondence, I am confident you would lengthen your letters. You tantalize me with the hopes of a prolific harvest, and I find, alas! a thin crop, whose goodness only makes me lament its scantiness.

* * * * *

I had almost forgot to tell you that I have obtained the first prize (of a pair of Adams' twelve-inch globes, value three guineas) in the first class of the Monthly Preceptor. The subject was an imaginary tour from London to Edinburgh. It is printed consequently, and shall send it to you the very first opportunity. The proposal stated that the essay was not to exceed three pages when printed—mine takes seven; therefore I am astonished they gave me the first prize. There was an extraordinary number of candidates, and they said they never had a greater number of excellent ones, and they wished they could have given thirty prizes. You will find it (in a letter) addressed to N——, meaning yourself.

* * * * *

Warton is a poet from whom I have derived the most exquisite pleasure and gratification. He abounds in sublimity and loftiness of thought, as well as expression.—His "Pleasures of Melancholy" is truly a sublime poem. The following passage I particularly admire:——

"Nor undelightful in the solemn noon
Of night, where, haply wakeful from my couch
I start, lo, all is motionless around!
Roars not the rushing wind; the sons of men,
And every beast, in mute oblivion lie;

All nature's hush'd in silence, and in sleep.
Oh, then, how fearful is it to reflect,
That thro' the still globe's awful solitude
No being wakes but me."

How affecting are the latter lines! it is impossible to withstand the emotions which rise on its perusal, and I envy not that man his insensibility who can read them with apathy. Many of the pieces of the Bible are written in this sublime manner: one psalm, I think the 18th, is a perfect master-piece, and has been imitated by many poets. Compare these, or the above quoted from Warton, with the finest piece in Pope, and then judge of the rank which he holds as a poet. Another instance of the sublime in poetry, I will give you from Akenside's admirable "Pleasures of Imagination," where, speaking of the Soul, he says, she

"Rides on the volley'd lightning thro' the heav'ns,
And yok'd with whirlwinds, and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day."

Many of these instances of sublimity will occur to you in Thomson.

James begs leave to present you with Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy. Bloomfield has no grandeur or height; he is a pastoral poet, and the simply sweet is what you are to expect from him; nevertheless, his descriptions are sometimes little inferior to Thomson.

* * * * * *

How pleased should I be, Neville, to have you with us at Nottingham! Our fire-side would be delightful. I should profit by your sentiments and experience; and you possibly might gain a little from my small bookish

knowledge. But I am afraid that time will never come; your time of apprenticeship is nearly expired, and in all appearance, the small residue that yet remains will be passed in hated London. When you are emancipated, you will have to mix in the bustle of the world, in all probability, also far from home; so that when we have just learnt how happy we might mutually make ourselves, we find scarcely a shadow of a probability of ever having the opportunity. Well, well, it is in vain to resist the immutable decrees of fate.

* * * * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, April, 1801.

DEAR NEVILLE,

As I know you will participate with me in the pleasure I receive from literary distinctions, I hasten to inform you, that my poetical Essay on Gratitude is printed in this month's Preceptor—that my Remarks on Warton are promised insertion in the next month's Mirror, and that my Essay on Truth is printed in the present (April) Monthly Visitor. The Preceptor I shall not be able to send you until the end of this month. The Visitor you will herewith receive. The next month's Mirror I shall consequently buy. I wish it were not quite so expensive, as I think it a very good work. Benjamin Thomson. Capel Lofft, Esq. Robert Bloomfield, Thomas Dermody, Mr. Gilchrist, under the signature of Octavius, Mrs. Blore, a noted female writer, under the signature of Q. Z. are correspondents; and the Editors are not only men of genius and taste, but of the greatest respectability. As I shall now be a regular contributor to this work, and as

I think it contains much good matter, I have half an inclination to take it in, more especially as you have got the prior volumes; but in the present state of my finances, it will not be prudent unless you accede to a proposal which, I think, will be gratifying to yourself. It is to take it in conjunction with me, by which means we shall both have the same enjoyment of it, with half the expence. It is of little consequence who takes them, only he must be expeditious in reading them. If you have any the least objection to this scheme, do not suppress it through any regard to punctillio. I have only proposed it, and it is not *very* material whether you concur or not; only exercise your own discretion.

You say, (speaking of a passage concerning you in my last), "this is compliment sufficient; the rest must be flattery."—Do you seriously, Neville, think me capable of flattery?

As you well know I am a carping, critical little dog, you will not be surprised at my observing, that there is one figure in your last that savours rather of the ludicrous, when you talk of a "butterfly *hopping* from book to book."

As to the something that I am to find out, that is a perpetual bar to your progress in knowledge, &c. I am inclined to think, Doctor, it is merely *conceit*. You fancy that you cannot write a letter—you dread its idea; you conceive that a work of four volumes would require the labours of a life to read through; you persuade yourself, that you cannot retain what you read, and in despair do not attempt to conquer these visionary impediments. Confidence, Neville, in one's own abilities, is a sure forerunner (in similar circumstances with the present) of success. As an illustration of this, I beg leave to adduce the example of Pope, who had so high a sense, in his youth,

or rather *in his infancy*, of his own capacity, that there was nothing of which, when once set about it, he did not think himself capable; and, as Dr. Johnson has observed, the natural consequences of this minute perception of his own powers, was his arriving at as high a pitch of perfection as it was possible for a man, with his few natural endowments, to attain.

* * * * * *

When you wish to read Johnson's Lives of the Poets, send for them: I have lately purchased them. I have now a large library. My mother allows me ten pounds per annum for clothes. I always dress in a respectable, and even in a genteel manner, yet I can make much less than this sum suffice. My father generally gives me one coat in a year, and I make two serve. I then receive one guinea per annum pocket money; and by other means I gain, perhaps, two guineas more per annum; so that I have been able to buy pretty many; and when you come home, you will find me in my study, surrounded with books and papers. I am a perfect garetteer; great part of my library, however, consists of professional books. Have you read Burke on the Sublime? Knox's Winter Evening?—Can lend them to you, if you have not.

Really, Neville, were you fully sensible how much my time is occupied, principally about my profession, as a primary concern, and in the hours necessarily set apart to relaxation on polite literature, to which, as a hobby horse, I am very desirous of paying some attention, you would not be angry at my delay in writing, or my short letters. It is always with joy that I devote a leisure hour to you, as it affords you gratification; and rest assured, that I always participate in your pleasure, and poignantly feel every adverse incident which causes you pain.

Permit me, however, again to observe, that one of my

sheets is equal to two of yours; and I cannot but consider this as a kind of fallacious deception, for you always think that your letters contain so much more than mine, because they occupy more room. If you were to count the words, the difference would not be so great. You must also take in account the unsealed communications to periodical works, which I now reckon a part of my letter, and therefore you must excuse my concluding on the first sheet, by assuring you that I still remain.

Your friend and brother,

H. K. WHITE.

P. S. A postscript is a natural appendage to a letter.—I have only to say, that positively you shall receive a six or eight sheet letter, and that written legibly, ere long.

TO MR. BOOTH.

Nottingham, August 12, 1801.

DEAR SIR,

I MUST beg leave to apologize for not having returned my sincere acknowledgments to yourself and Mrs. Booth, for your very acceptable presents, at an earlier period. I now, however, acquit myself of the duty, and assure you, that from both of the works I have received much gratification, and edification, but more particularly from one on the Trinity,* a production which displays much erudition, and a very laudable zeal for the true interests of religion. Religious polemics, indeed, have seldom formed a part of my studies; though whenever I happened acci-

* Jones on the Trinity.

dentally to turn my thoughts to the subject of the Protestant doctrine of the Godhead, and compared it with Arian and Socinian, many doubts interfered, and I even began to think that the more nicely the subject was investigated, the more perplexed it would appear, and was on the point of forming a resolution to go to heaven in my own way, without meddling or involving myself in the inextricable labyrinth of controversial dispute, when I received and perused this excellent treatise, which finally cleared up the mists which my ignorance had conjured around me, and clearly pointed out the real truth. The intention of the author precluded the possibility of his employing the ornaments and graces of composition in his work; for as it was meant for all ranks, it must be suited to all capacities; but the arguments are drawn up and arranged in so forcible and perspicuous a manner, and are written so plainly, yet pleasingly, that I was absolutely charmed with them.

The "Evangelical Clergyman" is a very smart piece; the author possesses a considerable portion of sarcastic spirit, and no little acrimony, perhaps not consistent with the christian meekness which he wishes to inculcate. I consider, however, that London would not have many graces, or attractions, if despoiled of all the amusements to which, in one part of his pamphlet, he objects. In theory, the destruction of these vicious recreations is very fine; but in practice, I am afraid he would find it quite different. * * * The other parts of this piece are very just, and such as every person must subscribe to. Clergymen, in general, are not what they ought to be; and I think Mr. ——— has pointed out their duties very accurately. But I am afraid I shall be deemed impertinent and tiresome, in troubling you with ill-timed and

obstrusive opinions, and beg leave, therefore, to conclude, with respects to yourself and Mrs. Booth, by assuring you that I am, according to custom from time immemorial, and in due form,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant,

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

TO MR. CHARLESWORTH.

Nottingham, ——— 1803.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sure you will excuse me for not having immediately answered your letter, when I relate the cause.—I was preparing, at that moment when I received yours, a volume of poems for the press, which I shall shortly see published. I finished and sent them off for London last night; and I now hasten to acknowledge your letter.

I am very happy that any poem of mine should meet with *your* approbation. I prefer the cool and dispassionate praise of the discriminate *few*, to the boisterous applause of the *crowd*.

Our professions neither of them leave much leisure for the study of polite literature; I myself have, however, *coined* time, if you will allow the metaphor; and while I have made such a proficiency in the law, as has ensured me the regard of my *governors*, I have paid my secret devoirs to the ladies of Helicon. My draughts at the "fountain Arethuse," it is true, have been principally made at the hour of midnight, when even the guardian nymphs of the well may be supposed to have slept; they are, consequently, stolen and forced. I do not see any

thing in the confinement of our situations, in the mean time, which should separate congenial minds. A literary *acquaintance* is, to me, always valuable; and a *friend*, whether lettered or unlettered, is highly worth cultivation. I hope we shall both of us have enough leisure to keep up an intimacy which began very agreeably for me, and has been suffered to decay with regret.

I am not able to do justice to your unfortunate friend Gill; I knew him only superficially, and yet I saw enough of his unassuming modesty, and simplicity of manners, to feel a conviction that he had a valuable heart. The verses on the other side are perhaps beneath mediocrity; they are sincerely the work of thirty minutes this morning, and I send them to you with all their imperfections on their head.

Perhaps they will have sufficient merit for the Nottingham paper, at least their locality will shield them a little in that situation, and give them an interest they do not otherwise possess.

Do you think calling the Naiads of the fountains "Nymphs of Pæon" is an allowable liberty? The allusion is to their healthy and bracing qualities.

The last line of the seventh stanza contains an apparent *pleonasm*, to say no worse of it, and yet it was not written as such. The idea was from the shriek of *Death* (personified,) and the scream of the dying man.

* * * * *

ELEGY

Occasioned by the Death of Mr. Gill, who was drowned in the river Trent, while bathing, 9th August, 1802.

1.

HE sunk—th' impetuous river roll'd along,
The sullen wave betray'd his dying breath,*
And rising sad the rustling sedge among,
The gale of evening touch'd the cords of death.

2.

Nymph of the Trent! why didst not thou appear
To snatch the victim from thy felon wave?
Alas! too late thou cam'st to embalm his bier,
And deck with water flags his early grave.

3.

Triumphant, riding o'er its tumid prey,
Rolls the red stream in sanguinary pride,
While anxious crowds, in vain expectant stay,
And ask the swoln corse from the murd'ring tide.

4.

The stealing tear-drop stagnates in the eye,
The sudden sigh by friendship's bosom prov'd,
I mark them rise—I mark the gen'ral sigh:
Unhappy youth! and wert thou so belov'd!

* This line may appear somewhat obscure.—It alludes to the last bubbling of the water, after a person has sunk, caused by the final expiration of the air from the lungs; inhalation, by introducing the water, produces suffocation.

5.

On thee, as lone I trace the Trent's green brink,
When the dim twilight slumbers on the glade,
On thee my thoughts shall dwell, nor Fancy shrink
To hold mysterious converse with thy shade.

6.

Of thee, as early I with vagrant feet,
Hail the grey-sandal'd morn in Colwick's vale,
Of thee my sylvan reed shall warble sweet,
And wild wood echoes shall repeat the tale.

7.

And oh! ye nymph's of Pæon! who preside
O'er running rill and salutary stream,
Guard ye in future well the Halcyon tide
From the rude Death-shriek and the dying scream.

TO MR. M. HARRIS.

Nottingham, 28th March, 1802.

DEAR SIR,

I was greatly surprised at your letter of the twenty-seventh, for I had in reality given you up for lost. I should long since have written to you, in answer to your note about the Lexicon, but was perfectly ignorant of the place of your abode. For any thing I knew to the contrary, you might have been quaffing the juice of the cocoanut under the broad bananes of the Indies, breathing the invigorating air of liberty in the broad savannahs of America, or sweltering beneath the line. I had, however, even

then some sort of a presentiment that you were not quite so far removed from our foggy atmosphere, but not enough to prevent me from being astonished at finding you so near us as Leicester. You tell me I must not ask you what you are doing; I am nevertheless, very anxious to know; not so much, I flatter myself, from any inquisitiveness of spirit, as from a desire to hear of your welfare. Why, my friend, did you leave us? possessing as you did, if not exactly, the *otium cum dignitate*, something very like it; having every comfort and enjoyment at your call, which the philosophical mind can find pleasure in; and, above all, blessed with that easy competence, that sweet independence, which renders the fatigues of employment supportable, and even agreeable.

Quod satis est, cui contingit nihil amplius optet.

Certainly, to a man of your disposition, no situation could have more charms than yours at the Trent Bridge. I regard those hours which I spent with you there, while the moon-beam was trembling on the waters, and the harp of Eolus was giving us its divine swells and dying falls, as the most sweetly tranquil of my life.

* * * * * *

I have applied myself rather more to Latin than to Greek, since you to left us. I make use of Schrevelius's Lexicon, but shall be obliged to you to buy me the Parkhurst, at any decent price, if possible. Can you tell me any mode of joining the letters in writing in the Greek character; I find it difficult enough. The following is my manner; is it right?*

* * * * *

* The few Greek words which followed were beautifully written.

I can hardly flatter myself that you will give yourself the trouble of corresponding with me, as all the advantage would be on my side, without any thing to compensate for it on yours;—but in fact I do not know what to say further,—only, that whenever you shall think me worthy of a letter, I shall be highly gratified.

* * * * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, 10th February, 1803.

DEAR NEVILLE,

Now with regard to the subscription I shall certainly agree to this mode of publication, and I am very much obliged to you for what you say regarding it. But we must wait (except among your private friends) until we get Lady Derby's answer, and *Proposals* are printed. I think we shall readily raise three hundred and fifty, though Nottingham is the worst place imaginable for any thing of that kind. Even envy will interfere. I shall send proposals to Chesterfield, to my uncle; to Sheffield, to Miss Gales's, (booksellers) whom I saw at Chesterfield, and who have lately sent me a pressing invitation to S——, accompanied with a desire of Montgomery (the Poet Paul Positive) to see me; to Newark—Allen and Wright, my friends there, (the latter a bookseller;) and I think if they were stitched up with all the Monthly Mirrors, it would promote the subscription. You are not to take any money; that would be absolutely begging; the subscribers put down their names, and pay the bookseller of whom they get the copy.

* * * * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, 10th March, 1803.

DEAR NEVILLE,

I AM cured of patronage hunting; I will not expose myself to any more similar mortifications, but shall thank you to send the manuscripts to Mr. Hill, with a note, stating that I had written to the Duchess, and receiving no answer, you had called, and been informed by a servant, that in all probability she never read the letter, as she desired to know *what the book was left there for;* that you had, in consequence, come away with the manuscripts, under a conviction that your brother would give her Grace no further trouble. State also that you have received a letter from me, expressing a desire that the publication might be proceeded on, without any further solicitation or delay.

A name of eminence was, nevertheless, a most desirable thing to me in Nottingham, as it would attach more respectability to the subscription; but I see all further efforts will only be productive of procrastination.

* * * * *

I think you may as well begin to obtain subscribers amongst friends now, though the proposals may not be issued at present.

I have got twenty-three, without making the affair public at all, among my immediate acquaintance: and mind, I neither solicit nor draw the conversation to the subject, but a rumour has got abroad, and has been received more favourably than I expected.

* * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, 2nd May, 1803.

DEAR NEVILLE,

I have just gained a piece of intelligence which much vexes me. Robinson, the bookseller, knows that I have written to the Duchess of Devonshire, and he took the liberty (certainly an unwarrantable one) to mention it to * * * whose * * * was inscribed to her Grace. Mr. * * * said, that unless I had got a friend to deliver the poems, *personally*, into the hands of her Grace, it was a hundred to one that they ever reached her; that the porter at the lodge burns scores of letters and packets a day, and particularly all letters by the two-penny post are consigned to the fire. The rest, if they are not particularly excepted, as inscribed with a *pass namé* on the back, are thrown into a closet, to be reclaimed at leisure. He said, the way he proceeded was this:—He left his card at her door, and the next day called, and was admitted. Her Grace then gave him permission, with this proviso, that the dedication was as short as possible, and contained no compliments, as the Duke had taken offence at some such compliments.

Now, as my letter was delivered by you at the door, I have scarcely a doubt that it is classed with the pennypost letters, and burnt. If my manuscripts are destroyed, I am ruined, but I hope it is otherwise. However, I think you had better call immediately, and ask for a parcel of Mr. H. White, of Nottingham. They will of course, say they have no such parcel; and then, perhaps, you may have an opportunity of asking whether a pacquet, left in the manner you left mine, had any probability of reaching the Duchess. If you obtain no satisfaction, there remains

no way of re-obtaining my volume but this, (and I fear you will never agree so put in execution;) to leave a card, with your name inscribed (Mr. J. N. White,) and call the next day. If you are admitted, you will state to her Grace the purport of your errand, and ask for a volume of poems in manuscript, sent by your brother a fortnight ago, with a letter, (say from Nottingham, as a reason why I do not wait on her,) requesting permission of dedication to her; and that as you found her Grace had not received them, you had taken the liberty, after many inquiries at her door, to request to see her in person.

I hope your diffidence will not be put to this test; I hope you will get the poems without trouble; as for begging patronage, I am tired to the soul of it, and shall give it up.

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham,——— 1803.

DEAR NEVILLE,

I WRITE you, with intelligence of a very important nature. You some time ago had an intimation of my wish to enter the church, in case my deafness was not removed.—About a week ago I became acquainted with the Rev. ———, late of St. John's College, Cambridge, and in consequence of what he has said, I have finally determined to enter myself of Trinity College, Cambridge, with the approbation of all my friends.

Mr. ——— says that it is a shame to keep me away from the University, and that circumstances are of no importance. He says, that if I am entered of Trinity, where they are all *select men*, I must *necessarily*, with my abili-

ties, arrive at preferment. He says he will be answerable that the first year I shall obtain a Scholarship, or an exhibition adequate to my support. That by the time I have been of five years standing, I shall of course become a Fellow, (200l. a year;) that with the fellowship, I may hold a Professorship, 500l. per annum; and a living or curacy until better preferments occur. He says, that there is *no uncertainty* in the church to a truly pious man, and a man of abilities and eloquence. That those who are unprovided for, are generally men who, having no interest, are idle drones, or dissolute debauchees, and therefore ought not to expect advancement. That a poet, in particular, has the means of patronage in his pen; and that in one word, no young man can enter the church (except he be of family) with better prospects than myself. On the other hand, Mr. Enfield has himself often observed, that my deafness will be an insuperable obstacle to me as an attorney, and has often said how unfortunate a thing it was for me not to have known of the growing defect, in my organs of hearing, before I articled myself. Under these circumstances, I conceive I should be culpable did I let go so good an opportunity as now occurs. Mr. ——— will write to all his university friends, and he says there is so much liberality there, that they will never let a young man of talents be turned from his studies by want of cash.

Yesterday I spoke to Mr. Enfield, and he, with unexampled generosity, said that he saw clearly what an advantageous thing it would be for me, that I must be sensible what a great loss he and Mr. Coldham would suffer; but that he was certain neither he, nor Mr. C———, could oppose themselves to any thing which was so much to my advantage. When Mr. C——— returns from London, the matter will be settled with my mother.

All my mother's friends seem to think this an excellent thing for me, and will do all in their power to forward me.

Now we come to a very important part of the business—*the means*. I shall go with my friend Robert, in the capacity of *Sizar*, to whom the expense is not more than 60l. per annum. Towards this sum, my mother will contribute 20l. being what she allows me now for clothes; (by this means she will save my board:) and, for the residue, I must trust to getting a Scholarship, or Chapel Clerk's post. But, in order to make this residue *certain*, I shall, at the expiration of twelve months, publish a second volume of poems by subscription.

* * *

My friend Mr. ———, says, that so far as his means will go, I shall never ask assistance in vain. He has but a small income, though of great family. He has just lost two rectories by scruples of conscience, and now preaches at ——— for 80l. a year. The following letter he put into my hand as I was leaving him, after having breakfasted with him yesterday. He put it into my hand, and requested me not to read it until I got home. It is a breach of trust letting you see it, but I wish you to know his character.

"My dear Sir,

"I sincerely wish I had it in my power to render you "any essential service, to facilitate your passing through "College: believe me, I have the *will*, but not the *means*. "Should the inclosed be of any service, either to purchase "books, or for other pocket expences, I request your ac- "ceptance of it; but must intreat you not to notice it, "*either to myself*, or any living creature. I pray God that "you may employ those talents that he has given you, to "his glory, and to the benefit of his people. I have great

"fears for you; the temptations of College are great.—
"Believe me, Very sincerely yours,

* * *

The enclosure was 2l. 2s. I could not refuse what was so delicately offered, though I was sorry to take it: he is truly an amiable character.

* * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, ——— 1803.

DEAR NEVILLE,

You may conceive with what emotions I read your brotherly letter; I feel a very great degree of aversion to burthening my family any more than I have done, and now do; but an offer so delicate and affectionate I cannot refuse, and if I should need pecuniary assistance, which I am in hopes I shall not, *at least after the first year*, I shall, without a moment's hesitation, apply to my brother Neville.

My college schemes yet remain in a considerable degree of uncertainty; I am very uneasy thereabouts. I have not heard from Cambridge yet, and it is very doubtful whether there be a vacant Sizarship in Trinity; so that I can write you no further information on this head.

* * * *

I suppose you have seen my Review in this month's Mirror, and that I need not comment upon it; such a review I neither expected, nor in fact deserve.

I shall not send up the Mirror this month, on this account, as it is policy to keep it; and you have, no doubt, received one from Mr. Hill.

Theserrors in the Greek quotation I perceived the moment I got down the first copies, and altered them in most, with the pen: they are very unlucky; I have sent up the copies for the reviews myself, in order that I might make the correction in them.

I have got now to write letters to all the reviewers, and hope you will excuse my abrupt conclusion of this letter on that score. I am, dear Neville,

Affectionately yours,

H. K. WHITE.

I shall write to Mr. Hill now the first thing; I owe much to him.

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

Nottingham, ——————

MY DEAR BEN,

* * * *

And now, my dear Ben, I must confess your letter gave me much pain; there is a tone of despondence in it which I must condemn, inasmuch as it is occasioned by circumstances which do not involve your own exertions, but which are utterly independent of yourself; if you do your duty, why lament that it is not *productive?* In whatever situation we may be placed, there is a duty we owe to God and religion; it is resignation;—nay, I may say contentment. All things are in the hands of God; and shall we mortals (if we do not absolutely repine at his dispensations) be fretful under them? I do beseech you, my dear Ben, summon up the christian within you, and steeled with holy fortitude, go on your way rejoicing! There is a species of morbid sensibility to which I myself

have often been a victim, which preys upon my heart, and without giving birth to one actively useful or benevolent feeling, does but brood on selfish sorrows, and magnify its own misfortunes. The evils of such a sensibility, I pray to God you may never feel, but I would have you beware, for it grows on persons of a certain disposition before they are aware of it.

I am sorry my letter gave you pain, and I trust my suspicions were without foundation. Time, my dear Ben, is the discoverer of hearts, and I feel a sweet confidence that he will knit ours yet more closely together.

I believe my lot in life is nearly fixed; a month will tell me whether I am to be a minister of Christ, in the established church, *or out*. One of the two I am now finally resolved, if it please God, to be. I know my own unworthiness; I feel deeply that I am far from being that pure and undefiled temple of the Holy Ghost, that a minister of the word of life ought to be; yet still I have an unaccountable hope that the Lord will sanctify my efforts, that he will purify me, and that I shall become his devoted servant.

I am at present under afflictions and contentions of spirit heavier than I have yet ever experienced. I think at times I am mad, and destitute of religion. My pride is not yet subdued; the unfavourable review (in the "Monthly") of my unhappy work, has cut deeper than you could have thought; not in a literary point of view, but as it affects my respectability. It represents me actually as a *beggar*, going about gathering money to put myself at college, when my book is worthless; and this with every appearance of candour. They have been sadly misinformed respecting me: this Review goes before me wherever I turn my steps; it haunts me incessantly, and I am persuaded it is an instrument in the hands of Satan to drive

me to distraction. I *must* leave Nottingham. If the answer of the Elland Society be unfavourable, I purpose writing to the Marquis of Wellesley, to offer myself as a student at the academy he has instituted at Fort William, in Bengal, and at the proper age to take orders there. The missionaries at that place have done wonders already; and I should, I hope, be a valuable labourer in the vineyard. If the Marquis take no notice of my application, or do not accede to my proposal, I shall place myself in some other way of making a meet preparation for the holy office, either in the Calvinistic Academy, or in one of the Scotch Universities, where I shall be able to live at scarcely any expense.*

* * * *

TO MR. R. A.....

Nottingham, 18th April, 1804.

MY DEAR ROBERT,

I HAVE just received your letter. Most fervently do I return thanks to God for this providential opening; it has breathed new animation into me, and my breast expands with the prospect of becoming the minister of Christ where I most desired it, but where I almost feared all probability of success was nearly at an end. Indeed, I had begun to turn my thoughts to the dissenters, as people of whom I was destined not, by choice, but necessity, to become the pastor. Still, although I knew I should be happy any where, so that I were a profitable labourer in the vineyard, I did, by no means, feel that

* This letter was not seen by the Editor till after the prefatory memoir was printed.

calm, that indescribable satisfaction which I do, when I look toward that church, which I think, in the main, formed on the apostolic model, and from which I am decidedly of opinion there is no positive grounds for dissent. I return thanks to God for keeping me so long in suspense, for I know it has been beneficial to my soul, and I feel a considerable trust that the way is now about to be made clear, and that my doubts and fears on this head will, in due time, be removed.

Could I be admitted at St. John's I conclude, from what I have heard, that my provision would be adequate; not otherwise. From my mother I could depend on 15 or 20l. a year if she live, toward college expenses, and I could spend the long vacation at home. The 20l. per annum from my brother would suffice for clothes, &c. so that if I could procure 20l. a year more, as you seem to think I may, by the kindness of Mr. Martyn, I conceive I might, with economy, be supported at College; of this, however, you are the best judge.

You may conceive how much I feel obliged by Mr. Martyn, on this head, as well as to you, for your unwearying exertions. Truly, friends have risen up to me in quarters where I could not have expected them, and they have been raised as it were, by the finger of God. I have reason, above all men, to be grateful to the Father of all mercies for his loving kindness towards me: surely no one can have had more experience of the fatherly concern with which God watches over, protects, and succours, his chosen seed, than I have had; and surely none could have less expected such a manifestation of his grace, and none could have less merited its continuance.

* * * *

In pursuance of your injunction, I shall lay aside Grotius, and take up Cicero and Livy, or Tacitus. In Greek

I must rest contented for the ensuing fourteen days with the Testament; I shall then have conquered the gospels, and, if things go on smoothly, the Acts. I shall then read Homer, and perhaps Plato's Phædon, which I lately picked up at a stall. My classical knowledge is very superficial; it has very little depth or solidity; but I have really so small a portion of leisure, that I wonder at the progress I do make. I believe, I must copy the old divines, in rising at four o'clock; for my evenings are so much taken up with visiting the sick, and with young men who come for religious conversation, that there is but little time for study.

* * * *

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

Nottingham, 24th April, 1804.

MY DEAR BEN,

TRULY I am grieved, that whenever I undertake to be the messenger of glad tidings, I should frustrate my own design, and communicate to my good intelligence a taint of sadness, as it were by contagion. Most joyfully did I sit down to write my last, as I knew I had wherewith to administer comfort to you; and yet after all, I find that by gloomy anticipations, I have converted my balsam into bitterness, and have by no means imparted that unmixed pleasure which I wished to do.

Forebodings and dismal calculations are, I am convinced, very useless, and I think very pernicious speculations —"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."—And yet how apt are we, when imminent trials molest us, to increase the burthen by melancholy ruminations on future

evils!—evils which exist only in our own imaginations—and which, should they be realized, will certainly arrive in time to oppress us sufficiently, without our adding to their existence by previous apprehension, and thus voluntarily incurring the penalty of misfortunes yet in prospective, and trials yet unborn. Let us guard them, I beseech you, against these ungrateful divinations into the womb of futurity—we know our affairs are in the hands of one who has wisdom to do for us beyond our narrow prudence, and we cannot, by taking thought, avoid any afflictive dispensation which God's providence may have in store for us. Let us therefore enjoy with thankfulness the present sunshine, without adverting to the coming storm. Few and transitory are the intervals of calm and settled day with which we are cheered in the tempestuous voyage of life; we ought therefore to enjoy them, while they last, with unmixed delight, and not turn the blessing into a curse, by lamenting that it cannot endure without interruption. We, my beloved friend, are united in our affections by no common bands—bands which I trust are too strong to be easily dissevered—yet we know not what God may intend with respect to us, nor have we any business to inquire—we should rely on the mercy of our Father, who is in heaven—and if we are to anticipate, we should hope the best. I stand self accused therefore for my prurient, and I may say, *irreligious* fears. A prudent foresight, as it may guard us from many impending dangers, is laudable; but a morbid propensity to seize and brood over future ills, is agonizing, while it is utterly useless, and therefore ought to be repressed.

I have received intelligence, since writing the above, which nearly settles my future destination. A——— informs me, that Mr. Martyn, a fellow of St. John's, has

about 20l. a year to dispose of, towards keeping a religious man at College—and he seems convinced that, if my mother allows me 20l. a year more, I may live at *St. John's*, provided I could gain admittance, which, at that college is difficult, unless you have previously stood in the list for a year. Mr. Martyn thinks, if I propose myself immediately, I shall get upon the foundation, and by this day's post I have transmitted testimonials of my classical acquirements. In a few days, therefore, I hope to hear that I am on the boards of St. John's.

Mr. Dashwood has informed me, that he also has received a letter from a gentleman, a magistrate near Cambridge, offering me all the assistance in his power towards getting through college, so as there be no obligation. My way therefore is now pretty clear.

I have just risen from my knees, returning thanks to our heavenly Father for this providental opening—my heart is quite full. Help me to be grateful to him, and pray that I may be a faithful minister of his word.

* * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I SIT down with unfeigned pleasure to write, in compliance with your request, that I would explain to you the real doctrines of the church of England, or what is the same thing, of the Bible. The subject is most important, inasmuch as it affects that part of man which is incorruptible, and which must exist for ever—his soul. When God made the brute creation, he merely embodied the dust of the earth, and gave it the power of locomo-

tion, or of moving about, and of existing in a certain sphere. In order to afford mute animals a rule of action, by which they might be kept alive, he implanted in them certain instincts, from which they can never depart. Such is that of self-preservation, and the selection of proper food. But he not only endued man with these powers, but he gave him *mind*, or spirit—a faculty which enables him to ruminate on the objects which he does not see—to compare impressions—to invent—and to feel pleasure and pain, when their causes are either gone or past, or lie in the future. This is what constitutes the human soul. It is an immaterial essence—no one knows what it consists of, or where it resides; the brain and the heart are the organs which it most seems to affect; but it would be absurd to infer therefrom, that the material organs of the heart and the brain constitute the soul, seeing that the impressions of the mind sometimes affect one organ and sometimes the other. Thus, when any of the passions—love, hope, fear, pleasure, or pain, are excited, we feel them at our heart. When we discuss a topic of cool reasoning, the process is carried on in the brain; yet both parts are in a greater or less degree acted upon on all occasions, and we may therefore conclude, that the soul resides in neither individually, but is an *immaterial* spirit, which occasionally impresses the one, and occasionally the other. That the soul is immaterial, has been proved to a mathematical demonstration. When we strike, we lift up our arm—when we walk, we protrude our legs alternately—but when we think, we move no organ: the reason depends on no action of matter, but seems as it were to hover over us, to regulate the machine of our bodies, and to meditate and speculate on things abstract as well as simple,

extraneous as well as connected with our individual welfare, without having any bond which can unite it with our gross corporeal bodies. The flesh is like the temporary tabernacle which the soul inhabits, governs, and regulates; but as it does not consist in any organization of matter, our bodies may die, and return to the dust from whence they were taken, while our souls, incorporeal essences—are incapable of death and annihilation. The spirit is that portion of God's own immortal nature, which he breathed into our clay at our birth, and which therefore cannot be destroyed, but will continue to exist when its earthly habitation is mingled with its parent dust. We must admit therefore, what all ages and nations, savage as well as civilized, have acknowledged, that we have souls, and that as they are incorporeal, they do not die with our bodies, but are necessarily immortal. The question then naturally, arises what becomes of them after death? Here man of his own wisdom must stop:—but God has thought fit, in his mercy, to reveal to us in a great measure the secret of our natures, and in the Holy Scriptures we find a plain and intelligible account of the purposes of our existence, and the things we have to expect in the world to come. And here I shall just remark, that the authenticity and divine inspiration of Moses are established beyond a doubt, and that no *learned* man can possibly deny their authority. Over all nations, even among the savages of America, cut out as it were from the eastern world, there are traditions extant of the flood, of Noah, Moses, and other patriarchs, by names which come so near the proper ones, as to remove all doubt of their identity. You know mankind is continually increasing in number; and consequently, if you make a calculation backwards, the numbers must

continue lessening, and lessening, until you come to a point where there was only one man. Well, according to the most probable calculation, this point will be found to be abont 5,800 years back, viz. the time of the creation, making allowance for the flood. Moreover, there are appearances upon the surface of the globe, which denote the manner in which it was founded, and the process thus developed will be found to agree very exactly with the *figurative* account of Moses.—(Of this I shall treat in a subsequent letter.)—Admitting then, that the books of the Pentateuch were written by divine inspiration, we see laid before us the whole history of our race, and including the Prophets, and the New Testament, the whole scheme of our future existence: we learn, in the first place, that God created man in a state of perfect happiness, that he was placed in the midst of every thing that could delight the eye or fascinate the mind, and that he had only one command imposed upon him, which he was to keep under the penalty of death. This command God had been pleased to cover to our eyes with impenetrable obscurity. Moses, in the figurative language of the East, calls it eating the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. But this we *can* understand, that man rebelled against the command of his Maker, and plunged himself by that crime, from a state of bliss to a state of sorrow, and in the end, of death.—By death is here meant, the exclusion of the soul from future happiness. It followed, that if Adam fell from bliss, his posterity must fall, for the fruit must be like the parent stock; and a man made as it were dead, must likewise bring forth children under the same course. Evil cannot beget good.

But the benign Father of the universe had pity upon Adam and his posterity, and knowing the frailty of our

nature, he did not wish to assume the whole terrors of his just vengeance. Still God is a being who is infinitely *just*, as well as infinitely *merciful*, and therefore his decrees are not to be dispensed with, and his offended justice must have expiation. The case of mankind was deplorable;—myriads yet unborn were implicated by the crime of their common progenitor in general ruin. But the mercy of God prevailed, and Jesus Christ, the Messias, of whom all ages talked before he came down amongst men, offered himself up, as an atonement for man's crimes. The Son of God himself, infinite in mercy, offered to take up the human form, to undergo the severest pains of human life, and the severest pangs of death; he offered to lie under the power of the grave for a certain period, and, in a word, to sustain all the punishment of our primitive disobedience in the stead of man. The atonement was infinite, because God's justice is infinite; and nothing but such an atonement could have saved the fallen race.

The death of Christ then takes away the stain of original sin, and gives man at least the POWER *of attaining* eternal bliss. Still our salvation is conditional, and we have certain requisitions to comply with ere we can be secure of heaven.—The next question then is, What are the conditions on which we are to be saved? The word of God here comes in again in elucidation of our duty; the chief point insisted upon is that we should keep God's Law containing in the Ten commandments; but as the omission or breach of *one* article of the twelve tables is a crime just of as great magnitude as the original sin, and entails the penalty on us as much as if we had infringed the whole; God, seeing our frailty, provided a means of effecting our salvation, in which nothing should be required of us but reliance on his truth.—God sent the Saviour to bear the weight of our sins; he, therefore, requires us

to believe implicitly, that through his blood we shall be accepted. This is the succedaneum which he imposed in lieu of the observance of the moral law. Faith! BELIEVE, AND YE SHALL BE SAVED.—He requires from us to throw ourselves upon the Redeemer, to look for acceptance through him alone, to regard ourselves as depraved, debased, fallen creatures, who can do nothing worthy in his sight, and who only hope for mercy through the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Faith is the foundation stone; Faith is the superstructure; Faith is all in all:—By Faith are ye saved; by Faith are ye justified."

How easy, my dear Neville, are the conditions God imposes upon us! He only commands us to feel the tie of common gratitude, to trust in the mediation of his Son, and all shall be forgiven us. And shall our pride, our deluded imaginations, our false philosophy, interfere to blind our eyes to the beauties of so benevolent, so benign a system!—Or shall earthly pleasures engross all our thoughts, nor leave space for a care for our souls!—God forbid. As for faith, if our hearts are hardened, and we cannot feel that implicit, that fervent belief, which the scripture requires, let us pray to God that he will send his Holy Spirit down upon us, that he will enlighten our understanding with the knowledge of that Truth, which is too vast, too sublime for human understandings, unassisted by Divine Grace, to comprehend.

I have here drawn a hasty outline of the gospel plan of salvation. In a future letter I shall endeavour to fill it up. At present I shall only say, think on these things!—They are of moment inconceivable.—Read your Bible, in order to confirm yourself in these sublime truths, and pray to God to sanctify to you the instructions it contains. At present I would turn your attention exclusively to the New-Testament. Read also the book which accompa-

nies this letter;—it is by the great Locke, and will serve to shew you what so illustrious a philosopher thought of revelation.

* * * *

TO MR. R. A.....

Nottingham, May 6th, 1804.

DEAR ROBERT,

* * *

You don't know how I long to hear how your declamation was received; and "all about it," as we say in these parts. I hope to see it, when I see its author and pronouncer. Themistocles, no doubt, received due praise from you for his valor and *subtlety*, but I trust you poured down a torrent of eloquent indignation upon the ruling principles of his actions, and the motive of his conduct; while you exalted the mild and unassuming virtues of his more amiable rival. The object of Themistocles was the aggrandizement of himself, that of Aristides the welfare and prosperity of the state. The one endeavoured to swell the *glory* of his country; the other to promote its security, external and internal, foreign and domestic. While you estimated the services which Themistocles rendered to the state, in opposition to those of Aristides, you of course remembered that the former had the largest scope for action, and that he influenced his countrymen to fall into all his plans, while they banished his competitor, not by his superior wisdom or goodness, but by those intrigues and factious artifices which Aristides would have disdained. Themistocles certainly did use *bad* means to a desirsable end: and if we may assume it as an axiom, that Providence will forward the designs of a good sooner than those of a bad man, whatever ine-

quality of abilties there may be between the two characters, it will follow that—had Athens remained under the guidance of Aristides, it would have been better for her. The difference between Themistocles and Aristides seem to me to be this: That the former was a wise and a *fortunate* man; and that the latter, though he had equal wisdom, had not equal good fortune. We may admire the heroic qualities and the crafty policy of the one, but to the temperate and disinterested patriotism, the good and virtuous dispositions of the other, we can alone give the meed of heart-felt *praise*.

I only mean by this, that we must not infer, Themistocles to have been *the better* or *the greater* man, because he rendered more essential services to the state than Aristides, nor even that his system was the most judicious—but only, that by decision of character, and by good fortune, his measures succeeded best.

* * *

The rules of composition are, in my opinion, very few. If we have a mature acquaintance with our subject, there is little fear of our expressing it as we ought, provided we have had *some little* experience in writing. The first thing to be aimed at is perspicuity. *That* is the great point, which, once attained, will make all other obstacles smooth to us. In order to write perspicuously, we should have a *perfect* knowledge of the topic on which we are about to treat, in all its bearings and dependencies. We should think well before hand, what will be the clearest method of conveying the drift of our design. This is similar to what painters call the massing, or getting the effect of the more prominent lights and shades by broad dashes of the pencil. When our thesis is well arranged in our mind, and we have predisposed our arguments, reasonings and illustrations, so as they shall all conduce

to the object in view, in regular sequence and gradation, we may sit down and express our ideas in as clear a manner as we can, always using such words as are most suited to our purpose; and when two modes of expression, equally luminous, present themselves, selecting that which is the most harmonious and elegant.

It sometimes happens that writers, in aiming at perspicuity, over-reach themselves, by employing too many words, and perplex the mind by a multiplicity of illustrations. This is a very fatal error. Circumlocution seldom conduces to plainness; and you may take it as a maxim, that, when once an idea is *clearly expressed*, every additional stroke will only confuse the mind, and diminish the effect.

When you have once learned to express yourself with clearness and propriety, you will soon arrive at elegance. Every thing else, in fact, will follow as of course. But I warn you not to invert the order of things, and be paying your addresses to the graces, when you ought to be studying perspicuity. Young writers, in general, are too solicitous to round off their periods, and regulate the cadences of their style. Hence the feeble pleonasms, and idle repetitions, which deform their pages. If you would have your compositions vigorous, and masculine in their tone, let every WORD TELL; and when you detect yourself polishing off a sentence with expletives, regard yourself in exactly the same predicament with a poet who should eke out the measure of his verses with "titum, titum, tee, Sir."

So much for style——

* * * * * *

TO MR. R. A.....

Nottingham, 9th May, 1804.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * *

I HAVE not spoken as yet to Messrs. Coldham and Enfield. Your injunction to suspend so doing, has left me in a state of mind, which, I think, I am blameable for indulging, but which is indiscribably painful. I had no sleep last night, partly from anxiety, and partly from the effects of a low fever, which has preyed on my nerves for the last six or seven days. I am afraid, Robert, my religion is very superficial. I ought not to feel this distrust of God's providence. Should I now be prevented from going to College, I shall regard it as a just punishment for my want of faith.

I conclude Mr. Martyn has failed in procuring the aid he expected. Is it so?

* * *

On these contingencies, Robert, you must know, from my peculiar situation, I shall never be able to get to College. My mother, at all times averse, has lately been pressed by one of the deacons of Castlegate Meeting, to prevail on me to go to Dr. Williams. This idea now fills her head, and she would feel no small degree of pleasure in the failure of my resources for College. Besides this, her natural anxiety for my welfare will never allow her to permit me to go to the University depending almost entirely on herself, knowing not only the *inadequacy*, but the great *uncertainty*, of her aid. Coldham and Enfield must likewise be satisfied that my way is clear: I tremble, I almost despair. A variety of contending emotions, which I cannot particularize, agitate my mind. I tremble lest I should have mistaken my call: these are solemn

warnings:—but no—I cannot entertain the thought. To the ministry I am devoted, I believe, by God; in what way must be left to his providence.

* * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE;

Nottingham, June, 1804.

DEAR NEVILLE,

In answer to your question, whether the Sizars have any duties to perform, I answer NO. Somebody, perhaps, has been hinting that there are servile offices to be performed by Sizars. It is a common opinion, but perfectly erroneous. The *Oxford servitors*, I believe, have many unpleasant duties; but the Sizars at Cambridge only differ from the rest in name.

* * *

TO MR. B. MADDOCK;

Nottingham, June 15th, 1804.

MY DEAR BEN,

I DO not sit down to write you a long letter, for I have been too much exhausted with mathematics to have much vigour of mind left; my lines will therefore be wider than they are wont to be, and I shall, for once, be obliged to diffuse a little matter over a broad surface. For a consolatory letter I trust you have little need, as by this time you have no doubt learned to meet with calmness, those temporary privations and inconveniences which, in this life, we must expect, and therefore should be prepared to encounter.

* * * *

This is true—this is *Christian* philosophy: it is a philosophy in which we must all, sooner or later, be instituted, and which, if you steadfastly persist in seeking, I am sure God will assist you to your manifest comfort and peace.

There *are* sorrows, and there *are* misfortunes which bow down the spirit beyond the aid of all human comfort. Of these, I know, my dear Ben, you have had more than common experience; but while the cup of life does overflow with draughts of such extreme asperity, we ought to fortify ourselves against *lesser* evils, as unimportant to man, who has much heavier woes to expect, and to the Christian, whose joys are laid beyond the verge of mortal existence. There are afflictions, there are privations, where *death* and *hopes* IRRECOVERABLY blasted, leave no prospect of retrieval; when I would no more say to the mourner, "Man, wherefore weepest thou?" than I would ask the winds why they blew, or the tempest why it raged. Sorrows like these are sacred: but the inferior troubles of *partial* separation, vexatious occupation, and opposing current of human affairs, are such as ought not, at least immoderately, to affect a Christian; but rather ought to be contemplated as the necessary *accidents* of life, and disregarded while their pains are most sensibly felt.

Do not think, I beseech you, my dear Ben, that I wish to represent your sorrows as light or trivial; I know they are not light; I know they are not trivial too: but I wish to induce you to sum up the man within you, and while those unhappy troubles, which you cannot alleviate, must continue to torment you, I would exhort you to rise superior to the crosses of life, and shew yourself a genuine

disciple of Jesus Christ, in the endurance of evil without repining, or unavailable lamentations.

Blest as you are with the good testimony of an approving conscience, and happy in an intimate communion with the all-pure, and all-merciful God, these trifling concerns ought not to molest you: nay, were the tide of adversity to turn strong against you, even were your friends to forsake you, and abject poverty to stare you in the face, you ought to be abundantly thankful to God for his mercies to you; you ought to consider yourself still as rich; yea, to look around you, and say, I am far happier than the sons of men.

This is a system of philosophy which for myself, I shall not only preach, but practice. We are here for nobler purposes than to waste the fleeting moments of our lives, in lamentations and wailings over troubles which, in their widest extent, do but affect the present state, and which, perhaps, only regard our personal ease and prosperity. Make me an outcast—a beggar; place me a bare-footed pilgrim on the top of the Alps or the Pyrenees, and I should have wherewithal to sustain the spirit within me, in the reflection that all this was but as for a moment, and that a period would come, when wrong, and injury, and trouble, should be no more. Are we to be so utterly enslaved by habit and association, that we shall spend our lives in anxiety and bitter care, only that we may find a covering for our bodies, or the means of assuaging hunger? for what else is an anxiety after the world? Or are even the followers of Christ themselves to be infected with the insane, the childish desire of heaping together wealth! Were a man, in the way of making a large fortune, to take up his hat and stick, and say, "I am useless here, and unhappy; I will go and abide with the Gentoo or the Para-

guay, where I shall be happy and useful," he would be laughed at: but I say he would prove himself a more reasonable and virtuous man, than him who binds himself down to a business which he dislikes, because it would be accounted strange, or foolish, to abandon so good a concern, and who heaps up wealth, for which he has little relish, because the world accounts it policy.

I will refrain from pursuing this tone of reasoning. I know the weakness of human nature, and I know that we may argue with a deal of force, to shew the folly of grief, when we ourselves are its passive victims. But whether strength of mind prevail with you, or whether you still indulge in melancholy bodings and repinings, I am still your friend, nay, your *sympathizing* friend. Hard and callous, and "unfeeling" as I may seem, I have a heart for my ever dear Benjamin.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Wilford, near Nottingham, —— 1804.

DEAR NEVILLE,

I now write to you from a little cottage at Wilford, where I have taken a room for a fortnight, as well for the benefit of my health, as for the advantage of uninterrupted study. I live in a homely house, in a homely style, but am well occupied, and perfectly at my ease.

And now, my dear brother, I must sincerely beg pardon for all those manifold neglects, of which I cannot but accuse myself towards you. When I recollect innumerable requests in your letters which I have not noticed, and many inquiries I have not satisfied, I almost feel afraid

that you will amagine I no longer regard your letters with brotherly fondness, and that you will cease to exercise towards me your wonted confidence and friendship. Indeed, you may take my word, they have arisen from my peculiar circumstances, and not from any unconcern or disregard of your wishes. I am now bringing my affairs (laugh not at the word) into some regularity, after all the hurry and confusion in which they have been plunged, by the distraction of mind attending my publication, and the projected change of my destination in life.

* * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Wilford, (near Nottingham,) —— 1804.

DEAR NEVILLE,

* * *

I HAVE run very much on the wrong side of the post here; for having sent copies round to such persons as had given me in their names as subscribers, with compliments, they have placed them to the account of presents!

* * *

And now, my dear Neville, I must give you the most ingenious specimen of the invention of petty envy you perhaps ever heard of. When Addison produced "Cato," it was currently received, that he had bought it of a vicar for 40l. The Nottingham gentry, knowing me too poor to buy my poems, thought they could do no better than place it to the account of family affection; and lo! Mrs. Smith is become the sole author, who has made use of her brother's name as a feint! I heard of this report *first*

covertly; it was said that Mrs. Smith was the principal writer: next it was said that I was the author of one of the inferior smaller pieces only, ("My Study;") and lastly, on mentioning the circumstances to Mr. A——, he confessed that he had heard several times that "my sister was the sole quill-driver of the family, and that master Henry, in particular, was rather shallow," but that he had refrained from telling me, because he thought it would vex me. Now, as to the vexing me, it only has afforded me a hearty laugh. I sent my compliments to one great lady, whom I heard propagating this ridiculous report, and congratulated her on her ingenuity, telling her, as a great secret, that neither my sister, or myself, had any claim to any of the Poems, for the right author was the Great Mogul's cousin german. The best part of the story is, that my good friend * * found means to get me to write verses extempore, to prove whether I could tag rhymes or not, which, it seems, he doubted.

* * * * *

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

Nottingham, 7th July, 1804.

MY DEAR BEN,

THE *real* wants of life are few; the support of the body, simply, is no expensive matter; and as we are not mad upon silks and sattins, the covering of it will not be more costly. The only superfluity I should covet would be books, but I have learned how to abridge that pleasure; and having sold the flower of my library for the amazing sum of six Guineas, I mean to try whether meditation will not supply the place of general reading, and probably

by the time I am poor and needy, I shall look upon a large library like a fashionable wardrobe, goodly and pleasant, but as to the real utility, indifferent.

So much for Stoicism, and now for *Monachism*—I shall never, never marry! It cannot, must not be. As to affections, mine are already engaged as much as they ever will be, and this is one reason why I believe my life will be a life of celibacy, I pray to God that it may be so, and that I may be happy in that state. I love too ardently to make love innocent, and therefore I say farewell to it. Besides, I have another inducement, I cannot introduce a woman into poverty for my love's sake, nor could I well bear to see such an one as I must marry, struggling with narrow circumstances, and sighing for the fortunes of her children.—No, I say, forbear! and may the example of St. Gregory of Naz and St. Basil support me.

All friends are well, except your humble scribe, who has got a little too much into his old way since your departure. Studying and musing, and dreaming of every thing but his health; still amid all his studyings, musings and dreams,

Your true friend and brother,

H. K. WHITE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Nottingham, July 9th, 1804.

* * *

I CAN *now* inform you, that I have reason to believe my way through College is clear before me. From what source I know not: but through the hands of Mr. Simeon, I am provided with 30l. per annum: and while things go

on so prosperously as they do now, I can command 20*l.* or 30*l.* more from my friends, and this, in all probability, until I take my degree. The friends to whom I allude are my *mother* and *brother*.

My mother has, for these five years past, kept a Boarding School in Nottingham; and, so long as her school continues in its present state, she can supply me with 15*l.* or 20*l.* per annum, without inconvenience; but should she die, (and her health is, I fear, but infirm,) that resource will altogether fail. Still, I think, my prospect is so good as to preclude any anxiety on my part; and perhaps my income will be more than adequate to my wants, as I shall be a Sizar of St. John's, where the College emoluments are more than commonly large.

In this situation of my affairs, you will perhaps agree with me in thinking that a subscription for a volume of poems will not be necessary; and certainly, that measure is one which will be better avoided, if it may be. I have lately looked over what poems I have by me in manuscript, and find them more numerous than I expected; but many of them would perhaps be styled *mopish* and *mawkish*, and even *misanthropic*, in the language of the world; though from the latter sentiment, I am sure I can say, no one is more opposite than I am. These poems, therefore, will never see the light, as from a teacher of that word which gives all strength to the feeble; more fortitude and christian philosophy may, with justice be expected than they display. The remainder of my verses would not possess any great interest: mere description is often mere nonsense: and I have acquired a strange habit, whenever I do point out a train of moral sentiment from the contemplation of a picture, to give it a gloomy and querulous cast, when there is nothing in the occasion but

what ought to inspire joy and gratitude. I have one poem,* however, of some length, which I shall preserve; and I have another of considerable magnitude in design, but of which only a part is written, which I am fairly at a loss whether to commit to the flames, or at some future opportunity to finish. The subject is the Death of Christ. I have no friend whose opinion is at all to be relied on, to whom I could submit it; and perhaps, after all, it may be absolutely worthless.

With regard to that part of my provision which is derived from my unknown friend, it is of course conditional; and as it is not a provision for a *poet*, but for a *candidate for orders*, I believe it is expected, and indeed it has been hinted as a thing advisable, that I should barter the muses for mathematics, and abstain from writing verses at least until I take my degree. If I find that all my time will be requisite, in order to *prepare* for the important office I am destined to fill, I shall certainly do my duty, however severely it may cost me: but if I find I may lawfully and conscientiously relax myself at intervals, with those delightful reveries which have hitherto formed the chief leisure of my life, I shall, without scruple, indulge myself in them.

I know the pursuit of truth is a much more important business than the exercise of the imagination; and amid all the quaintness and stiff method of the mathematicians, I can even discover a source of chaste and exalted pleasure. To their severe but salutary discipline, I must now "subdue the vivid shapings of my youth;" and though I shall cast many a fond lingering look to Fancy's more alluring paths, yet I shall be repaid by the anticipation of days, when I may enjoy the sweet satisfaction of being useful, in no ordinary degree, to my fellow mortals.

* * *

*TIME is probably the poem alluded to.

TO MR. SERJEANT ROUGH.

Nottingham, 24th July, 1804.

DEAR SIR,

* * *

I THINK *Mr. Moore's* love poems are infamous, because they subvert the first great object of poetry,—the encouragement of the virtuous and the noble; and metamorphose nutritious aliment into poison. I think the muses are degraded when they are made the handmaids of sensuality, and the bawds of a brothel.

Perhaps it may be the opinion of a young man, but I think too, the old system of heroic attachment, with all its attendant notions of honour and spotlessness, was in the end, calculated to promote the interests of the human race; for though it produced a temporary alienation of mind, perhaps bordering on insanity, yet with the very extravagance and madness of the sentiments, there were interwoven certain imperious principles of virtue and generosity, which would probably remain after time had evaporated the heat of passion, and sobered the luxuriance of a romantic imagination. I think, therefore, a man of song is rendering the community a service, when he displays the ardour of manly affection in a pleasing light: but certainly we need no incentives to the irregular gratification of our appetites, and I should think it a proper punishment for the poet who holds forth the allurements of illicit pleasures in amiable and seductive colours, should his wife, his sister, or his child, fall a victim to the licentiousness he has been instrumental in diffusing.

* * *

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

Winteringham, August 3d, 1804.

MY DEAR BEN,

I AM all anxiety to learn the issue of your proposal to your father. Surely it will proceed; surely a plan laid out with such fair prospects of happiness to you, as well as me, will not be frustrated. Write to me the moment you have any information on the subject.

I think we shall be happy together at Cambridge: and in the ardent pursuit of Christian knowledge, and *Christian* virtue, we shall be doubly united. We were before friends; now I hope, likely to be still more emphatically so. But I must not anticipate.

I left Nottingham without seeing my brother Neville, who arrived there two days after me. This is a circumstance which I much regret; but I hope he will come this way, when he goes, according to his intention, to a watering place. Neville has been a good brother to me, and there are not many things which would give me more pleasure than, after so long a separation, to see him again. I dare not hope that I shall meet you and him together, in October, at Nottingham.

My days flow on here in an even tenor. They are, indeed studious days, for my studies seem to multiply on my hands, and I am so much occupied with them, that I am becoming a mere book-worm, running over the rules of Greek versification in my walks, instead of expatiating on the beauties of the surrounding scenery. Winteringham is, indeed, now a delightful place: the trees are in full verdure, the crops are brouzing the fields, and my former walks are become dry under foot, which I have never known them to be before. The opening vista, from our church-yard over the Humber, to the hills, and

receding vales of Yorkshire, assumes a thousand new aspects. I sometimes watch it at evening, when the sun is just gilding the summits of the hills, and the lowlands are beginning to take a browner hue. The showers partially falling in the distance, while all is serene above me; the swelling sail rapidly falling down the river; and, not least of all, the villages, woods, and villas on the opposite bank, sometimes render this scene quite enchanting to me; and it is no contemptible relaxation, after a man has been puzzling his brains over the intricacies of Greek Choruses all the day, to come out and unbend his mind with careless thought and negligent fancies, while he refreshes his body with the fresh air of the country.

I wish you to have a taste of these pleasures with me; and if ever I should live to be blessed with a quiet parsonage, and that great object of my ambition, a garden, I have no doubt but we shall be, for some short intervals at least, two quiet contented bodies. These will be our relaxations; our *business* will be of a nobler kind. Let us vigilantly fortify ourselves against the exigencies of the serious appointment we are, with God's blessing, to fulfil; and if we go into the church prepared to do our duty, there is every reasonable prospect that our labours will be blessed, and that we shall be blessed in them. As your habits generally have been averse to what is called *close* application, it will be too much for your strength, as well as unadviseable in other points of view, to study very intensely; but regularly you may, and must read; and depend upon it, a man will work more wonders by stated and constant application, than by unnatural and forced endeavours.

* * *

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

Nottingham, September, 1804.

MY DEAR BEN,

By the time you will open this letter, we shall have parted, God only knows whether ever to meet again. The chances and casualties of human life are such as to render it always questionable whether three months may not separate us for ever from an absent friend.

* * *

For my part, I shall feel a vacuum when you are gone, which will not easily be filled up. I shall miss my only intimate friend—the companion of my walks—the interrupter of my evening studies. I shall return, in a great measure, to my old solitary habits. I cannot associate with * * nor yet with * * * has no place in my affections, though he has in my esteem. It was to you alone I looked as my adopted brother, and (although for reasons you may hereafter learn, I have not made you my perfect confidante) my comforter.—Heu mihi Amice Vale, longum Vale! I hope you will sometimes think of me, and give me a portion in your prayers.

* * *

Perhaps it may be that I am not formed for friendship, that I expect more than can ever be found. Time will tutor me: I am a singular being, under a common outside. I am a profound dissembler of my inward feelings, and necessity has taught me the art. I am long before I can unbosom to a friend, yet, I think, I am sincere in my friendship: you must not attribute this to any suspiciousness of nature, but must consider that I lived seventeen years my own confident, my own friend, full of projects and strange thoughts, and confinding them to no one. I am hab-

itually reserved, and habitually cautious in letting it be seen that I hide any thing. Towards you I would fain conquer these habits, and this is one step towards effecting the conquest.

I am not well, Ben, to-night, as my hand-writing and style will shew; I have rambled on, however, to some length; my letter may serve to beguile a few moments on your way. I must say good bye to you, and may God bless you, and preserve you, and be your guide and director for ever. Remember he is always with you; remember that in him you have a comforter in every gloom. In your wakeful nights, when you have not me to talk to, his ear will be bent down to your pillow; what better bosom friend has a man than the merciful and benignant Father of all? Happy, thrice happy, are you in the privilege of his grace and acceptance.

Dear Ben, I am your true friend,

H. K. WHITE.

TO M. K. SWANN.

High Pavement, October 4th, 1804.

DEAR KIRKE,

* * *

For your kind and very valuable present, I know not how to think you. The Archbishop* has long been one of my most favourite divines; and a complete set of his sermons really "*sets me up.*". I hope I *am* able to appreciate the merits of such a collection, and I shall always value them apart from their merit, as a memento of friendship.

*Tillotson.

I hope that, when our correspondence begins, it will neither be lax, nor uninteresting; and that, on both sides, it may be productive of something more than mere amusement.

While we each strive to become wiser in those things wherein *true* wisdom is alone to be found, we may mutually contribute to each other's success, by the communication of our thought: and that we may both become proficients in that amiable philosophy which makes us happier by rendering us better; that philosophy which alone makes us wise unto salvation, is the prayer of,

Dear Kirke, your sincere friend,

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

TO MR. JOHN CHARLESWORTH.

Winteringham, —— 1804.

*AMICE DILECTE,

PUDERET me infrequentiæ nostrarum literarum, nisi hoc ex te pendere sentirem. Epistolas a te missas non prius accepi quam kalendis Decembris—res mihi acerba, nihilominus ad ferendum levior, dum me non tibi ex animo prorsus excidisse satis exploratum est.

Gavisus sum, e litteris tuis amico Roberto dicatis, cum audirem te operam et dedisse et daturum ad Græcam linguam etiamnum excolendam cum viro omni doctrina erudito.—Satis scio te, illo duce, virum doctissimum et in optimarum artium studiis exquisitissimum futurum esse: haud tamen his facultatibus contentum, sed altiora pe-

* This letter is not to be considered as a specimen of Henry's Latinity. It was written when he was only beginning those classical studies in which he afterwards made such progress.

tentem, nempe salutem humani generis et sancta verbi divini arcana.

Vix jàm, amice! recreor è morbo, a quo graviter ægrotavi: vix jàm incipio membra languore confecta in diem apertam trahere. Tactus Arida manu febris spatiosas trivi noctes lacrymis et gemitu. Vidi cum in conspectu mortis collocatus fuerim, vidi omnia clariora facta, intellexi me non fidem Christi satis servasse, non ut famulum Dei fideliter vitam egisse. Ægritudo multa prius celata patefacit. Hoc ipse sensi et omnes. sint sane religiosi sint boni, idem sentient. Sed ego præcipue causam habui cur me afflixerim et summisso animo ad pedem crucis abjecerem. Imo vero et lycrymas copiose effudi et interdum consolatio Sancti Spritus turbinem animi placavit. Utinam vestigium hujus periculi semper in animo retineam!

Non dubito quin tibi gratum erit audire de moribus et studiis nostris. Præceptor nobis, nomine Grainger, non e collegio educatus fuit, attamen doctrina haud mediocris est, pietate eximius. *Hypodidascàlus* fuit in schola viri istius docti et admodum venerandi Josephi Milner, qui eum dilexit àtque honoravit. Mores jucundi et faciles sunt, urbanitate ac lepore suaviter conditi, quanquam interdum in vultu tristis severitas inest. Erga bonos mansuetus, malis se durior gerit.—Æque fere est Pastor diligens, vir egregius, et præceptor bonus. Cum isthoc legimus apud Græcos, Homerum et Demosthenem et Sanctas Scripturas, apud Latinos Virgillium, Ciceronem et aliquando in ludo Terentium. Scribimus etiam Latine, et constructionis et elegantiæ gratia; nihilominus (hac epistola teste) non opus est dicendi tibi quam paululum ego ipse proficio. In scribendo Latine, præter consuetudinem in lingua Anglicana, sum lentus, piger, ineptus.—Verba stillant heu quam otiose, et quum tandem visa sint quam inelegantia! Spero tamen usu atque animo diligen-

ter adhibendo deinde Latinis sermonibus aliquam adipisci facilitatem, nunc fere oportet me contentum esse cupire et laborare, paululum, potiundo, magna moliendo.

Intelligis, procul dubio, nos vicum incolere Winteringhamiensis, ripis situm Humberi fluminis, sed nondum forsan sentias locum esse agrestem, fluviis, collibus, arvis. omni decore pervenustum. Domus nostra Templo Dei adjacet; a tergo sunt dulces horti et *terrenus agger* arboribus erebre septus, quo deambulare solemus. Circumcirca sunt rurales pagi quibus sæpe cum otium agamus, post prandium imus. Est villa, nomine Whittonia, ubi a celsa rupe videre potes flumen Trentii vasto Humbero influentem, et paulo altius Oosem flumen.

Infra sub opaca saxa fons est cui potestas inest in lapidem materias alienas convertendas; ab altissima rupe labitur in litus, musehum, conchas et fragiliores, rames arborum in lapidem transmutans. In prospectu domus montes Eboracenses surgunt trans Humberum siti, sylvis et villis stipati, nunc solis radiis ridentis, nunc horridi nimbis ac procellis. Vela navium ventis impleta ante fenestras satis longo intervallo prolabuntur: dum supra in acre procelso greges anserum vastæ longo clamore volitant. Sæpe in animo revolvo verba ista Homeri:

ως ορνιθων πετεηνων εθνεα πολλα
Χηνων ἡ γερανων, ἡ κυκνων δειλιχοδ ειρων,
Α σιω εν λειμωνι Καυστριω αμφι ρέεθρα
Ενθα και ενθα ποτωνται αγαλλομενοι πτερυγεσσι
Ελαγγηδον προκαθιζοντων, σμαραγει δε τε δειμων,
Ως των εθνεα πολλα νεων απο κια κλισιαων
Ες πεδιον προχεοντο Σκαμανδριον, &c.

* * *

Vale. Dum vitalcs auras carpam,

Tuus,

H. K. WHITE.

TO MR. K. SWANN.

Winteringham, 20th October, 1804.

DEAR KIRKE,

We are safely arrived, and comfortably settled in the parsonage of Winteringham. The house is most delightfully situated close by the church, at a distance from the village, and with delightful gardens behind, and the Humber before. The family is very agreeable, and the style in which we live is very superior. Our tutor is not only a learned man, but the best pastor, and most pleasing domestic man, I ever met with. You will be glad to hear we are thus charmingly situated. I have reason to thank God for his goodness in leading me to so peaceful and happy a situation.

The year which now lies before me, I shall, with the blessing of God, if I am spared, employ in very important pursuits; and I trust that I shall come away not only a wiser, but a better man. I have here nothing to interrupt me—no noise—no society to disturb, or avocations to call me off, and if I do not make considerable improvement, I do not know when I shall.

We have each our several duties to perform: and though God has been pleased to place us in very different walks of life, yet we may mutually assist each other by counsel, by admonition, and by prayer. My calling is of a nature the most arduous and awful; I need every assistance from above, and from my companions in the flesh; and no advice will ever be esteemed lightly by me, which proceeds from a servant of God, however trifling, or however ill-expressed. If your immediate avocations be less momentous, and less connected with the world to come, your duty is not the less certain, or more lightly to be attended to—*you* are placed in a situation wherein

God expects from you according to your powers, as well as from me in mine: and there are various dark and occult temptations, of which you are little aware, but into which you may easily and imperceptibly fall, unless upheld by the arm of Almighty God. You stand in need, therefore, to exercise a constant reliance on the Holy Spirit, and its influences, and to watch narrowly your own heart, that it conceive no secret sin; for although your situation be not so dangerous, nor your duties so difficult, yet as the masks which Satan assumes are various, you may still find cause for spiritual fear and sorrow, and occasion for trembling, lest you should not have exercised your talents in proportion to their extent. It is a valuable observation, that there is no resting-place in the spiritual progress—we must either go backward or forward, and when we are at a loss to know whether our motion be onward or retrograde, we may rest assured, that there is something wanting which must be supplied—some evil yet lurking in the heart, or some duty slightly performed.

You remember I heard Mr. * *, on the night previous to my departure; I did not say much on his manner, but I thought it neat, and the sermon far better than I expected: but I must not be understood to approve altogether of Mr. * *'s preaching. I think in particular, he has one great fault, that is *elegance*—he is not sufficiently *plain*. Remember, we do not mount the pulpit to say fine things, or eloquent things; we have there to proclaim the good tidings of salvation to fallen man; to point out the way of eternal life; to exhort, to cheer, and to support the suffering sinner: these are the glorious topics upon which we have to enlarge—and will these permit the tricks of oratory, or the studied beauties of eloquence? Shall truths and counsels like these be couched in terms which the poor and ignorant cannot comprehend?—Let

all eloquent preachers beware, lest they fill any man's ear with sounding words, when they should be feeding his soul with the bread of everlasting life! Let them fear, lest, instead of honouring God, they honour themselves! If any man ascend the pulpit with the intention of uttering a *fine thing*, he is committing a deadly sin. Remember, however, that there is a medium, and that vulgarity and meanness are cautiously to be shunned; but while we speak with propriety and chastity, we cannot be too familiar or too plain. I do not intend to apply these remarks to Mr. * * individually, but to the manner of preaching here alluded to. If his manner be such as I have here described, the observations will also fit; but, if it be otherwise, the remarks refer not to him, but to the style reprobated.

* * *

I recommend to you, always before you begin to study, to pray to God to enlighten your understanding, and give you grace to behold all things through the medium of religion. This was always the practice in the old universities, and, I believe, is the only way to profit by learning.

I can now only say a few words to you, since our regular hour of retiring fast approaches. I hope you are making progress in spiritual things, proportionably to your opportunities, and that you are sedulously endeavouring not only to secure your own acceptation, but to impart the light of truth to those around you who still remain in darkness.

Pray let me hear from you at your convenience, and my brother will forward the letter; and believe me,

My dear Kirke,

Your friend and fellow-traveller in the Tearful sojourn of life,

H. K. WHITE.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Winteringham, Dec. 16th, 1804.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Since I wrote to you last I have been rather ill, having caught cold, which brought on a slight fever. Thanks to excellent nursing, I am now pretty much recovered, and only want strength to be perfectly re-established. Mr. Grainger is himself a very good physician; but when I grew worse, he deemed it necessary to send for a medical gentleman from Barton; so that in addition to my illness, I expect an apothecary's bill. This, however, will not be a very long one, as Mr. Grainger has chiefly supplied me with drugs. It is judged absolutely necessary that I should take wine, and that I should ride. It is with very great reluctance that I agree to incur these additional expenses, and I shall endeavour to cut them off as soon as possible. Mr. and Mrs. Grainger have behaved like parents to me since I have been ill: four and five times in the night has Mr. G. come to see me; and had I been at home, I could not have been treated with more tenderness and care. Mrs. Grainger has insisted on my drinking their wine, and was very angry when I made scruples; but I cannot let them be at all this additional expense—in some way or other I must pay them, as the sum I now give, considering the mode in which we are accommodated, is very trifling. Mr. Grainger does not keep a horse, so that I shall be obliged to hire one: but there will be no occasion for this for any length of time, as my strength seems to return as rapidly as it was rapidly reduced. Don't make yourself in the least uneasy about this, I pray, as I am quite recovered, and not at all apprehensive of any consequences. I have no cough, nor

any symptom which might indicate an affection of the lungs. I read very little at present.

I thought it necessary to write you on this subject now, as I feared you mind have an exaggerated account from Mr. Almond's friends, and alarm yourself.

* * * * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Winteringham, Dec. 27, 1804.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I HAVE been very much distressed at the receipt of your letter accompanied with one from my mother, one from my sister, and from Mr. Dashwood, and Kirke Swann, all on the same subject; and greatly as I feel for all the kindness and affection which has prompted these remonstrances, I am quite harassed with the idea that you should not have taken my letter as a plain account of my illness, without any wish to hide from you that I had been ill somewhat seriously, but that I was indeed better.

I can now assure you, that I am perfectly recovered, and am as well as I have been for some time past. My sickness was merely a slight fever, rather of a nervous kind, brought on by a cold, and soon yielded to the proper treatment. I do assure you, simply and plainly, that I am now as well as ever.

With regard to study, I do assure you that Mr. Grainger will not suffer us to study at all hard; our work at present is mere play. I am always in bed at ten o'clock, and take two walks in the day, besides riding, when the weather will permit.

Under these circumstances, my dear brother may set his mind perfectly at ease. Even change of air some-

times occasions violent attacks, but they leave the patient better than they found him.

I still continue to drink wine, though I am convinced there is no necessity for it. My appetite is amazingly large—much larger than when at Nottingham.

I shall come to an arrangement with Mr. Grainger immediately, and I hope you will not write to him about it. If Mr. Eddy, the surgeon, thinks it at all necessary for me to do this constantly, I declare to you that I will; but remember, if I should form a habit of this now, it may be a disadvantage to me when possibly circumstances may render it inconvenient—as when I am at college.

My spirits are completely knocked up by the receipt of all the letters I have at one moment received. My mother got a gentleman to mention it to Mr. Dashwood, and still representing that my illness was occasioned by study—a thing than which nothing can be more remote from the truth as I have, from conscientious motives, given up hard study until I shall find my health better.

I cannot write more, as I have the other letters to answer. I am going to ride to Barton, expressly to get advantage of the post for this day, in order that you may no longer give yourself a moment's uneasiness, where there is in reality no occasion.

Give my affectionate love to James,
And believe me,
My dear Neville,
Your truly affectionate Brother,
H. K. WHITE.

One thing I had forgot—you mention my pecuniary matters—you make me blush when you do so. You may rest assured that I have no wants of that kind, nor am likely to have at present. Your brotherly love and

anxiety towards me has sunk deep into my heart; and you may satisfy yourself with this, that whatever is necessary for my health shall not be spared, and that when I want the means of procuring these, I shall think it my duty to tell you so.

TO HIS BROTHER JAMES.

Midway between Winteringham and Hull,
Jan. 11th, 1805.

DEAR JAMES

You will not be surprised at the style of this letter, when I tell you it is written in the Winteringham Packet, on a heap of flour bags, and surrounded by a drove of fourteen pigs, who raise the most hideous roar every time the boat rolls. I write with a silver pen, and with a good deal of shaking, so you may expect very bad scribbling. I am now going to Hull where I have a parcel to send to my mother, and I would not lose the opportunity of writing.

I am extremely glad that you are attentive to matters of such moment as are those of religion; and I hope you do not relax in your seriousness, but continue to pray that God will enable you to walk in the paths of righteousness which alone lead to peace. He alone, my dear James, is able to give you a heart to delight in his service, and to set at nought the temptations of the world. It may seem to you in the first beginning of your christian progress, that religion wears a very unpromising aspect, and that the gaieties of the world are indeed very delicious; but I assure you, from what I have myself experienced, that the pleasures of piety are infinitely more exquisite than those

of fashion and of sensual pursuits. It is true, they are not so violent, or so intoxicating, (for they consist in one even tenor of mind, a lightness of heart, and sober cheerfulness, which none but those who have experienced can conceive;) but they leave no sting behind them; they give pleasure on reflection, and will soothe the mind in the distant prospect.—And who can say this of the world or its enjoyments?

Even those who seem to enter with the most spirit into the riotous and gaudy diversions of the world, are often known to confess that there is no real satisfaction in them; that their gaiety is often forced, when their hearts are heavy; and that they envy those who have chosen the more humble but pleasant paths of religion and virtue.

I am not at all particular as to the place of worship you may attend, so as it be under a serious preacher, and so as you attend regularly. I should think it a very good exercise for you, if you were to get a blank paper book, and were to write down in it any thing which may strike you in the sermons you hear on a Sunday; this would improve your style of writing, and teach you to think on what you hear. Pray endeavour to carry this plan into execution. I am sure you will find it worth the trouble. You attend the church now and then, I conclude, and if you do, I should wish to direct your attention to our admirable liturgy, and avoid, if possible, remarking what may seem absurd in the manner it is repeated.

I must not conceal from you that I am very sorry you do not attend some eminent minister in the church, such as Mr. Cecil, or Mr. Pratt, or Mr. Crowther, in preference to the meeting; since I am convinced a man runs less danger of being misled, or of building on false foundations, in the establishment, than out, and this too for plain reasons:—Dissenters are apt to think they are religious, be-

cause they are dissenters—"for," argue they, "if we had not a regard for religion, why should we leave the establishment at all! The very act of leaving it shews we have a regard for religion, because we manifest an aversion to its abuses." Besides this, at the meeting house you are not likely to hear plain and unwelcome truths so honestly told as in the church, where the minister is not so dependant on his flock, and the prayers are so properly selected, that you will meet with petitions calculated for all your wants, bodily and spiritual, without being left at the mercy of the minister to pray for what and in what manner he likes. Remember these are not offered as reasons why you should always attend the church, but to put you in mind that there are advantages there which you should avail yourself of, instead of making invidious comparisons between the two institutions.

* * *

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

Winteringham, Jan. 31st. 1805.

DEAR BEN,

I HAVE long been convinced of the truth of what you say, respecting the effects of close reading on a man's mind, in a religious point of view, and I am more and more convinced that literature is very rarely the source of satisfaction of mind to a Christian. I would wish you to steer clear of too abstracted and subtle a mode of thinking and reasoning, and you will so be happier than your friend. A relish for books will be a sweet source of amusement, and a salutary relaxation to you throughout life; but let it not be more than a *relish*, if *you* value

your own peace. I think, however, that you ought to strengthen your mind a little with logic, and for this purpose I would advise you to go through Euclid with assiduous and serious attention, and likewise to read Duncan through. You are too desultory a reader, and regard *amusement* too much; if you wish your reading in good earnest to *amuse* you, when you are old, as well as now in your youth, you will take care to form a taste for substantial and sound authors, and will not be the less eager to study a work because it requires a little labour to understand it.

After you have read Euclid, and amused yourself with Lock's sublime speculations, you will derive much pleasure from Butler's Analogy, without exception the most unanswerable demonstration of the folly of infidelity that the world ever saw.

Books like these will give you more strength of mind, and consistent firmness, than either you or I now possess; while on the other hand, the effeminate *Panada* of Magazines, Tales, and the tribe of penny-catching pamphlets, of which desultory readers are so fond, only tend to enervate the mind, and incapacitate it for every species of manly exertion.

* * * *

I continue to be better in health, although the weather is a great obstacle to my taking a proper proportion of exercise. I have had a trip to Hull of late, and saw the famous painter *R*—— there, with whom I had a good deal of talk. He is a pious man, and a great astronomer; but in manners and appearance a complete artist. I rather think he is inclined to Hutchinsonian principles, and entertains no great reverence for Sir Isaac Newton.

* * * *

TO MR. MADDOCK.

Winteringham, 1st March, 1805.

MY DEAR BEN,

* * * *

I HOPE and trust that you have at length arrived at that happy temperament of disposition, that, although you have much cause of sadness within, you are yet willing to be amused with the variegated scenes around you, and to join, when occasions present themselves, in innocent mirth. Thus, in the course of your peregrinations, occurrences must continually arise, which, to a mind willing to make the best of every thing, will afford amusement of the chastest kind. Men and manners are a never-failing source of wonder and surprise, as they present themselves in their various phases. We may very innocently laugh at the brogue of a Somerset peasant—and I should think that person both cynical and surly who could pass by a group of laughing children, without participating in their delight, and joining in their laugh. It is a truth most undeniable, and most melancholy, that there is too much in human life which extorts tears and groans, rather than smiles. This, however, is equally certain, that our giving way to unremitting sadness on these accounts, so far from ameliorating the condition of mortality, only adds to the aggregate of human misery, and throws a gloom over those moments when a ray of light is permitted to visit the dark valley of life, and the heart ought to be making the best of its fleeting happiness. Landscape too, ought to be a source of delight to you; fine buildings, objects of nature, and a thousand things which it would be tedious to name. I should call the man, who could survey such things as these without being affected with pleasure, either a

very weak-minded and foolish person, or one of no mind at all. To be always sad, and always pondering on internal griefs, is what I call utter selfishness: I would not give two-pence for a being who is locked up in his suffering, and whose heart cannot respond to the exhilarating cry of nature, or rejoice because he sees others rejoice. The loud and unanimous chirping of the birds on a fine sunny morning, pleases me, because I see they are happy: and I should be very selfish, did I not participate in their seeming joy. Do not, however, suppose that I mean to exclude a man's own sorrows from his thoughts, since that is an impossibility, and, were is possible, would be prejudicial to the human heart. I only mean that the whole mind is not to be incessantly engrossed with its cares, but with cheerful elasticity to bend itself occasionally to circumstances, and give way without hesitation to pleasing emotions. To be pleased with little, is one of the greatest blessings.

Sadness is itself sometimes infinitely more pleasing than joy; but this sadness must be of the expansive and generous kind, rather referring to mankind at large, than the individual, and this is a feeling not incompatible with cheerfulness and a contented spirit. There is difficulty, however, in setting bounds to a pensive disposition; I have felt it, and I have felt that I am not always adequate to the task. I sailed from Hull to Barton the day before yesterday, on a rough and windy day, in a vessel filled with a marching regiment of soldiers: the band played finely, and I was enjoying the many pleasing emotions which the water, sky, winds, and musical instruments excited, when my thoughts were suddenly called away to more melancholy subjects. A girl, genteelly dressed, and with a countenance which, for its loveliness, a painter might have copied for Hebe, with a

loud laugh seized me by the great coat, and asked me to lend it her: she was one of those unhappy creatures who depend on the brutal and licentious for a bitter livelihood, and was now following in the train of one of the officers. I was greatly affected by her appearance and situation, and more so by that of another female who was with her, and who, with less beauty, had a wild sorrowfulness in her face which shewed she knew her situation. This incident apparently trifling, induced a train of reflections, which occupied me fully during a walk of six or seven miles to our parsonage. At first I wished that I had fortune to erect an asylum for all the miserable and destitute:—and there was a soldier's wife, with a wan and hagged face, and a little infant in her arms, whom I would also have wished to place in it.—I then grew out of humour with the world, because it was so unfeeling and so miserable, and because there was no cure for its miseries; and I wished for a lodging in the wilderness, where I might hear no more of wrongs, affliction or vice: but, after all my speculations, I found there was a reason for these things in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and that to those who sought it there was also a cure. So I banished my vain meditations, and knowing that God's providence is better able to direct the affairs of men than our wisdom—I leave them in his hands.

* * * *

TO HIS MOTHER.

Winteringham, 5th Feb. 1805.

DEAR MOTHER,

* * * *

THE spectacles for my father are, I hope, such as will enable him to read with ease; *although they are not set in silver.* If they hurt him through stiffness, I think the better way will be to wear them with the *two end joints shut to*, and with a piece of ribbon to go round the back of the head, &c. The Romaine's Sermons, and the cheap tracts, are books which I thought might be useful. You may think I am not yet privileged to make *presents*, since they will in the end come out of your pocket; but I am not in want of cash at present, and have reason to believe from my own calculations, I shall not have occasion to call upon you for what I know you can so ill spare. I was quite vexed afterwards that I did not send you all the volumes of the Cheap Repository, as the others, which are the *general tracts*, and such as are more entertaining, would have been well adapted to your library. When I next go to Hull, I purpose buying the remaining volumes, and when I next have occasion to send a parcel, you will receive them. The volume you have now got contains all the *Sunday* reading tracts, and on that account I sent it separately. As I have many things to remind me of my sister Smith, I thought (though we neither of us need such mementos) that she would not be averse to receive the sermons of the great and good, though in some respects singular, Romaine, at my hands, as what old-fashioned people would call *a token of a brother's love*, but what in more courtly phrase is denominated a *memento of affection.*

TO MR. SERJEANT ROUGH.

Winteringham, 17th Feb. 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,

I BLUSH when I look back to the date of your too long unanswered letter, and were I not satisfied that the contents of my sheet of post must always be too unimportant to need apology, I should now make one.

The fine and spirited song (song in the noblest sense of the word) which you sent me, on the projected invasion, demands my best thanks. The fervid patriotism which animates it, would, I think, find an echo in every bosom in England; and I hope and trust the world has not been deprived of so appropriate an exhortation. I perceive, however, one thing, which is, that your fire has been crampt by the "crambo" of the rhyme, at all times a grievous shackle to poets, and yet capable of such sweet and expressive modulation, as makes us hug our chains, and exult in the hard servitude. My poor neglected muse has lain absolutely unnoticed by me for the last four months, during which period I have been digging in the mines of *Scapula* for Greek roots; and instead of drinking, with eager delight, the beauties of Virgil, have been cutting and drying his phrases for future use. The place where I live is on the banks of the Humber: here is no *Sicilian* river, but rough with cold winds, and bordered with killing swamps. What with neglect, and what with the climate, so congenial to rural meditation, I fear my good Genius, who was wont to visit me with nightly visions "in woods and brakes, and by the river's marge," is now dying of a fen-ague; and I shall thus probably emerge from my retreat, not a hair brained son of imagination, but a sedate black-lettered book-worm, with a head like an etymologicon magnum.

Forgive me this flippancy in which I am not very apt to indulge, and let me offer my best wishes that it is not with your muse as with mine. Eloquence has always been thought a-kin to poetry: though her efforts are not so effectually perpetuated, she is not the less honoured, or her memory the less carefully preserved. Many very plausible hypothesis are contradicted by facts, yet I should imagine that the genius which prompted your "*Conspiracy*" would be no common basis on which to erect a superstructure of oratorical fame.—"Est enim oratori finitimus Poeta, numeris adstrictior paulo, verborum autem licentia liberior, multis vero ornandi generibus socius, ac pene par," &c. You, no doubt, are well acquainted with this passage, in the 1st Dial. De Orat. so I shall not go on with it; but I encourage a hope, that I shall one day see a living proof of the truth of this position in you. Do not quite exclude me from a kind of fellow-feeling with you in your oratorical pursuits, for you know I must make myself a fit herald for the important message I am ordained to deliver, and I shall bestow some pains to this end. No inducement whatever should prevail on me to enter into orders, if I were not thoroughly convinced of the truth of the Religion I profess as contained in the New Testament; and I hope that whatever I know to be the truth, I shall not hesitate to proclaim, however much it may be disliked or despised. The discovery of Truth, it is notorious, ought to be the object of all true philosophy; and the attainment of this end must, to a philosopher, be the greatest of all possible blessings. If then a man be satisfied that he has arrived at the fountain head of pure Truth, and yet, because the generality of men hold different sentiments, dares not avow it, but tacitly gives assent to *falsehood*, he withholds from men what, according to his principles, it is for their good to know—

he prefers his *personal good to* Truth—and he proves that, whatever he may profess, he is not imbued with the spirit of *true* Philosophy.

I have some intention of becoming a candidate for Sir William Brown's medals this year; and if I should, it would be a great satisfaction to me to subject my attempts to so good a classic as I understand you to be. In the mean time, you will confer a real favour on me, if you will transcribe some of your Latin verses for me, as I am anxious to see the general character of modern Latin as it is received at Cambridge; and elegant verses always give me great pleasure, in whatever language I read them. Such I know yours will be.

* * * *

In this remote corner of the world, where we have neither books nor booksellers, I am as ignorant of the affairs of the literary world as an inhabitant of Siberia. Sometimes the newspaper gives me some scanty hints; but, as I do not see a review, I cannot be said to hold converse with the *Republic*. Pray, is the voice of the Muses quite suspended in the clang of arms, or do they yet sing, though unheeded? *All* literary information will be to me quite new and interesting; but do not suppose I hope to intrude on your more valuable time with these things. When you shall have leisure, I hope to hear from you; and whatever you say, coming from you, it cannot fail to interest.

Believe me,
Dear Sir,
Very sincerely, yours,
H. K. WHITE.

TO MR. K. SWANN.

Winteringham, 16th March, 1805.

DEAR KIRKE,

* * *
* * *

I WAS affected by the death of young B——. He once called upon me, with Mr. H——, when I was very ill, and on that occasion Mr. H—— said to us both, "*Young men, I would have you both pack off to Lisbon, for you won't last long if you stay here.*" Mr. H—— was then about to set out for Hamburgh: and he told me afterwards, that he never expected to see me again, for that he thought I was more desperately gone in consumption than B——. Yet you see how the good providence of God has spared me, and I am yet living, as I trust to serve him with all my strength. Had I died then, I should have perished for ever; but I have now hope, through the Lord Jesus, that I shall see the day of death with joy, and possibly be the means of rescuing others from a similar situation. I certainly thought of the ministry at first with improper motives, and my views of Christianity were for a long time very obscure, but I have, I trust, gradually been growing out of darkness into light, and I feel a well-grounded hope, that God has sanctified my heart for great and valuable purposes. Woe be unto me if I frustrate his designs.

* * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Winteringham, April, 1805.

DEAR NEVILLE,

* * *

You wrote me a long sheet this last time, and I have every reason to be satisfied with it; yet I sometimes wish I could make you write closer and smaller. Since your mind must necessarily be now much taken up with other things, I dare not press my former inquiries on subjects of reading. When your leisure season comes, I shall be happy to hear from you on these topics.

It is a remark of an ancient philosophical poet, (Horace,) that every man thinks his neighbour's condition happier than his own; and, indeed, common experience shews, that we are too apt to entertain romantic notions of absent, and to think meanly of present things; to extol what we have had no experience of, and to be discontented with what we possess. The man of business sighs for the sweets of leisure: the person who, with a taste for reading, has few opportunities for it, thinks that man's life the sum of bliss, who has nothing to do but to study. Yet it often happens that the condition of the envier is happier than that of the envied. You have read Dr. Johnson's tale of the poor Tallow-Chandler, who, after sighing for the quiet of country life, at length scraped money enough to retire, but found his long-sought-for leisure so insupportable, that he made a voluntary offer to his successor to come up to town every Friday, and melt tallow for him gratis. It would be so with half the men of business, who sigh so earnestly for the sweets of retirement; and you may receive it as one of the maturest observations I have been able to make on human life, that there is no condition so happy as that of him who leads a life of full and con-

stant employment. His amusements have a zest which men of pleasure would gladly undergo all his drudgery to experience; and the regular succession of business, provided his situation be not too anxious, drives away from his brain those harassing speculations which are continually assaulting the man of leisure, and the man of reading. The studious man, though his pleasures are of the most refined species, finds cares and disturbing thoughts in study. To think much and deeply will soon make a man sad. His thoughts, ever on the wing, often carry him where he shudders to be even in imagination. He is like a man in sleep—sometimes his dreams are pleasing, but at others horror itself takes possession of his imagination; and this inequality of mind is almost inseparable from much meditation and mental exercise. From this cause it often happens, that lettered and philosophical men are peevish in their tempers, and austere in their manners. The inference I would draw from these remarks, is generally this, that although every man carries about him the seeds of happiness or misery in his own bosom, yet it is a truth not liable to many exceptions, that men are more equally free from anxiety and care, in proportion as they recede from the more refined and mental, to the grosser and bodily employments and modes of life, but that the happiest condition is placed in the middle, between the extremes of both. Thus a person with a moderate love of reading, and few opportunities of indulging it, would be inclined to envy one in my situation, because such a one has nothing to do but to read; but I could tell him, that though my studious pleasures are more comprehensive than his, they are not more exquisite, and that an occasional banquet gives more delight than a continual feast. Reading should be dearer to you than to me, because I always read, and you but seldom.

Almond and I took a small boat on Monday, and set out for Hull, a distance of thirteen miles, as some compute it, though others make it less. We went very merily with a good pair of oars, until we came within four miles of Hull, when, owing to some hard working, we were quite exhausted; but as the tide was nearly down, and the shore soft, we could not get to any villages on the banks. At length we made Hull, and just arrived in time to be grounded in the middle of the harbour, without any possible means of getting ashore till the flux or flood. As we were half famished, I determined to wade ashore for provisions, and had the satisfaction of getting above the knees in mud almost every step I made. When I got ashore, I recollected I had given Almond all my cash. This was a terrible dilemma—to return back was too laborious, and I expected the tide flowing every minute. At last I determined to go to the inn where we usually dine when we go to Hull, and try how much credit I possessed there, and I happily found no difficulty in procuring refreshments, which I carried off in triumph to the boat. Here new difficulties occurred; for the tide had flowed in considerably during my absence, although not sufficiently to move the boat, so that my wade was much worse back than it had been before. On our return, a most placid and calm day was converted into a cloudy one, and we had a brisk gale in our teeth. Knowing we were quite safe, we struck across from Hull to Barton; and when we were off Hazel Whelps, a place which is always rough, we had some tremendous swells, which we weathered admirably, and (bating our getting on the wrong side of a bank, owing to the deceitful appearance of the coast) we had a prosperous voyage home, having rowed twenty-six miles in less than five hours.

* * *

TO MR. K. SWANN.

Winteringham, April 6th, 1805.

MY DEAR KIRKE,

* * *

* * *

YOUR complaint of the lukewarmness of your affections towards spiritual things, is a very common one with Christians. We all feel it; and if it be attended with an earnest desire to acquit ourselves in this respect, and to recover our wonted fervour, it is a complaint indicative of our faithfulness. In cases of christian experience, I submit my own opinion to any body's, and have too serious a distrust of it myself, to offer it as a rule or maxim of unquestionable authority; but I have found, and think, that the best remedy against lukewarmness, is an obstinate persisting in prayer, until our affections be moved: and a regular habit of going to religious duties with a prepared and meek heart, thinking more of obtaining communion with God, than of spending so many minutes in seeking it. Thus, when we pray, we must not kneel down with the idea that we are to spend so many minutes in supplication, and after the usual time has elapsed, go about our regular business; we must remind ourselves that we have *an object* in prayer, and that until that object be attained, that is, until we are satisfied that our Father hears us, we are not to conceive that our duty is performed, although we may be in the posture of prayer for an hour.

* * *

TO HIS MOTHER.

Winteringham, 12th April, 1805.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

* * *

I HAVE constructed a planetarium, or *orrery*, of a very simple kind, which cannot fail to give even children an idea of the order and course of the heavenly bodies. I shall write a few plain and simple lectures upon it, with lessons to be got off by heart by the children, so that you will be able, without any difficulty, to teach them the rudiments of astronomy. The machine, simple as it may seem, is such, that you cannot fail to understand the planetary system by it; and were it not that I cannot afford the additional expense, I could make it much more complete and interesting. You must not expect any thing striking in the instrument itself, as it only consists of an index plate, with rods and balls.—It will explain the situation of the planets, their courses, the motion of the earth and moon, the causes of the *seasons*, the different lengths of day and night, the reason of eclipses, transits, &c. When you have seen it, and read the explanatory lectures, you will be able to judge of its plainness; and if you find you understand it, you may teach geography scholars its use. Should it fail in other points of view, it will be useful to Maria and Catharine.

* * *

Remember to keep up the plan of family worship on Sundays, with strictness until I come, and it will probably pave the way for still further improvements, which I may perhaps have an opportunity of making while I stay with you. Let Maria and Catharine be more particularly taught to regard Sunday as a day set apart from all worldly

occupations.—Let them have every thing prepared for the Sabbath on the preceding day; and be carefully warned, on that day in particular, to avoid paying too great an attention to dress. I know how important habits like these will be to their future happiness even in this world, and I therefore press this with earnestness.

* * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Winteringham, 20th May, 1805.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

* * *

My first business must be to thank you for the * * * * which I received by Mr. K. Swann; you must not suppose that I feel reluctance to lie under obligations to so affectionate a brother, when I say, that I have felt uneasy ever since on more accounts than one. I am convinced in the first place, that you have little to spare; and I fear, in the second, that I shall prove an hindrance to a measure which I know to be necessary for your health: I mean your going to some watering-place for the benefit of sea-bathing. I am aware of the nature of injuries received at the joints, especially the knee; and I am sure nothing will strengthen your knee more for the present, and prevent the recurrence of disease in it for the future. I would have you, therefore, if by any means you can be spared in London, go to one of the neighbouring coasts, and take sufficient time to recover your strength. You may pitch upon some pleasant place, where there will be sufficient company to amuse you, and not so much as to create bustle, and make a toil of reflection, and turn retirement into riot. Since you must be as sensible as I

am, that this is necessary for your health, I shall feel assured if you do not go, that I am the cause, a consideration I would gladly spare myself.

* * * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, June, 1805.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I wrote you a long letter from Winteringham some time ago, which I now apprehend you have never received, or, if you have, some more important concerns have occupied your time than writing to me on general subjects. Feeling, however, rather weary to-night, I have determined to send this sheet to you, as a proof that if I am not a *punctual*, I am certainly far from a ceremonious, correspondent.

Our adventure on the Humber you should have learnt from K. Swann, who, with much minuteness, filled up three sides of a letter to his friend with the account. The matter was simply this: He, Almond and myself, made an excursion about twelve or fourteen miles up the Humber; on our return ran aground, were left by the tide on a sand-bank, and were obliged to remain six hours in an open boat, exposed to a heavy rain, high wind, and piercing cold until the tide rose, when two men brought a boat to our assistance. We got home about twelve o'clock at night: no evil consequences ensued, owing to our using every exertion we could think of to keep warmth in our bodies.

* * * * *

TO MR. JOHN CHARLESWORTH.

Nottingham, 27th June, 1805.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It is some time since I wrote to you, and still longer since I heard from you; but you are acquainted with my unceremonious disposition, and will, I hope, pardon me for obtruding an unbidden guest on your notice. I have a question to ask of you in the first place, and I shall then fill up my letter with all the familiarity of a man talking by your side, and saying any thing rather than be accused of saying nothing. My leisure will scarcely permit me to write to you again while I am here, and I shall therefore make the best use of the present occasion.

* * * *

We have been fagging through Rollin's Ancient History, and some other historical books, as I believe, to no great purpose. Rollin is a valuable and truly pious writer, but so crammed and garnished with reflections, that you lose the thread of the story, while the poor man is prosing about the morality of it; when too, after all, the moral is so obvious as not to need insisting upon. You may give my compliments to your good friends Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus, and tell them I had much rather pay them my devoirs at a distance, than come into close contact with them or their cathartics. Medical Greek, and Medical Latin, would act as a sudorific upon any man who should hear their tremendous technicals pronounced with the true ore rotundo of a Scotch Physician.

And now, my dear Sir, we will cry a truce to flippancy —I have neither time nor inclination to indulge in it to excess. You and I have been some time asunder in the pur-

suit of our several studies; you to the lively and busy seat of gaiety, fashion and folly;—I to the retired haunts of a secluded village, and the studious walls of a silent and ancient parsonage. At first sight one would think that my lot has been most profitable, as undoubtedly it is most secure; but when we come to consider the present state of things in the capital, the boundless opportunities of spiritual improvement which offer themselves, and the very superior society which every serious man may there join with, the tables seem turned in your favour. I hope and trust this is really the case, and that, with philosophical strength of mind, you have turned an unregarding ear to the voice of folly, and continued fixed upon the serener and far more exquisite occupations of a religious life. I have been cultivating in retirement, by slow and imperceptible degrees, a closer communion with God; but you have been led, as it were, in triumph by the energetic discourses of the many good men whom you have had the opportunity of hearing, to heights of religious satisfaction, which I can at present only sigh for at a distance. I appeal to you, whether the Grace of God is *not* the source of exquisite enjoyments? What can be more delightful than that sweet and placid calm which it casts over one's mind: or than the tenderness it sheds abroad in our hearts, both with regard to God, and our poor fellow-labourers? Even worldly-minded men confess that this life is at best, but a scene of anxiety, and disappointment, and distress. How absurd then, and inconsistent, must be their conduct, when, in spite of this so general and confirmed experience, they neglect what can alone alleviate the sorrows of this life, and provide for the happiness of the next? How much more is he to be envied, who can exclaim with St. Paul, "*The world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.*" "*I have learnt, in what-*

ever state I am, therewith to be content." "*The world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God, abideth forever.*" There is in truth, an indescribable satisfaction in the service of God; his grace imparts such composure in time of trouble, and such fortitude in the anticipation of it, at the same time that it increases our pleasures by making them innocent, that the Christian, viewed either as militant in this troublous scene, or as a traveller who is hastening by a difficult, but short journey, to a better country, is a most enviable and happy character. The man who lives without God in the world, on the other hand, has neither rest here, nor certainty or hope for the future. His reflections must, at all times, be dubious and dark, not to say distressing: and his most exquisite enjoyments must have a sting of fear and apprehension in them, which is felt when the gay hour is over, and its joys no more remembered. Many wicked and dissipated men sigh in secret for the state of the righteous, but they conceive there are insuperable obstacles in the way of religion, and that they must amend their lives before they can hope for acceptance, or even dare to *seek* acceptance with God. But what a miserable delusion in this! If this were truly the case, how awful would be the condition of the sinner! for we know that our hearts are so depraved, and so obstinately addicted to sin, that they cannot forsake it without some more than mortal power to cut asunder the bonds of innate corruption, and loosen the affections from this sinful bondage. I was talking a few days ago with a young surgeon who is just returned from the East Indies, and was expostulating with him on his dissolute habits: "Sir," said he, "I know you are happy, and I would give worlds to be able to subdue my passion; but it is impossible, it never *can* be done: I have made resolution upon

resolution, and the only effect has been, that I have plunged deeper into vice than ever." What could be a stronger illustration of the Scripture Truth, That man's heart is naturally corrupt, and desperately wicked? Since wickedness is misery, can we conceive that an all good and benevolent God would have *originally* created man with such a disposition? It is sin which has made the world a vale of tears. It is the power of the cross of Jesus Christ alone that can redeem us from our natural depravity:—" "Yes," my friend, "*We know* on *whom* we have believed; and we are persuaded, that he *is* able to keep that which we have committed unto him against the great day." When I occasionally reflect on the history of the times when the great Redeemer appeared, behold God preparing his way before him, uniting all the civilized world in one language, (Greek) for the speedier disseminating of the blessed Gospel; and then when I compare his precepts with those of the most famous of ancient sages, and meditate on his life, his manners, his sufferings, and cruel death, I am lost in wonder, love, and gratitude. Such a host of evidence attended him, as no power but that of the devil could withstand. His doctrines, compared with the morality of the then world, seem indeed to have dropt down from heaven. His meekness, his divine compassion and pity for, and forgiveness of, his bitterest enemies, convinces me that he was indeed the Word, that he was what he professed to be, God, in his Son, reconciling the world to himself. These thoughts open my eyes to my own wretched ingratitude, and disregard of so merciful and compassionate a master; under such impressions, I could ardently long to be separated altogether from the affairs of this life, and live alone to my Redeemer. But, alas! this does not last long—the pleasing outside of the delusive world entices my heart

away, beauty smiles me into a disgust of religion, and the fear of singularity frowns me into the concealment of it. How artfully does the arch-deceiver insinuate himself into our hearts! He tells us, that there is a deal of unnecessary moroseness in religion, a deal too many humiliating conditions in the gospel, and many ignorant absurdities in its professors; while, on the other hand, the polite world is so cheerful and pleasing, so full of harmless gaiety and refined elegance, that we cannot but love it. This is an insidious species of reasoning. Could we but see things in their true colours, were *but* the *false varnish off*, the society of the gospel would seem an assembly of *angels*, that of the world a congregation of devils: but it is the best way not to reason with the Tempter. I have a Talisman, which at once puts to flight all his arguments: it is the name of my Saviour, and against that the gates of hell *shall not* prevail. That is my anchor and my confidence; I can go with that to the bed of death, and lift up the eyes of the dying and despairing wretch to the great Intercessor; I can go with this into the society of the cheerful, and come away with lightness of heart, and entertainment of spirit. In every circumstance of life I can join with Job, who, above fourteen hundred years before Jesus Christ, exclaims, in the fervour of holy anticipation, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

The power of the gospel was never more strongly illustrated than in the late mission to Greenland. These poor and unlettered tribes, who inhabit nearly the extremest verge of animal existence, heard the discourses of the Danish missionaries on the being of a God with stupid unconcern, expressed their assent to every thing

that was proposed to them, and then hoped to extort some present for their complacency. For ten years did a very learned and pious man labour among them without the conversion of a single soul. He thought that he must prove to them the existence of a God, and the original stain of our natures, before he could preach the peculiar doctrines of the gospel, and he could never get over this first step; for they either could not understand it, or would not, and when no presents were to be had, turned away in disgust. At length he saw his error, and the plan of operations were altered. Jesus Christ was preached in simplicity, without any preparation. The Greenlanders seemed thoughtful, amazed, and confounded; their eyes were opened to their depraved and lost state. The gospel was received every where with ardent attention. The flame spread like wild-fire over the icy wastes of Greenland; numbers came from the remotest recesses of the Northern Ocean to hear the word of life, and the greater part of the population of that extensive country has in time been baptized in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

I have now filled my sheet,—Pardon my prolixity, and believe me, my prayers are offered up, frequently, for your continuance in the path you have chosen. For myself, I need *your* prayers—may we be a mutual assistance to each other, and to all our fellow-labourers in the Lord Jesus.

Believe me your sincere friend,

H. K. WHITE.

TO MR. JOHN CHARLESWORTH.

Nottingham, 6th July, 1805.

DEAR CHARLESWORTH,

* * *

I BEG you will admire the elegance of texture and shape of the sheet on which I have the honour to write to you, and beware, lest in drawing your conclusions, you conceive that I am turned exciseman; for I assure you I write altogether in character:—a poor Cambridge scholar, with a patrimony of a few old books, and ink-horn, and some sundry quires of paper, manufactured as the envelopes of pounds of tea, but converted into repositories of learning and taste.

The classics are certainly in disrepute. The ladies have no more reverence for Greek and Latin, than they have for an old peruke, or the ruffles of queen Anne. I verily believe that they would hear Homer's Greek without evidencing one mark of terror and awe, even though spouted by an university orator, or a Westminster stentor. O tempora, O mores! the rural elegance of the twanging *French horn*, and the vile squeak of the *Italian fiddle*, are more preferred than all the energy, and all the sublimity, of all the Greek and Roman orators, historians poets, and philosophers, put together. Now, Sir, as a classic, I cannot bear to have the honourable fame of the ancients thus despised and contemned, and therefore I have a controversy with all the beaux and belles, Frenchmen and Italians. When they tell me, that I walk by rule and compass, that I balance my body with strict regard to the centre of gravity, and that I have more Greek in my pate than grace in my limbs, I can bear it all in sullen silence, for you know it must be a libel, since I am no mathematician, and therefore cannot

have learned to walk ill by system. As for grace, I do believe since I read Xenophon, I am become a very elegant man, and in due time shall be able to spout Pindar dancing in due gradation the advancing retrograde and medium steps according to the regular progress of the strophe, and antistrophe, and epode. You and I will be very fashionable men after the manner of the Greeks: we will institute an orchestra for the exercise of the *ars saltandi*, and will recline at our meals on the legitimate Triclinium of the ancients—only banish all modern beaus and belles, to whom I am a professed and declared enemy.

So much for flippancy—

Vale! S. R. V. B. E. E. Q. V.

H. K. WHITE.

TO MR. SERGEANT ROUGH.

Brigg, near Winteringham, July, 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE just missed you at Lincoln, where I had some expectations of seeing you, and had not circumstances prevented, I had certainly waited there till to-morow morning for that purpose. This letter, which I wrote at Brigg, I shall convey to you at Kirkton, by some person going to the session, many of whom, I have no doubt, are to be found in this litigious little town.

Your misdirected epistle, to my great sorrow, never reached my hands. As I was very anxious to get it, I made many enquiries at the post offices round; but they were all in vain. I consider this as a real loss, and I hope you will regard me as still under the pressure of vexation, until I receive some substitute from your hands.

Had I any certain expectation of hearing you address *the Court* or *Jury sworn*, at Kirkton, no circumstances should prevent me from being present; so do I long to mark the dawnings of that eloquence which will one day ring through every court in the Midland Circuit. I think the noise of * * *, the overbearing petulence of * * *, and the decent assurance of * * *, will readily yield to that pure, chaste, and manly eloquence, which, I have no doubt, you chiefly cultivate. It seems to me, who am certainly no very competent judge, that there is an uniform *mode*, or *art*, of pleading in our courts, which is in itself faulty, and is moreover, a bar to the higher excellencies. You know, before a barrister begins, in what manner he will treat the subject! you anticipate his *positiveness*, his complete confidence in the stability of his case, his contempt of his opponent, his voluble exaggeration, and the vehemence of his indignation. All these are as of course. It is no matter what sort of a face the business assume: if Mr. ——— be all impetuosity, astonishment and indignation on one side, we know he would not have been a whit less impetuous, less astonished, or less indignant, on the other, had he happened to have been retained. It is true, this assurance of success, this contempt of an opponent, and dictatorial decision, in speaking, are calculated to have effect on the minds of a jury; and if it be the business of a counsel to obtain his ends by *any* means, he is right to adopt them; but the misfortune is, that all these things are mechanical, and as much in the power of the opposite counsel as in your own; so that it is not so much who argues best, as who speaks last, loudest, or longest. True eloquence, on the other hand, is confident only where there is real ground for confidence, trusts more to reason and facts than to imposing declamation, and seeks rather to convince than dazzle. The obstreperous rant of a pleader,

may, for a while, intimidate a jury; but plain and manly argument, delivered in a candid and ingenious manner, will more effectually work upon their understandings, and will make an impression on which the froth of declamation will be lost. I think a man, who would plead in this manner, would gain the confidence of a jury, and would find the avenues of their hearts much more open, than a man of more assurance, who, by too much confidence where there is much doubt, and too much vehemence where there is greater need of coolness, puts his hearers continually in mind that he is pleading for hire. There seems to me so much beauty in truth, that I could wish our barristers would make a distinction between cases, in their opinion well or ill-founded, embarking their whole heart and soul in the one, and contenting themselves with a perspicuous and forcible statement of their client's case in the other.

Pardon my rambling. The *cacoethes scribendi* can only be used by indulgence, and we have all a propensity to talk about things we do not understand.

* * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Winteringham, August 20th, 1805.

DEAR NEVILLE,

* * *

I AM very sensible of all your affection, in your anxiety that I should not diminish my books; but I am by no means relieved from the anxiety which, on more accounts than one, I am under, as to my present situation, so great a burthen to the family, when I ought to be

a support. My father made some heavy complaints when I was at home; and though I am induced to believe that he is enough harassed to render it very excusable, yet I cannot but feel strongly the peculiarity of my situation; and at my age, feel ashamed that I should add to his burthens. At present I have my hands completely tied behind me. When I get to college, I hope to have more opportunities of advantage, and, if I am fortunate, I shall probably relieve my father and mother from the weight which I now lay upon them. I wish you if you read this letter to my mother, to omit this part.

* * * * *

TO CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.

Winteringham, Sept. 10th, 1805.

DEAR SIR,

Your letter has at length reached me at this place, where I have been for the last ten months employed in classical reading, with Mr. Grainger. It gives me pleasure to hear of you, and of poetry; for since I came here, I have not only been utterly shut out from all intercourse with the lettered world, but have totally laid aside the pen of inspiration. I have been actuated to this by a sense of duty; for I wish to prove that I have not coveted the ministerial office through the desire of learned leisure, but with an ardent wish to do my duty as a teacher of the truth. I should blush to present myself as a candidate for that office in an unqualified and unprepared state; and as I have placed my idea of the necessary qualifications very high, all the time between now and my taking my

degree, will be little enough for these purposes alone. I often, however, cast a look of fond regret to the darling occupations of my younger hours, and the tears rush into my eyes, as I fancy I see the few wild flowers of poetic genius with which I have been blessed, withering with neglect. Poetry has been to me something more than amusement, it has been a cheering companion when I have had no other to fly to; and a delightful solace when consolation has been in some measure needful. I cannot therefore discard so old and faithful a friend without deep regret, especially when I reflect that, stung by my ingratitude, he may desert me for ever!

* * *

With regard to your intended publication, you do me too much honour by inserting my puerilities along with such good company as I know I shall meet there. I wish I could present you with some sonnets worthy of your work. I have looked back amongst my old papers, and find a few verses under that name, which were written between the time when "Clifton Grove" was sent to the press, and its final appearance. The looking over these papers has recalled a little of my old warmth, and I have scribbled some lines, which as they owe their rise to your letter, I may fairly (if I have room) present to you. I cannot read the sonnets which I have found amongst my papers with pleasure, and therefore I shall not presume to shew them to you. I shall anxiously expect the publication of your work.

I shall be in Cambridge next month, being admitted a Sizar at St. John's. Trinity would have suited my plans better, but the expenses of that college are greater.

With thanks for your kind remembrance of me, I remain, Dear Sir,

Very respectfully and thankfully yours,

H. K. WHITE.

YES, my stray steps have wander'd, wander'd far
From thee, and long, heart-soothing poesy!
And many a flower, which in the passing time
My heart hath register'd, nipp'd by the chill
Of undeserv'd neglect, hath shrunk and died.
Heart-soothing poesy!—Tho' thou hast ceas'd
To hover o'er the many voiced strings
Of my long silent lyre, yet thou can'st still
Call the warm tear from its thrice hallow'd cell,
And with recalled images of bliss
Warm my reluctant heart.—Yes, I would throw,
Once more would throw, a quick and hurried hand
O'er the responding chords.—It hath not ceas'd—
It cannot, will not cease; the heavenly warmth
Plays round my heart, and mantles o'er my cheek,
Still, tho' unbidden plays.—Fair Poesy!
The summer and the spring, the wind and rain,
Sunshine and storm with various interchange,
Have mark'd full many a day, and week and month
Since by dark wood, or hamlet far retir'd,
Spell-struck, with thee I loiter'd.—Sorceress!
I cannot burst thy bonds!—It is but lift
Thy blue eyes to that deep bespangled vault,
Wreathe thy enchanted tresses round thine arm,
And mutter some obscure and charmed rhyme,
And I could follow thee, on thy night's work,
Up to the regions of thrice-chastened fire,
Or in the caverns of the ocean flood,
Tread the light mazes of thy volant foot.
Yet other duties call me, and mine ear
Must turn away from the high minstrelsy
Of thy soul-trancing harp, unwillingly
Must turn away;—there are severer strains,
(And surely they are sweet as ever smote

The ear of spirit, from this mortal coil
Releas'd and disembodied,) there are strains
Forbid to all, save those whom solemn thought,
Thro' the probation of revolving years,
And mighty converse with the spirit of truth,
Have purged and purified.—To these my soul
Aspireth; and to this sublimer end
I gird myself, and climb the toilsome steep
With patient expectation.—Yea, sometimes
Foretaste of bliss rewards me; and sometimes
Spirits unseen upon my footsteps wait,
And minister strange music, which doth seem
Now near, now distant, now on high, now low.
Then swelling from all sides, with bliss complete,
And full fruition filling all the soul.
Surely such ministry, tho' rare, may soothe
The steep ascent and cheat the lassitude
Of toil; and but that my fond heart
Reverts to day-dreams of the summer gone,
When by clear fountain, or embowered brake,
I lay a listless muser, prising far,
Above all other lore, the poet's theme;
But for such recollections I could brace
My stubborn spirit for the arduous path
Of science unregretting: eye afar
Philosophy upon her steepest height,
And with bold step, and resolute attempt,
Pursue her to the innermost recess,
Where thron'd in light she sits, the Queen of Truth.

These verses form nearly the only poetical effort of this year. Pardon their imperfections.

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

St. John's, Oct. 18th, 1805.

MY DEAR BEN,

I AM at length finally settled in my rooms, and, according to my promise, I write to you, to tell you so. I did not feel quite comfortable at first here; but I now begin to feel at home, and relish my silent and thoughtful cup of tea more than ever. Amongst our various occupations, that of attending chapel is to me not the least irksome, for the service is read in general below the span of my auditory nerve; but when they chaunt, I am quite charmed, for our organ is fine, and the voices are good. This is, however, only on high days and festivals, in which number the present day is to be reckoned, (St. Luke's.)

My mathematical studies do not agree with me, and you may satisfy yourself I shall never be a senior wrangler. Many men come up with knowledge enough for the highest honours, and how can a man be expected to keep up with them, who starts without any previous fund? Our lectures begin on Monday, and then I shall know more of college difficulties.

My rooms are in the top story of the farthest court of St. John's (which you perhaps remember) near the cloisters. They are light, and tolerably pleasant: though as there was no furniture in them, and I have not yet bought many necessary articles, they look very bare. Your phiz over the chimney-piece has been recognized by two of my fellow students: the one recollected its likeness to Mr. Maddock, of Magdalene: and the other said it was like a young man whom he had seen with Mr. Maddock, and whom he supposed to be his brother.

Of my new acquaintances, I have become intimate with a Mr. * * *, who, I hope, will be senior wran-

gler. He is a very serious and friendly man, and a man of no common *mathematical* talents. He lives in the same court with me. Besides him, I know of none whose friendship I should value: and, *including* him no one whose hand I would take in preference to that of my old friend; so long as I see my old friend with his old face. When you have learned to be other than what you are, I shall not regret that B. M. is no longer my friend, but that my former friend is now no more.

* * *

I walked through Magdalene the other day, and I could not help anticipating the time when I should come to drink your tea, and swallow your bread and butter within the sacred walls. You must know our college was originally a convent for Black Friars; and if a man of the reign of Henry the Sixth were to peep out of his grave, in the adjoining church-yard, and look into our portals, judging by our dress and appearance, he might deem us a convent of Black Friars still. Some of our brethren, it is true, would seem of very unsightly bulk; but many of them, with eyes sunk into their heads, from pouring over the mathematics, might pass very well for the fasting and mortified shadows of penitent monks.

With regard to the expenses of *our* college, I can now speak decisively; and I can tell you, that I shall be here an independent man. I am a Senior Sizar, under very favourable circumstances; and, I believe, the profits of my situation will nearly equal the actual expenses of the college. But this is no rule for other colleges. I am on the *best side* (there are two divisions) of St. John's, and the expenses here are less than any where else in the university.

I have this week written some very elaborate verses for a college prize, and I have at length learned that I am not qualified for a competitor, not being a Lady Margaret's scholar: so that I have lost my labour. Compared with the other men of this large college, I find I am a respectable classic, and if I had time to give to the languages, I think I should ultimately succeed in them in no small degree; but the fates forbid; mathematics I must read, and in mathematics I know I never shall excel. These are harassing reflections for a poor young man gaping for a fellowship!

If I choose, I could find a good deal of religious society here, but I must not indulge myself with it too much. Mr. Simeon's preaching strikes me much.

* * *

I beg you will answer a thousand such questions as these without my asking them.

This is a letter of intelligence:—Next shall be sentiments; (or Gothic arch, for they are synonymous, according to Mr. M.)

TO HIS MOTHER.

St. John's, Oct. 26th, 1805.

DEAR MOTHER,

* * *

You seem to repose so little confidence in what I say with regard to my College expenses, that I am not encouraged to hope you will give me much credit for what I am about to say; namely, that had I no money at all, either from my friends or Mr. Simeon, I could manage to live here. My situation is so very favourable, and the necessary expenses so very few, that I shall want very little more than will suffice for clothes and books. I have

got the bills of Mr. * *, a Sizar of this College, now before me, and from them, and his own account, I will give you a statement of what my College bills will amount to.

* * *

Thus my College expenses will not be more than 12 or 13l. a year at the most. I shall not have any occasion for the whole sum I have a claim upon Mr. Simeon for, and if things go well, I shall be able to live without being dependent on any one. The Mr. * *, whose bills I have borrowed, has been at College three years. He came over from ——— with 10l. in his pocket, and has no friends or any income or emolument whatever, except what he receives for his Sizarship; yet he does support himself, and that too very genteelly. It is only men's extravagance that makes College life so expensive. There are Sizars at St. John's who spend 150l. a year: but they are gay, dissipated men, who choose to be Sizars in order that they may have more money to lavish on their pleasures. Our dinners and suppers cost us nothing; and if a man choose to eat milk-breakfasts and go without tea, he may live absolutely for nothing; for his College emoluments will cover the rest of his expenses. Tea is indeed almost superfluous, since we do not rise from dinner 'till half past three, and the supper bell rings a quarter before nine. Our mode of living is not to be complained of, for the table is covered with all possible variety; and on feast days, which our fellows take care are pretty frequent, we have wine.

You will now, I trust, feel satisfied on this subject, and will no longer give yourself unnecessary uneasiness on my account.

* * *

I was unfortunate enough to be put into unfurnished rooms, so that my furniture will cost me a little more than I expected, I suppose about 15l. or perhaps not quite so much. I sleep on a hair matrass, which I find just as comfortable as a bed; it only cost me 4l. along with blankets, counterpane, and pillows, &c. I have three rooms, a sitting room, a bed room, and a kind of scullery or pantry. My sitting room is very light and pleasant, and what does not often happen, the walls are in good case, having been lately stained green.

I must commission my sister to make me a pair of letter racks, but they must not be fine, because my furniture is not very fine. I think the old shape (or octagons one upon another) is the neatest, and white the best colour. I wish Maria would paint vignettes in the squares, because then I should see how her drawing proceeds. You must know that these are not intended as mere matters of shew, but are intended to answer some purpose; there are so many particular places to attend on particular days, that unless a man is very cautious, he has nothing else to do than to pay forfeits for non-attendance. A few cards, and a little rack, will be a short way of helping the memory.

I think I must get a supply of sugar from London; for if I buy it here, it will cost me 1s. 6d. per pound, which is rather too much. I have got tea enough to last the term out.

* * * *

Although you may be quite easy on the subject of my future support, yet you must not form splendid ideas of my success at the University, for the lecturers all speak so low, and we sit at such a distance, that I cannot hear a syllable. I have, therefore, no more advantage than if I were studying at home.

I beg you have no more doubts and fears, at least on my score. I think I am now very near being off your hands; and, since my education at the University is quite secure, you need not entertain gloomy apprehensions for the future: my maintenance will, at all events, be decent and respectable; and you must not grieve yourself because I cannot be as rich as an alderman.

* * *

Do not shew this letter to *all comers*, nor leave it about, for people will have a very mean idea of University education, when they find it costs so little; but if they are saucy on the subject, tell them—I have a Lord just under me.

* * * * *

TO THE REV. JOHN DASHWOOD.

St. John's, Oct. 26th, 1805.

DEAR SIR,

It is now many months since I wrote to you, and I have not received any answer. I should not have troubled you with this letter, but that, considering how much I owe to you, I thought the rules and observances of strict etiquette might with moral propriety be dispensed with.

Suffer me therefore to tell you, that I am quietly and comfortably settled at St. John's; silently conforming myself to the habits of College life, and pursuing my studies with such moderation as I think necessary for my health. I feel very much at home, and tolerably happy; although the peculiar advantages of University education will in a great measure be lost to me, since there is not one of the lecturers whom I am able to hear.

My literary ambition is, I think, now fast subsiding, and a better emulation springing up in its room. I conceive, that, considering the disadvantages under which I labour, very little can be expected from me in the Senate-House. I shall not, however, remit my exertions, but shall at least strive to acquit myself with credit, though I cannot hope for the more splendid honours.

With regard to my College expenses, I have the pleasure to inform you, that my situation is so favourable, that I shall be obliged, in strict rectitude, to waive the offers of many of my friends. I shall not even need the sum Mr. Simeon mentioned; after the first year; and it is not impossible that I may be able to live without any assistance at all. I confess I feel pleasure in the thought of this; not through any vain pride of independence, but because I shall then give a more unbiassed testimony to the Truth, than if I were *supposed* to be bound to it by any ties of obligation or gratitude. I shall always feel as much indebted for intended, as for actually afforded assistance; and though I should never think a sense of thankfulness an oppressive burthen, yet I shall be happy to evince it, when *in the eyes of the world*, the obligation to it has been discharged.

* * * *
* * * *

I hope you will ere long relieve me from the painful thought that I lie under your displeasure; and believe me,

Dear Sir,

Most sincerely and affectionately yours,

H. K. WHITE.

TO MR. CHARLESWORTH.

* * *

Cum diutius a te frustra litteras expectassem memet in animum tuum revocare aut iterum otio obtrudere nolebam.

Penes te erat aut nobiscum denuo per litteras colloqui aut familiaritatem et necessitatem nostram silentio dimittere. Hoc te prætulisse jam diu putaveram, cum epistola tua mihi in manus venit.

* * * *

Has litteras scribebam intra sanctos Sanctissimi Johannis Collegii muros, in celeberrima hac nostra academia Cantabrigæ.

Hic tranquillitate denique litterarum propria, summa cum voluptate conjuncta fruor. Hic omnes discendi vias, omnes scientiæ rationes indago et persequor: nescio quid tandem evasurus. Certe si parum proficio, mihi culpæ jure datum erit; modo valetudo me sinat.

Haud tamen vereor, si verum dicere cogor, ut satis proficiam: quanquam infirmis auribus aliorum lecturas vix unquam audire queam. In Mathematicis parum adhuc profeci: utpote qui perarduum certamen cum eruditissimis quibusque in veterum linguis et moribus versatis jam-jam sim initurus.

His in studiis pro mea perbrevi sanè et tanquam hesterna consuetudine haud mediocriter sum versatus.

Latine minus eleganter scribere videor quam Græce: neque vero eadem voluptate scriptores Latinos lectito quam Græcos: cum autem omnem industriæ meæ vim Romanis litteris contulerim haud dubito quin faciles mihi et propitias eas faciam.

Te etiam revocatum velim ad hæc elegantia deliciasque litterarum. Quid enim accommodatius videri potest aut

ad animum quotidianis curis laboribusque oppressum reficiendum et recreandum aut ad mentem et facultates ingenii acuendas quam exquisita et expolita summaque vi et acumine ingenii elaborata veterum scriptorum opera?

* * *

TO HIS BROTHER JAMES.

St. John's, November, 1805.

MY DEAR JAMES,

You do not know how anxious I am to hear how you go on in all things: and whether you still persist in stedfastness and seriousness. I know, my dear lad, that your heart is too good to run into actual *vice*, yet I fear the example of gay and wicked persons may lead you to think lightly of religion, and then who knows where it may end? Neville, however, will always be your director, and I trust you conceal none, even of your very thoughts, from him. Continue, James, to solicit the fatherly superintendance of your Maker, night and morning. I shall not fear for you, while I am assured you do this fervently, and not in a hurried or slovenly manner.—With constant prayer, we have nothing to fear from the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil: God will bring us through it, and will save us in the midst of peril. If we consider the common condition of man's life, and the evils and misfortunes to which we are daily exposed, we have need to bless God every moment for sparing us, and to beg of him, that when the day of misfortune comes, (and come it must, sooner or later, to all,) we may be prepared with christian fortitude to endure

the shock. What a treasure does the religious man possess in this, that when every thing else fails, he has God for his refuge; and can look to a world where he is sure, through Christ Jesus, that he will not be disappointed!

I do not much heed to what place of worship you may go, so as you are but a serious and regular attendant — Permit me, however, to explain the true nature of the question with regard to the church liturgy, in order that you may be the better able to judge.

You know from the epistles of St. Paul, that soon after the death of Jesus Christ, there were regular churches established in various places, as at Corinth, Galatia, Thessalonica, &c. &c. Now, we are not certain that they used forms of prayers at all in these churches, much more that any part of ours was used in their time; but it is certain, that in the year of our Lord 200, there was a general liturgy in use throughout all the churches of Christ. Now, if in that early time, when Christians were much more like the apostles than they are now, they used a form of prayer in the churches, it is fair to conclude that the practice was not unscriptural: besides, at this very time, St. John, the Evangelist, had not been dead above 100 years, and one of his disciples, though at a very great age, was actually living. St. Chrysostom, who lived above 354 years after Christ, wrote some of our prayers, and the greater part of them have been in general use for a thousand years. About the year 286, about one thousand five hundred years ago, immense multitudes of savages, the Goths and Vandals, being enticed by the fertility of the Italian country, and the riches of its possessors, came down from Germany, Hungary, and all the northern parts of Europe, upon the Roman empire, then enfeebled with luxury, and endeavoured to gain possession of the south. They were at first repulsed,

but as fast as they were defeated or slain, new hordes, allured by the accounts which their countrymen gave of its opulence and abundance, succeeded in their stead; 'till the forces of the Romans grew unequal to the contest, and gradually gave way to the invaders, who, wherever they came, reduced every thing to a state of barbarism. The Christians, about this time, were beginning to prevail in the Roman territories, and under the Emperor Constantine, who was the first christian king, were giving the blow to idolatry. But the savage intolerance of the invaders, who reduced the conquered to abject slavery, burnt books wherever they found them, and even forbade the cultivation of learning, reduced them to the utmost distress. At this time they wrote and used in their churches, all that part of the *litany* which begins with the Lord's prayer, and ends with the prayer of St. Chrysostom. Thus you see how venerably ancient are many of our forms, and how little they merit that contempt which ignorant people pour upon them. Very holy men (men now we have every reason to believe in heaven) composed them, and they have been used from age to age ever since, in our churches, with but few alterations. But you will say they were used by the Roman Catholics, who are a very superstitious and bigotted set of people. This is no objection at all, because the Roman Catholics were not always so bad, and what is a proof of this, is that there once was no other religion in the world: and we cannot think that church very wicked, which God chose, once, to make the sole guardian of his truth. There have been many excellent and pious men among the Roman Catholics, even at the time their public faith was corrupted.

You may have heard of the reformation: you know it was brought about by Luther and Calvin, in the sixteenth

century, about 1536. Now Calvin is the founder of the sect of Independents, such as those who meet at Castlegate, yet he had a hand in framing the liturgy, which, with alterations, we now use, and he selected it in part from the liturgy of the Roman church; because they had received it from the primitive Christians, who were more immediately taught by the apostles. *The reformation* means that change in religion, which was brought about, as I said before, by Luther and Calvin, in consequence of the abuses and errors which had crept into the Romish church.

You may possibly think the responses, or answers of the clerk and people, rather ridiculous. This absurdity, however, generally consists more in the *manner* than in the thing. They were intended to be pronounced aloud by the people, and were used as a means to keep their attention awake, and shew their sincerity. At the time this form was invented, not one man in five or six hundred could read; and these repetitions answered another purpose, of fixing important ejaculations and sentences in their minds. In these days the same necessity does not exist; but we still retain the form on account of its other advantages, and through reverence of such an antiquity, as almost vouches for its being acceptable to God, who has permitted it to be used by the wisest and best of men for so long a period.

I think I have now nearly tired you. Pray write to me soon, and believe me,

My dear James,
Your very affectionate Brother,
H. K. WHITE.

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

St. John's College, Cambridge,
Nov. 10, 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,

* * *

THE reasons why I said mathematical studies did not agree with me were these—that I am more inclined to classical pursuits, and that, considering what disadvantages I lie under, in being deaf, I am afraid I cannot excel in them. I have at present entirely laid them aside, as I am reading for the University scholarship, which will soon be vacant. There are expected to be thirteen or fourteen candidates, some of whom are of great note, from *Eton*; and I have as much expectation of gaining it, as of being elected supreme magus over the mysteries of Mithra. The scholarship is of no value in itself adequate to the labour of reading for it, but it is the greatest classical honour in the University, and is a pretty sure road to a fellowship. My classical abilities here have attracted some attention, and my Latin Themes, in particular, have drawn forth inquiries from the tutors as to the place of my education. The reason why I have determined to sit for the scholarship is this, that to have simply been a candidate for it, establishes a man's character, as many of the first classics in the University have failed of it.

* * *

I begin now to feel at home in my little room, and I wish you were here to see how snugly I sit by my blazing fire in the cold evenings. College certainly has charms, though I have a few things rankling at my heart which will not let me be quite happy.—*Ora, Ora, pro me.*

This last sentence of mine is of a curious tendency to be sure; for who is there of mortals who has *not* some-

thing rankling at his heart, which will not let him be happy?

It is curious to observe the different estimations two men make of one another's happiness. Each of them surveys the external appearance of the other's situation, and comparing them with the secret disquieting circumstances of his own, thinks him happier; and so it is that all the world over, be we favoured as we may, there is always something which others have, and which we ourselves have not, necessary to the completion of our felicity. I think therefore, upon the whole, there is no such thing as positive happiness in this world; and a man can only be deemed felicitous, as he is in comparison less affected with positive evil. It is our business, therefore, to support ourselves under existing ills, with the anticipation of future blessings. Life, with all its bitters, is a draught soon drunk; and though we have many changes to fear on this side the grave, beyond it we know of none.

Your life and mine are now marked out; and our calling is of such a nature, that it ill becomes us to be too much affected with circumstances of an external nature. It is our duty to bear our evils with dignified silence. Considering our superior consolations, they are small in comparison with those of others: and though they *may* cast a sadness both over our hearts and countenances, which time may not easily remove, yet they must not interfere with our active duties, nor affect our conduct towards others, except by opening our hearts with warmer sympathy to their woes, their wants and miseries.

As you have begun in your religious path, my beloved friend, persevere. Let your love to the Crucified continue as pure as it was at first, while your zeal is more tempered, and your piety more rational and mature. I hope yet to live to see you a pious and respected parish priest:

as for me—I hope I shall do my duty as I have strength and ability, and I hope I shall always continue, what I now profess myself,

Your friend and brother,
H. K. WHITE.

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

St. Johns, 10th Dec. 1805.

DEAR NEVILLE,

I AM so truly hurt that you should again complain of my long silence, that I cannot refrain from sending this by the post, although I shall send you a parcel to morrow. The reason of my not having sent you the cravats sooner is the difficulty I have found in getting them together, since part were in the hands of my laundress and part dirty. I do not know whether you will find them right, as my linen is in other respects deficient, and I have a cause at issue with my washerwoman on that score. This place is literally, a den of thieves; my bed-maker, whom we call a *gyp*, from a Greek word signifying a Vulture, runs away with every thing he can lay his hands on, and when he is caught, says he only borrows them. He stole a sack of coals a week, as regularly as the week came, when first I had fires: but I have stopped the run of this business, by a monstrous large padlock, which is hung to the staple of the bin. His next trick was to bring me four candles for a pound instead of six; and this trade he carried on for some time, until I accidently discovered the trick: he then said he had always brought me right until that time, and that then he had brought me *fives*, but had given Mr. H. (a man on the same stair-case) one, because *he thought* he understood I had borrowed one of him: on inquiring of Mr. H. he had not given him one

according to his pretence: but the gentleman was not caught yet, for he declared he had *lent* one to the bed-maker of Lord B. in the rooms below. His neatest trick is going to the grocer every now and then, for articles in your name, which he converts to his own use. I have stopped him here too, by keeping a check book.—Tea, sugar, and pocket handkerchiefs, are his natural perquisites, and I verily believe he will soon be filling his canister out of mine before my face. There is no redress for all this; for if you change, you are no better off; they are all alike. They know you regard them as a pack of thieves, and their only concern is to steal so dexteriously that they may not be confronted with direct proof.

* * *

Do not be surprised at any apparent negligence in my letters; my time has so many calls for it, that half my duties are neglected. Our College examination comes on next Tuesday, and it is of the utmost moment that I acquit myself well there. A month after will follow the scholarship examination. My time therefore, at present, will scarcely permit the performance of my promise with respect to the historical papers, but I have them in mind, and I am much bent on perfecting them in a manner superior to their commencement.

I would fain write to my brother James, who must by no means think I forget him; but I fear I shall see him before I write to him, on the accounts above stated. The examination for the scholarship is distinct from that of our College, which is a very important one; and while I am preparing for the one, I necessarily neglect the other.

I wish very much to hear from you on religious topics; and remember, that although my leisure at present will not allow me to write to you all I wish, yet it will be

the highest gratification to me to read your letters, especially when they relate to your christian progress. I beseech you not to relax, as you value your peace of mind, and the repose of a dying bed. I wish you would take in the Christian Observer, which is a cheap work, and will yield you much profitable amusement. I have it here for nothing, and can send you up some of the numbers if you like.

Remember, and let my mother know, that I have no chance for the University scholarship, and that I only sit for the purpose of letting the University know that I am a decent proficient in the languages.

There is one just vacant, which I can certainly get, but I should be obliged to go to Peter-house in consequence, which will not be advisable—but I must make inquiries about it. I speak with certainty on this subject, because it is restricted to candidates who are in their first year, amongst whom I should probably be equal to any. The others are open to bachelors.

* * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

St. John's, Dec. 16th, 1805.

DEAR NEVILLE,

In consequence of an alteration in my plans, I shall have the pleasure of seeing you at the latter end of this week, and I wish you so to inform my aunt. The reason of this change is this, that I have over-read myself, and I find it absolutely necessary to take some relaxation, and to give up study entirely, for a short time, in order that I may go on better hereafter.

This has been occasioned by our College lectures, which

I had driven too late, on account of my being occupied in preparations for the University scholarship examination, and then I was obliged to fag so hard for the College lectures, as the time drew on, that I could take no exercise. Thus I soon knocked myself up, and I now labour under a great general relaxation, and much nervous weakness.

Change of air and place will speedily remove these symptoms, and I shall certainly give up the University scholarship, rather than injure my health.

Do not mention these things to my mother, as she will make it a cause of unnecessary uneasiness.

* * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

St. John's, Dec. 19th, 1805.

DEAR NEVILLE,

I WAS sorry to receive your letter, desiring me to defer my journey; and I am sorry to be forced to tell you the reason of my coming to town sooner than you wish me. I have had an attack of my old nervous complaint, and my spirits have been so wretchedly shattered, that my surgeon says I shall never be well till I have removed somewhere, where I can have society and amusement. It is a very distressing thing to be ill in College, where you have no attendance, and very little society. Mr. Catton, my tutor, has prevailed upon me, by pressing wishes, to go into the hall to be examined with the men of my year —I have gone through two examinations, and I have one to come; after that is over, he told me I had better go to my friends directly, and relieve myself with complete relaxation from study. Under these circumstances, the ob-

ject of my journey to London will be answered by the mere residence in my aunt's family, and by a cessation from reading. While I am here I am wretched; I cannot read; the slightest application makes me faint; I have very little society, and that is quite a force upon my friends. I am determined, therefore, to leave this place on Saturday morning, and you may rest satisfied that the purpose of my journey will be fully accomplished by the prattle of my aunt's little one's, and her care. I am not an invalid, since I have no sickness or ailment, but I am weak and low-spirited, and unable to read. The last is the greatest calamity I can experience of a worldly nature. My mind preys upon itself. Had it not been for *Leeson*, of Clare Hall, I could not have gone through this week. I have been examined twice, and almost without looking over the subjects, and I have given satisfaction, but I am obliged to be kept up by strong medicines to endure this exertion, which is very great.

I am happy, however, to tell you, I am better; and Mr. Farish, the surgeon, says, a few days will re-establish me when I get into another scene, and into society.

* * * *

TO HIS MOTHER.

London, December 24th, 1805.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

You will, no doubt, have been surprised at not having heard from me for so long a time, and you will be no less so to find that I am writing this at my aunt's in this far-famed city. I have been so much taken up with our

college examinations of late, that I could not find time to write even to you, and I am now come to town, in order to give myself every relaxation and amusement I can; for I had read so much at Cambridge, that my health was rather affected, and I was advised to give myself the respite of a week or a fortnight, in order to recover strength. I arrived in town on Saturday night, and should have written yesterday, in order to remove any uneasiness you might feel on my account, but there is no post on Sunday.

I have now to communicate some agreeable intelligence to you. Last week being the close of the Michaelmas term, and our college examination, our tutor, who is a very great man, sent for me, and told me he was sorry to hear I had been ill: he understood I was low-spirited, and wished to know whether I frightened myself about College expenses. I told him, that they did contribute some little to harass me, because I was as yet uncertain what the bills of my first year would amount to. His answer was to this purpose: "Mr. White, I beg you will not trouble yourself on this subject: your emoluments will be very great, very great indeed, and I will take care your expenses are not very burthensome—Leave that to me!" He advised me to go to my friends, and amuse myself with a total cessation from reading. After our college examination (which lasted six days) was over, he sent for me again, and repeated what he had said before about the expenses of the college; and he added, that if I went on as I had begun, and made myself a good scholar, I might rely on being provided for by the college; for if *the county should be full*, and they could not elect me a fellow, they would recommend me to another college, where they would be glad to receive a clever man from their hands; or, at all events, they could *always* get a young man a sit-

uation as a private tutor in a nobleman's family; or could put him in some handsome way of preferment. "We make it a rule, (he said,) of providing for a clever man, whose fortune is small; and you may therefore rest assured, Mr. White, that, after you have taken your degree, you will be provided with a genteel competency *by the college*." He begged I would be under no apprehensions on these accounts: he shook hands with me very affectionately, and wished me a speedy recovery. These attentions from a man like the tutor of St. John's, are very marked; and Mr. Catton is well known for doing more than he says. I am sure, after these assurances from a principal of so respectable a society as St. John's, I have nothing more to fear; and I hope you will never repine on my account again—according to every appearance, my lot in life is certain.

* * * * *

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

London, Xmas, 1805.

MY DEAR BEN,

You would have had no reason to complain of my long silence, had I preferred my self-justification to your ease. I wrote you a letter, which now lies in my drawer at St. John's, but in such a weak state of body, and in so desponding and comfortless a tone of mind, that I knew it would give you pain, and therefore I chose not to send it. I have indeed been ill; but, thanks to God, I am recovered. My nerves were miserably shattered by over-application, and the absence of all that could amuse, and the

presence of many things which weighed heavy upon my spirits. When I found myself too ill to read, and too desponding to endure my own reflections, I discovered that it is really a miserable thing to be destitute of the soothing and supporting hand when nature most needs it. I wandered up and down from one man's room to another, and from one college to another, imploring society, a little conversation, and a little relief of the burthen which pressed upon my spirits: and I am sorry to say, that those who, when I was cheerful and lively, sought my society with avidity, now, when I actually needed conversation, were too busy to grant it. Our college examination was then approaching, and I perceived with anguish that I had read for the university scholarship, until I had barely time to get up our private subjects, and that as I was now too ill to read, all hope of getting through the examination with decent respectability was at an end. This was an additional grief. I went to our tutor, with tears in my eyes, and told him I must absent myself from the examination; a step which would have precluded me from a station amongst the prize men until the second year. He earnestly entreated me to run the risk. My surgeon gave me strong stimulants and supporting medicines during the examination week, and I passed, I believe, one of the most respectable examinations amongst them. As soon as ever it was over, I left Cambridge by the advice of my surgeon and tutor, and I feel myself now pretty strong. I have given up the thought of sitting for the university scholarship in consequence of my illness, as the course of my reading was effectually broken. In this place I have been much amused, and have been received with an attention in the literary circles, which I neither expected nor deserved. But this does not affect me as it once would have

done; my views have widely altered, and I hope that I shall in time learn to lay my whole heart at the foot of the cross.

I have only one thing more to tell you of about my illness; it is that I have found in a young man, with whom I had little acquaintance, that kind care and attention, which I looked for in vain from those who professed themselves my nearest friends. At a time when * * * could not find leisure to devote a single evening to his sick friend, even when he earnestly implored it, William Leeson constantly, and even against my wishes, devoted *every* evening to the relieving of my melancholy, and the enlivening of my solitary hours. With the most constant and affectionate assiduity, he gave my medicines, administered consolation to my broken spirits, and even put me to bed.

* * *
* * *

TO MR. P. THOMPSON.

London, 1st January, 1806.

SIR,

I OWE it both to my feelings and my duty, that I should thank you for the kind enquiries you have thought it worth while to make concerning me and my affairs. I have just learned the purport of a letter received from you by Mr. Robinson, the bookseller; and it is a pleasing task to me, at the same time that I express my sense of your benevolent concern in my behalf, to give you, myself, the information you require.

The little volume which, considered as the production of a very young man, may have interested you, has not had a very great sale, although it may have had as much countenance as it deserved. The last report I received from the publishers, was four hundred and fifty sold. So far it has answered the expectations I had formed from it, that it has procured me the acquaintance, and perhaps I may say, the friendship of men equally estimable for their talents and their virtues. Rewarded by their countenance, I am by no means dissatisfied with my little book; indeed, I think its merits have, on the whole, rather been over-rated than otherwise, which I attribute to the lenity so readily afforded to the faults of youth, and to the promptitude with which benevolent minds give encouragement, where encouragement seems to be wanted.

With regard to my personal concerns, I have succeeded in placing myself at Cambridge, and have already kept one term. My college is St. Johns, where, in the rank of Sizar, I shall probably be enabled to live almost independently of external support; but should I need that support, I have it in my power to draw on a friend, whose name I am not permitted to mention, for any sum not exceeding 30l. per annum. With habits of frugality, I shall never need this sum; so that I am quite at ease with respect to my college expenses, and at full leisure to pursue my studies with a free and vacant mind.

I am at present in the great city, where I have come in consequence of a little injudicious application, a suitor to health, variety and amusement. In a few days I shall return to Cambridge, where, (should you ever pass that way) I hope you will not forget that I reside there three-fourths of the year. It would, indeed, give me pleasure to say personally how much I am obliged by your enquiries.

I hope you will put a favourrble construction both on the minuteness and the length of this letter; and permit me to subscribe myself,

Sir,

Very thankfully and obediently,

Yours,

H. K. WHITE.

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

S. John's, February 17th, 1806.

DEAR BEN,

* * *

* * *

Do not think I am reading hard: I believe it is all over with that. I have had a recurrence of my old complaint within this last four or five days, which has half unnerved me for every thing. The state of my health is really miserable; I am well and lively in the morning, and overwhelmed with nervous horrors in the evening. I do not know how to proceed with regard to my studies—a very slight over-stretch of the mind in the day-time occasions me not only a sleepless night, but a night of *gloom* and horror. The systole and diastole of my heart seem to be playing at ball—the stake—my life. I can only say, the game is not yet decided—I allude to the violence of the palpitation.

I am going to mount the Gog-magog hills this morning, in quest of a good night's sleep. The Gog-magog hills for my body, and the Bible for my mind, are my only medicines.—I am sorry to say, that neither are quite adequate. *Cui, igitur, dandum est vitio? Mihi prorsus.* I

hope, as the summer comes, my spirits (which have been with the swallows a winter's journey) will come with it. When my spirits are restored, my health will be restored —the *fons mali* lies there. Give me serenity and equability of mind, and all will be well there.

* * *
* * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

St. John's, 11th March, 1806.

DEAR NEVILLE,

* * *
* * *

I HOPE you read Mason on Self-knowledge now and then. It is a useful book; and it will help you greatly in framing your spirit to the ways of humility, piety, and peace. Reading, occasional meditation, and constant prayer, will infallibly guide you to happiness, as far as we *can* be happy *here*: and will help you on your way to that blessed abode, where I hope, ardently hope, we shall all meet hereafter in the assembly of the saints. Go coolly and deliberately, but determinately, to the work of your salvation. Do nothing here in a hurry; deliberate upon every thing; take your steps cautiously, yet with a simple reliance on the mercy of your God and Saviour; and wherever you see your duty lie, lose no time in acting up to it. This is the only way to arrive at comfort in your Christian career; and the constant observance of this maxim will, with the assistance of God, smooth your way with quietness and repose, even to the brink of eternity, and beyond the gulph that bounds it.

I had almost dropped the idea of seeing Nottingham this next long vacation, as my stay in Cambridge may be importantly useful; but I think, now, I shall go down for my health's, and more particularly for my mother's sake, whom my presence will comfort, and perhaps help. I should be glad to moor all my family in the harbour of religious trust, and in the calm seas of religious peace. These concerns are apt, at times, to escape me, but they now press much upon my heart, and I think it is my first duty to see that my family are safe in the most important of all affairs.

* * *

TO THE REV. J. PLUMBTREE.

St. John's, March 12th, 1806.

DEAR SIR,

I HOPE you will excuse the long delay which I have made in sending the song. I am afraid I have trespassed on your patience, if indeed so unimportant a subject can have given you any thought at all. If you think it worth while to send the song to your publisher, I should prefer the omission of the writer's name, as the insertion of it would only be a piece of idle ostentation, and answer no end. My name will neither give credit to the verses, nor the verses confer honor on my name.

It will give me great pleasure to hear that your labours have been successful in the town of * * * where, I fear much is to be done. I am one of those who think that the love of virtue is not sufficient to make a virtuous man; for the love of virtue is a mere mental preference of the beautiful to the deformed; and we see but too

often that immediate gratification out weighs the dictates of our judgment. If men could always perform their duty as well as they can discern it, or if they could attend to their real interests as well as they can see them, there would be little occasion for moral instruction. Sir Richard Steele, who wrote like a saint, and who, in his Christian Hero, shews the strongest marks of a religious and devout heart, lived, notwithstanding all this, a drunkard and a debauchee. And what can be the cause of this apparent contradiction? Was it that he had not strength of mind to act up to his views? Then a man's salvation may depend on strength of intellect!! Or does not this rather shew that superior motives are wanting? That assistance is yet necessary, when the ablest of men has done his utmost? If then such aid be necessary, how can it be obtained?—by a virtuous life?—Surely not: because, to live really a virtuous life, implies this aid to have been first given. We are told in Scripture, how it may be obtained; namely, by humble trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, as our atoning sacrifice. This, therefore, is the foundation of religious life, and as such, ought to be the fundamental principal of religious instruction. This is the test of our obedience, the indispensible preliminary before we can enjoy the favour of God. What, therefore, can we urge with more propriety from the pulpit than FAITH?—to preach morality does not include the principal of faith—to preach faith includes every branch of morality, at the same time that it affords it its present sanctions, and its strongest incitements.

I am afraid I have trespassed on your patience, and I must beg of you to excuse the badness of the writing, for which I have the plea of illness. I hope your health is

yet firm, and that God will in mercy prosper your endeavours for the good of your flock.

I am, dear Sir,

Very respectfully yours,

H. K. WHITE.

TO HIS MOTHER.

St. John's, Cambridge, April, 1806.

DEAR MOTHER,

* * *

I AM quite unhappy to see you so anxious on my account, and also that you should think me neglectful of you. Believe me, my dear mother, my thoughts are often with you. Never do I lay myself on my bed, before you have all passed before me in my prayers; and one of my first earthly wishes is to make you comfortable, and provide that rest and quiet for your mind which you so much need: And never fear but I shall have it in my power some time or other. My prospects wear a flattering appearance. I shall be almost sure of a fellowship somewhere or other, and then, if I get a curacy in Cambridge, I shall have a clear income of 170l. per annum, besides my board and lodging, perhaps more. If I do not reside in Cambridge, I shall have some quiet parsonage, where you may come and spend the summer months. Maria and Kate will then be older, and you will be less missed. On all accounts *you* have much reason to indulge happier dreams. My health is considerably better. Only do you take as much care of yours as I do of mine, and all will be well. I exhort, and intreat, and beseech you,

as you love me, and all your children, that you will take your bitters *without ceasing*. As you wish me to pay regard to your exhortations, attend to this.

* * * *

TO HIS MOTHER.

St. John's, April, 1806.

DEAR MOTHER,

I AM a good deal surprised at not having heard from you in answer to my last. You will be surprised to hear the purport of my present letter; which is no less than that I shall spend the ensuing Easter vacation in Nottingham. The reasons which have induced me to make this so wide an alteration in my plan are these: I have had some symptoms of the return of my old complaint, and both my doctor and tutor think I had better take a fortnight's relaxation at home. I hope you will not think I have neglected exercise, since I have taken more this term than I ever did before; but I shall enlarge my hours of recreation still more, since I find it necessary, for my health's sake, so to do.

You need not give yourself any uneasiness as to my health, for I am quite recovered. I was chiefly afflicted with sleeplessness and palpitations of the heart, which symptoms have now disappeared, and I am quite restored to my former good health. My journey will re-establish me completely, and it will give me no small pleasure to see you after so long an absence from home. I shall be very idle while I am at Nottingham; I shall only amuse myself with teaching Maria and Kate.

* * *

(SUPPOSED TO BE ADDRESSED)

TO MRS. WEST.

I HAVE stolen your first volume of letters from the chimney-piece of a College friend, and I have been so much pleased both with the spirit, conduct, and style of the work, that I cannot refrain from writing to tell you so. I shall read the remaining volumes immediately; but as I am at this moment just in that desultory mood when a man can best write a letter, I have determined not to delay what, if I defer at all, I shall probably not do at all.

Well, then, my dear Madam, although I have insidiously given you to understand, that I write to tell you how much I approve your work, I will be frank enough to tell you likewise, that I think, in one point, it is faulty; and that if I had not discovered what I consider to be a defect in the book, I should probably not have written for the mere purpose of declaiming on its excellencies.

Start not, Madam; it is in that very point whereon you have bestowed most pains, that I think the work is faulty—*Religion*. If I mistake not, there will be some little confusion of idea detected if we examine this part narrowly; and as I am not quite idle enough to write my opinions without giving the reasons for them, I will endeavour to explain why I think so.

Religion, then, Madam, I conceive to be the service a creature owes to his Creator; and I take it for granted, *that* service implies some self-denial, and some labour; for if it did not involve something unpleasing to ourselves, it would be a duty we should all *of necessity* perform. Well, then, if religion call for self-denial, there must be some motive to induce men voluntarily to undergo such privations as may be consequent on a religious life, and

those motives must be such as affect either the present state of existence, or some other future state of existence. Certainly then, those motives which arise from the expectation of a future state of existence, must, in reality, be infinitely more important than those which are founded in temporal concerns, although, to mankind, the immediate presence of temporal things may outweigh the distant apprehension of the future. Granting, therefore, that the future world is the main object of our religious exercises, it will follow, that they are the most important concerns of a man's life, and that every other consideration is light and trifling in the comparison. For the world to come is everlasting, while the present world is but very short. Foolish then indeed, and short-sighted must that creature be, which can prefer the conveniences and accommodations of the present, to the happiness of the eternal future.

All Christians therefore, who undertake to lay down a chart for the young and inexperienced, by which they may steer with security through the ocean of life, will be expected to make religion a prominent feature on the canvass; and that too not only by giving it a larger space, but by enforcing the superiority of this consideration to every other. Now this is what I humbly conceive you have not altogether done; and I think indeed, if I be competent to judge, you have failed in two points;—in making religion only a subordinate consideration to a young man, and in not defining distinctly the essentials of religion.

I would ask you, then, in what way you so impress religion on the mind of your son, as one would expect that person would impress it, who was conscious that it was of the first importance. Do you instruct him to turn occasionally, when his leisure may permit, to pious and de-

vout meditation? Do you direct him to make religion the one great aim and end of his being? Do you exhort him to frequent private and earnest prayer to the Spirit of Holiness, that he would sanctify all his doings? Do you teach him that the praise, or the censure, the admiration, or the contempt, of the world, is of little importance, so as his heart be right before the Great Judge? Do you tell him that, as his reason now opens, he should gradually withdraw from the gayer and occasionally more unlicensed diversions of the world—the ball-room, the theatre, and the public concert, in order that he may abstract his mind more from the too-fascinating delights of life, and fit himself for the new scene of existence, which will, sooner or later, open upon his view? No, Madam, I think you do not do this. You tell him there is a deal of enthusiasm in persons who, though they mean well, are over strict in their religious performances. You tell him, that assembles, dances, theatres, are elegant amusements, though you couple the fine arts with them, which I am sorry to see in such company. I, too, am enthusiastically attached to the fine arts. Poetry, painting, and music, are amongst my most delicious and chastest pleasures; and happy, indeed, do I feel, when I can make even these contribute to the great end, and draw my soul from its sphere, to fix it on its Maker and Redeemer. I am fond, too, of tragedy; and though I do not find it with so much purity and chastity in Shakespeare as in the old Greek dramatists, yet I know how to appreciate its beauties in him too. Besides these, I have a thousand other amusements of the most refined nature, without either theatres, balls or card tables. The theatre is not in itself an immoral institution, but in its present state it is; and I feel much for an uncorrupted, frank lad of fourteen, who is permitted to visit this stew of licentiousness, impudence, and

vice. Your plan seems to me this:—Teach a boy to lead an honest, upright life, and to do his duty, and he will gain the good will of God by the very tenor of his actions. This is, indeed, an easy kind of religion, for it *involves no self-denial;* but true religion does involve self-denial. The inference is obvious. I say it involves no self-denial; because a well educated, sensible lad will see so many inconveniences in vicious indulgences, that he will choose the virtuous by a natural effort of the understanding; and so, according to this system, he will ensure heaven by the soundness of his policy, and the rectitude of his understanding.

Admitting this to be a true doctrine, Christianity has been of no material service to mankind; and the Son of God might have spared his blood; for the heathens knew all this, and not only knew it, but many of them put it into practice. What then has Christianity done?—But the scripture teaches us the reverse of this: it teaches us to give God our whole heart, to live to him, to pray continually, and to fix our affections, not on things temporal, but on things eternal. Now, I ask you, whether, without any sophistry, or any perversion of the meaning of words, you can reconcile this with your religious instructions to your son?

I think, likewise, that you do not define the essentials of religion distinctly. We are either saved by the atonement of Jesus Christ, or we are not; and if we *are*, then all men are necessarily saved, or some are necessarily not saved; and if some are not saved, it must be from causes either existing in the individuals themselves, or from causes existing in the œconomy of God's dispensations. Now, Madam, we are told that Jesus Christ died for all; but we grant that all are not saved. Why then are some not saved? It is because they do not act in a

manner worthy of God's favour! Then a man's salvation depends upon his *actions*. But we are told in Scripture, that it does not depend on his actions—"By faith are ye saved, without the works of the law:"—therefore it either must depend on some other effort of the creature, or on the will of the Creator. I will not dispute the question of Calvinism with you; I will grant that Calvinism is indefensible; but this all must concede who believe the Scriptures, that we are to be saved by faith only through Jesus Christ. I ask, therefore, whether you have taught this to your son; and I ask whether there is one trait in your instructions, in common with the humbling, self-denying religion taught by the Apostles, by the homilies of our Church, and by all the reformers? The chief argument of the latter, against the Romish church, was their asserting the validity of works. Now, what ideas must your son have of Christian faith? You say, that *even Shakespeare's debauchees were believers;* and he is given to understand, that he is a good Christian, if he do his duty to his master and fellows, go to church every Sunday, and keep clear of enthusiasm. And what has Jesus Christ to do with your system; and where is that *faith* banished, of which every page of scripture is full—Can this be right? "*Closet devotion*" is the means of attaining faith; and humble prayer is the true means of arriving at fervency in religion, without enthusiasm. You condemn Socinianism; but I ask you where Jesus Christ appears in your scheme, and where the influences of the Holy Ghost, and even his names, are banished from it?

* * *

TO MR. P. THOMPSON.

Nottingham, April 8th, 1806.

DEAR SIR.

I SINCERELY beg your pardon for my ungrateful disregard of your polite letter. The intervening period has been so much taken up, on the one hand, by ill health, and on the other, by occupations of the most indispensible kind, that I have neglected almost all my friends, and you amongst the rest. I am now at Nottingham, a truant from study, and a rejected votary at the shrine of Health; a few days will bring me back to the margin of the Cam, and bury me once more in the busy routine of College exercises. Before, however, I am again a man of bustle and occupation, I snatch a few moments to tell you how much I shall be gratified by your correspondence, and how greatly I think myself flattered by your esteeming mine worth asking for.

The little sketch of your past occupations, and present pursuits, interested me. Cultivate, with all assiduity, the taste for letters which you possess. It will be a source of exquisite gratification to you: and if directed as it ought to be, and I hope as it will be directed, it will be more than gratification, (if we understand pleasure alone by that word,) since it will combine with it utility of the highest kind. If polite letters were merely instrumental in cheering the hours of elegant leisure, in affording refined and polished pleasures, uncontaminated with gross and sensual gratifications, they would still be valuable; but in a degree infinitely less than when they are considered as the handmaids of the virtues, the correctors as well as the adorners of society. But literature has, of late years, been prostituted to all the purposes of the bagnio. Poetry, in particular, arrayed in her most bewitching colours,

has been taught to exercise the arts of the *Leno*, and to charm only that she may destroy. The muse, who once dipped her hardy wing in the chastest dews of Castalia, and spoke nothing but what had a tendency to confirm and invigorate the manly ardour of a virtuous mind, now breathes only the voluptuous languishings of the harlot, and, like the brood of Circe, touches her charmed chords with a grace, that, while it ravishes the ear, deludes and beguiles the sense. I call to witness Mr. Moore, and the tribe of imitators which his success has called forth, that my statement is true. Lord Strangford has trodden faithfully in the steps of his pattern.

* * * *

I hope, for the credit of poetry, that the good sense of the age will scout this insidious school; and what may we not expect, if Mr. Moore and Lord Strangford apply themselves to a chaster muse;—They are both men of uncommon powers. You may remember the reign of Darwinian poetry, and the fopperies of Della Crusca. To these succeeded the school of *Simplicity*, in which Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, are so deservedly eminent. I think that the new tribe of poets endeavour to combine these two opposite sects, and to unite richness of language, and warmth of colouring, with simplicity and pathos. They have certainly succeeded; but Moore unhappily wished to be a Catullus. and from him has sprung the licentiousness of the new school. Moore's poems and his translations will, I think, have more influence on the female society of this kingdom, than the stage has had in its *worst period*, the reign of Charles II. Ladies are not ashamed of having the delectable Mr. Little on their toilette, which is a pretty good proof that his voluptuousness is considered as quite veiled by the sentimental garb

in which it is clad. But voluptuousness is not the less dangerous for having some slight semblance of the veil of modesty. On the contrary, her fascinations are infinitely more powerful in this retiring habit, than when she boldly protrudes herself on the gazer's eye, and openly solicits his attention. The broad indecency of Wicherly, and his cotemporaries, was not half so dangerous as this *insinuating* and *half-covered mock*-delicacy, which makes use of the blush of modesty in order to heighten the charms of vice.

I must conclude somewhat abruptly, by begging you will not punish my negligence towards you, by retarding the pleasure I shall receive from your answer.

I am very truly yours,

H. K. WHITE.

Address to me, St. John's College, Cambridge.

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

St. John's, May, 1806.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

* * *
* * *

My long-delayed and very anciently promised letter to Charlesworth, will reach him shortly. Tell him that I have written once to him in Latin; but that having torn the paper in two by a mistake, I could not summon resolution to copy it.

I was glad to hear of the *eclat* with which he disputed and came off on so difficult a subject as the Nerves; and I beg him, if he have made any discoveries, to communicate them to me, who, being persecuted by these same

nerves, should be glad to have some better acquaintance with my invisible enemies.

* * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

St. John's, June 30th, 1806.

DEAR NEVILLE,

I RECEIVED your letter yesterday: and I hope you will not think my past silence at all in need of apology, when you know that our examination only closed on Saturday.

I have the satisfaction of informing you that, after a week's scrutiny, I was deemed to be the first man. I had very little hopes of arriving at so distinguished a station, on account of my many checks and interruptions. It gave me great pleasure to observe how all the men rejoiced in my success. It was on Monday that the classes were published. I am a prize man both in the mathematical and logical, or general examination, and in Latin composition.

Mr. Catton has expressed his great satisfaction at my progress; and he has offered to supply me with a private tutor for the four months of the vacation, free of any expense. This will cost the college twelve or fifteen guineas at least. My last term bill amounts only to 4l. 5s. 3d. after my exhibitions are deducted.

I had engaged to take charge of a few classical pupils for a clergyman in Warwickshire, during *one* month of the vacation, for which I was to receive, besides my board, &c. &c. ten guineas; but Mr. Catton says this is a piece of extreme folly, as it will consume time, and do me no

good. He told me, therefore, positively, that he would not give me an *exeat*, without which no man can leave his college for the night.

I cannot, therefore, at all events, visit Nottingham with my aunt, nor meet her there.

I could now, if I chose, leave St. John's College, and go to another, with great *eclat*, but it would be an unadvisable step. I believe, however, it will be impossible for them to elect me fellow at St. John's, as my county is under particular restrictions. They can give me a fellowship of smaller value, but I had rather get one at another college: at all events, the smaller colleges will be glad to elect me from St. John's.

* * *

With regard to cash, I manage pretty well, though my fund is at present at its lowest ebb. My bills however are paid; and I have no occasion for money, except as a private convenience. The question therefore is, whether it will be more inconvenient to you than convenient to me, for you to replenish my purse. Decide impartially. I have not drawn upon my mother since Christmas, except for the expense of my journey up from Nottingham to Cambridge; nor do I mean to do it till next Christmas, when, as I have ordered a suit of clothes, I shall have a good many calls for money.

Let me have a long letter from you soon.

* * *

TO HIS AUNT.*

St. John's, Cambridge, Jan. 6th, 1806.

MY DEAR AUNT,

I AM at length once more settled in my rooms at Cambridge; but I am grown so idle, and so luxurious, since I have been under your hands, that I cannot read with half my usual diligence.

I hope you concluded the Christmas holidays on Monday evening with the customary glee; and I hope my uncle was well enough to partake of your merriment. You must now begin your penitential days, after so much riot and feasting; and, with your three little prattlers around you, I am sure your evenings will flow pleasantly by your own fire-side. Visiting and gaiety are very well, by way of change; but there is no enjoyment so lasting as that of one's own family. Elizabeth will soon be old enough to amuse you with her conversation; and, I trust, you will take every opportunity of teaching her to put the right value on things, and to exercise her own good sense. It is amazing how soon a child may become a real comfort to its mother, and how much even young minds will form habits of affection towards those who treat them like reasonable beings, capable of seeing the right and the wrong of themselves. A very little girl may be made to understand that there are some things which are pleasant and amusing, which are still less worthy of attention than others more disagreeable and painful. Children are, in general, fond of little ornaments of dress, especially females; and though we may allow them to be elevated with their trifling splendours, yet we should not forget to remind them,

* This letter is misplaced, not having been received in time to be inserted in right order.

that, although people may admire their dress, yet they will admire them much more for their good sense, sweetness of temper, and generosity of disposition. Children are very quick-sighted to discern whether you approve of them, and they are very proud of your approbation when they think you bestow it; we should therefore be careful how we praise them, and for what. If we praise their dress it should be slightly, and as if it were a matter of very small importance; but we should never let any mark of consideration, or goodness of heart, in a child, pass by, without some token of approbation. Still we must never praise a child too much, nor too warmly, for that would beget vanity; and when praise is moderately, yet judiciously bestowed, a child values it more, because it feels that it is just. I don't like punishments. You will never torture a child into duty; but a sensible child will dread the frown of a judicious mother, more than all the rods, dark rooms, and scolding school-mistresses in the universe. We should teach our children to make friends of us, to communicate all their thoughts to us; and, while their innocent prattle will amuse us, we shall find many opportunities of teaching them important truths, almost without knowing it.

I admire all your little ones, and I hope to see Elizabeth one day an accomplished and sensible girl. Give my love to them, and tell them not to forget their cousin Henry, who wants a housekeeper at college!

Though I have written so long a letter, I am, indeed, offended with you, and I dare say you know the reason very well.

* * *

P. S. Whenever you are disposed to write a letter, think of me.

TO HIS SISTER.

St. John's, June 25th, 1806.

MY DEAR SISTER,

* * *

THE intelligence you gave me of Mr. Forest's illness, &c. &c. cannot affect me in any way whatever. The mastership of the school must be held by a *clergyman*; and I very well recollect that he is restrained from holding any curacy, or other ministerial office. The salary is not so large as you mention; and if it were, the place would scarcely be an object to me; for I am very certain, that if I choose, when I have taken my degree, I may have half a dozen pupils, to prepare for the university, with a salary of 100l. per ann. which would be more respectable and more consonant to my habits and studies, than drilling the fry of a trading town, in learning what they do not know how to value. Latin and Greek are nothing like so much respected in Nottingham as Wingate's Arithmetic.

* * *

It is well for you that you can still enjoy the privilege of sitting under the sound of the gospel; and the wants of others, in these repects, will, perhaps, teach you how to value the blessings. All our comforts, and almost all our hopes, here lie at the mercy of every succeeding hour. Death is always at hand to bereave us of some dear connexion, or to snatch us away from those who may need our counsel and protection. I do not see how any person, capable of reflection, can live easily and fearlessly in these circumstances, unless he have a well-grounded confidence in the providing care of the Almighty, and a strong belief that his hand is in every event, and that it is a hand of mercy. The chances and changes of mortal life are so

many and various, that a person cannot possibly fortify himself against the contingencies of futurity without some such hold as this, on which to repose amidst the contending gales of doubt and apprehension. This I say as affecting the present life:—our views of the future can never be *secure*, they can never be comfortable or calm, without a solid faith in the Redeemer. Men may reason about the divine benevolence, the certainty of a future state, and the probable means of propitiating the Great Judge, but their speculations will only entangle them in the mazes of doubt, perplexity, and alarm, unless they found their hopes on that basis which shall outstand the tide of ages. If we take this away, the poor bark of mortality loses its only stay, and we steer at random, we know not how, we know not whither: the religion of Jesus Christ is strength to the weak, and wisdom to the unwise. It requires no preparatives of learning, or study, but is, if possible, more obvious and easy to the illiterate than to the erudite. No man, therefore, has any excuse if he neglect it. The way is plain before him, and he is invited to enter. He has only to kneel at the foot of the cross, and cry, with the poor publican, "Lord have mercy upon me a miserable sinner." If he do this, and examine his own heart, and mortify the body of sin within him, as far as he is able, humbly and earnestly imploring the assistance of God's Holy Spirit, we cannot doubt but he will meet with the approbation and assistance of the Almighty. In this path we must all tread. In this path I hope that you, my dear sister, are now proceeding. You have children; to whom can you commit them, should Providence call you hence, with more confidence than the meek and benevolent Jesus? What legacy can you leave them more certainly profitable, than the prayers of a pious mother? And if taught by your example, as well as by your instruc-

tions, they should become themselves patterns of a holy and religious life, how sweetly will the evening of your days shine upon your head, as you behold them treading in those ways which you know by experience to be ways of pleasantness and peace? I need not press this subject. I know you feel all that I say, and more than I can express. I only fear that the bustle of family cares, as well as many anxieties of mind on other accounts, should too much divert you from these important objects. Let me only remind you, that the prayers of the afflicted are particularly acceptable to God. The sigh of the penitent is not too light to reach his ear. The eye of God is fixed as intently upon your soul at all times, as it is upon the revolution of the heavenly bodies, and the regulation of systems. God surveys all things, and he contemplates them with perfect attention; and consequently, he is as intently conversant about the smallest as about the greatest things. For if he were not as perfectly intent on the soul of an individual being, as he is about the general concerns of the universe, then he could do one thing less perfectly than another: which is impossible in God.

* * * * *

TO HIS MOTHER.

St. John's, July 9th, 1806.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I HAVE scarcely time to write you a long letter; but the pleasing nature of my intelligence will, I hope, make up for its shortness.

After a week's examination, I am decided to be the first man of my year at St. John's; an honour I had scarcely

hoped for, since my reading has been so very broken and interrupted. The contest was very stiff, and the men all acquitted themselves very well. We had thirteen men in the *first class*, though there are seldom more than six or eight who attain that rank in common.

I have learned also, that I am a prize-man in classical composition, though I do not yet know whereabouts I stand. It is reported that here too I am first.

Before it was known that I was the first man, Mr. Catton, our college tutor, told me that he was so satisfied with the manner in which I had passed through the examination, that if I chose to stay up during the summer, I should have a private tutor in the mathematics, and that it should be no expense to me. I could not hesitate at such a proposal, especially as he did not limit the time for my keeping the private tutor, but will probably continue it as long as I like. You may estimate the value of this favour, when I tell you that a private tutor, for the whole vacation, will cost the college at least twelve or fourteen guineas, and that during term time they receive ten guineas the term.

I cannot of course leave the college this summer; even for a week, and shall therefore miss the pleasure of seeing my Aunt G—— at Nottingham. I have written to her.

It gave me much pleasure to observe the joy all the men seemed to feel at my success. I had been on a water excursion, with a clergyman in the neighbourhood, and some ladies, and just got home as the men were assembling for supper; you can hardly conceive with what pleasure they all flocked round me, with the most hearty congratulations, and I found that many of them had been seeking me all over the college, in order to be the first to communicate the good tidings.

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

St. John's, July, 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE good and very bad news to communicate to you. Good, that Mr. Catton, has given me an exhibition, which makes me up a clear income of 63*l.* per annum, and that I am consequently more than independent; bad, that I have been very ill, notwithstanding regular and steady exercise. Last Saturday morning I rose early, and got up some rather abstruse problems in mechanics for my tutor, spent an hour with him, between eight and nine got my breakfast, and read the Greek History (*at breakfast*) till ten, then sat down to decyper some logarithm tables. I think I had not done any thing, at them, when I lost myself. At a quarter past eleven my laundress found me bleeding in four different places in my face and head, and insensible. I got up, and staggered about the room, and she, being frightened, ran away, and told my Gyp to fetch a surgeon. Before he came, I was sallying out with my flannel gown on, and my academical gown over it: he made me put on my coat, and then I went to Mr. Farish's: he opened a vein, and my recollection returned: My own idea was, that I had fallen out of bed, and so I told Mr. Farish at first: but I afterwards remembered that I had been to Mr. Fiske, and breakfasted.

Mr. Catton has insisted on my consulting Sir Isaac Pennington, and the consequence is that I am to go through a course of blistering, &c. which, after the bleeding, will leave me weak enough.

I am however, very well, except as regards the doctors; and yesterday I drove into the country to Saffron Walden

in a gig. My tongue is in a bad condition, from a bite which I gave it, either in my fall, or in the moments of convulsion. My nose has also come badly off. I believe I fell against my reading-desk. My other wounds are only rubs and scratches on the carpet.

I am ordered to remit my studies for a while, by the common advice both of doctors and tutors. Dr. Pennington hopes to prevent any recurrence of the fit. He thinks it looks towards epilepsy, of the horrors of which malady I have a very full and precise idea; and I only pray that God will spare me as respects my faculties, however else it may seem good to him to afflict me. Were I my own master, I know how I should act; but I am tied here by bands which I cannot burst. I know that change of place is needful; but I must not indulge in the idea. The college must not pay my tutor for nothing. Dr. Pennington and Mr. Farish attribute the attack to a too continued tension of the faculties. As I am much alone now, I never get quite off study, and I think incessantly. I know nature will not endure this. They both proposed my going home, but Mr. * * did not hint at it, although much concerned; and, indeed, I know home would be a bad place for me *in my* present situation. I look round for a resting place, and I find none. Yet there is one, which I have long too, too much disregarded, and thither I must now betake myself. There are many situations worse than mine, and I have no business to complain. If these afflictions should draw the bonds tighter which hold me to my Redeemer, it will be well.

You may be assured that you have here a plain statement of my case, in its true colours, without any palliation. I am now well again, and have only to fear a re-

lapse, which I shall do all I can to prevent, by a relaxation in study.

I have now written too much.

I am, very sincerely, yours,
H. K. WHITE.

P. S. I charge you, as you value my peace, not to let my friends hear, either directly or indirectly, of my illness.

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

St. John's, 30th July, 1806.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

I HAD deferred sitting down to write to you until I should have leisure to send you a very long letter; but as that time seems every day farther off, I shall beg your patience no longer, but fill my sheet as well as I can.

I must first reply to your queries. I beg pardon for having omitted to mention the receipt of the ***, but as I acknowledged the receipt of the parcel, I concluded that you would understand me to mean its contents as specified in your letter. But I know the accuracy of a man of business too well to think your caution strange. As to the college prizes, I have the satisfaction of telling you that I am entitled to two, viz. the first for the general examination, and one of the first for the classical composition. I say *one* of the first on this account—I am put equal with two others at the top of the list. In this contest I had all the men of the three years to contend with, and, as both my equals are my seniors in standing, I have no reason to be dissatisfied.

* * *

The Rhetoric Lecturer sent me one of my Latin Essays to copy, for the purpose of inspection; a compliment which was paid to none of the rest.

* * *

We three are the only men who are honoured with prizes, so that we have cut four or five Eton men, who are always boasting of their classical ability.

With regard to your visit here, I think you had better come in term time, as the university is quite empty, and *starers* have nothing but the buildings to gaze at. If, however, you can come more conveniently now than hereafter, I would advise you not to let this circumstance prevent you. I shall be glad to see Mr. * * with you. You may spend a few days very pleasantly here, even in vacation time; though you will scarcely meet a gownsman in the streets.

I thought the matter over about ***, but I do not think I have any influence here. Being myself a young man, I cannot, with any chance of success, attempt to *direct* even that interest which I may claim with others.

* * *

The university is the worst place in the world for making interest. The great mass of men are themselves busily employed in wriggling themselves into places and livings; and there is, in general, too much anxiety for No. 1, to permit any interference for a neighbour, No. 2.

* * *

TO HIS MOTHER.

St. John's Aug. 1806.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I HAVE no hesitation in declining the free-school on the ground of its precluding the exercise of the ministerial duties. I shall take the liberty of writing Mr.—— to thank him for having thought of me, and to recommend to his notice Mr. ——.

* * *

But do not fret yourself, my dear mother; in a few years we shall, I hope, be in happier circumstances. I am not too sanguine in my expectations, but I shall certainly be able to assist you, and my sisters, in a few years. **** As for Maria and Kate, if they succeed well in their education, they may, perhaps, be able to keep a school of a superior kind, where the profits will be greater, and the labour less. I even hope that this may not be necessary, and that you, my father, and they, may come and live with me when I get a parsonage. You would be pleased to see how comfortably Mr. —— lives with his mother and sisters at a snug little rectory about ten miles from Cambridge. So much for castle-building.

* * *

TO MR. ***.

St. John's, Aug. 15, 1806.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

I HAVE deferred writing to you until my return from Mr. ——'s, knowing how much you would like to

hear from me in respect to that dear family. I am afraid your patience has been tried by this delay, and I trust to this circumstance alone as my excuse.

My hours have seldom flowed so agreeably as they did at S———, nor perhaps have I made many visits which have been more profitable to me in a religious sense. The example of Mrs —— will, I hope, stimulate me to a faithful preparation for the sacred office to which I am destined. I say a *faithful* preparation, because I fear I am apt to deceive myself with respect to my present pursuits, and to think I am only labouring for the honour of God, when I am urging literary labours to a degree inconsistent with duty, and my real interests. Mr. —— is a good and careful pastor; my heart has seldom been so full as when I have accompanied him to the chambers of the sick, or have heard his affectionate addresses to the attentive crowd, which fills his school-room on Sunday evening. —He is so earnest, and yet so sober; so wise, and yet so simple! You, my dear R———, are now very nearly approaching to the sacred office, and I sincerely pray that you may be stimulated to follow after the pattern of our excellent friend. You may have Mr. ——'s zeal, but you will need his learning and his judgment to temper it. Remember, that it is a work of much more self-denial, for a man of active habits to submit to a course of patient study, than to suffer many privations for Christ's sake. In the latter the heart is warmly interested; the other is the slow and unsatisfactory labour of the head, tedious in its progress, and uncertain in its produce. Yet there is a pleasure, great and indescribable pleasure, in *sanctified* study: the more wearisome the toil, the sweeter will it be to those who sit down with a subdued and patient spirit, content to undergo much tedium and fatigue, for the honour of God's ministry. Reading, however dry, soon becomes

interesting, if we pursue it with a resolute spirit of investigation, and a determinate purpose of thoroughly mastering what we are about. You cannot take up the most tiresome book, on the most tiresome subject, and read it with fixed attention for an hour, but you feel a desire to go on; and here I would exhort you, whatever you read, read it accurately and thoroughly, and never to pass over any thing, however minute, which you do not quite comprehend. This is the only way to become really learned, and to make your studies satisfactory and productive. If I were capable of directing your course of reading, I should recommend you to peruse Butler's Analogy, Warburton's Divine Legation, Prideaux and Shuckford's Connexions, and Milner's Church History, Century for Century, along with Mosheim's Eclesiastical History. The latter is learned, concise, clear and written in good scholastic Latin. Study the Chronology of the Old Testament, and, as a mean of making it interesting, trace out the completion of the prophecies. Read your Greek Testament with the nicest accuracy, tracing every word to its root, and seeking out the full force of particular expressions, by reference both to Parkhurst and Scapula. The derivation of words will throw great light on many parts of the New Testament: thus, if we know that the word διακονος a deacon, comes from δια and κονια, to bustle about in the dust, we shall have a fuller notion of the humility of those who held the office in the primitive church. In reading the Old Testament, wherever you find a passage obscure, turn to the Septuagint, which will often clear up a place better than fifty commentators. Thus, in Joel, the day of the Lord is called, "*a day of gloominess, a day of darkness, and of clouds, like the morning spread upon the mountains*," which is a contradiction. Looking at the Septuagint, we find that the passage is mispointed, and that

the latter metaphor is applied to the *people:* "a people great and strong, like the morning spread upon the mountains." The Septuagint is very easy Greek, quite as much so as the Greek Testament; and a little practice of this kind will help you in your knowledge of the language, and make you a good critic. I perceive your English style is very unpolished, and I think this a matter of *great* moment. I should recommend you to read, and imitate as nearly as you can, the serious papers in the eighth volume of the Spectator, particularly those, on the Ubiquity of the Deity. Accustom yourself to write down your thoughts, and to polish the style sometime after composition, when you have forgotten the expression. Aim at conciseness, neatness, and clearness; never make use of *fine* or *vulgar* words. Avoid every epithet which does not add *greatly* to the idea, for every addition of this kind, if it do not strengthen, weakens the sentiment; and be cautious never to express by two words, what you can do as well by one: a multiplicity of words only hides the sense, just as a superabundance of clothes does the shape. Thus much for studies.

* * *

I recommend you to pause, and consider *much* and well, on the subject of matrimony. You have heard my sentiments with regard to a *rich* wife; but I am much too young, and too great an enthusiast, to be even a tolerable counsellor on a point like this. You must think for yourself, and consult with prudent and pious people, whose years have taught them the wisdom of the present world, and whose experience has instructed them in that of the world to come. But a little sober *thought* is worth a world of advice. You have, however, an Infallible Adviser,

concealed my principles. Indeed, this is a praise which I may claim, though I never conceived that it was at all an object of praise. I have always taken some pains to let those around me know my religious sentiments, as a saving of trouble, and as a mark of that independence of opinion which, I think, every one ought to assert; and as I have produced my opinions with frankness and modesty, and supported them, (if attacked) with coolness and candour, I have never found them any impediment to my acquaintance with any person whose acquaintance I courted.

TO MR. R. W. A.

St. John's, Aug. 18th, 1806.

DEAR A.

I AM glad to hear of your voyages and travels through various regions, and various seas, both of this island, and its little suckling the Isle of Wight.

Many hair's-breadth 'scapes and perilous adventures you must needs have had, and many a time, on the extreme shores of the south, must you have looked up with the eye of intelligent curiosity, to see whether the same moon shone *there* as in the pleasant, but now far distant, groves of Colwich. And now, my very wise and travelled friend, seeing that your head is yet upon your shoulders, and your neck in its right natural position, and seeing that, after all the changes and chances of a long journey, and after being bang'd from post to pillar, and from pillar to post, seeing, I say, that, after all this, you are safely housed once more under your paternal roof, what think you, if you were to indulge your mind as much as

you have done your eyes and gaping muscles? A few trips to the fountains of light and colour, or to the regions of the good lady who χιεσιν αδαλοις δισεις αφορεον ποντον a-ramble down the galaxy, and a few peeps on the *unconfined* confines (ποτμον απορμον, υπνον αυπνον, βιον ου βιωτον) of infinite space, would prove perhaps, as delectable to your immaterial part, as the delicious see-saw of a post-chaise was to your corporeal; or, if these ætherial, æronautical, mathematical volutations should displease you, perhaps it would not be amiss to saunter a few weeks on the scite of Troy, or to lay out plans of ancient history on the debateable ground of the Peloponnesians and Athenians. There is one Tucydides, who lives near, who will tell you all about the places you visit, and the great events connected with them. he is a sententious old fellow, very shrewd in his remarks, and speaks, moreover, very excellent Greek at your service. I know not whether you have met with any guide in the course of your bodily travels who can be compared to him. If you should make Rome in your way, either there or back, I should like to give you a letter of introduction to an old friend of mine, whose name is Livy, who, as far as his memory extends, will amuse you with pretty stories, and some true history. There is another honest fellow enough, to whom I dare not recommend you, he is so very crabbed and tart, and speaks so much in epigrams and enigmas, that I am afraid he would teach you to talk as unintelligibly as himself. I do not mean to give you any more *advice*, but I have one *exhortation*, which I hope you will take in good part; it is this, that if you *set out* on this journey, you would please to proceed to *its end:* for I have been acquainted with *some young men*, who have turned their faces towards Athens or Rome, and trudged on manfully for a few miles, but when they had travelled till they grew weary, and

worn out a good pair of shoes, have suddenly become disheartened, and returned without any recompense for their pains.

And now let me assume a more serious strain, and exhort you to cultivate your mind with the utmost assiduity. You are at a critical period of your life, and the habits which you now form will, most probably, adhere to you through life. If they be idle habits, I am sure they will.

But even the cultivation of your mind is of minor importance to that of your heart, your temper, and disposition. Here I have need not to *preach*, but to *learn*. You have had less to encounter in your religious progress than I have, and your progress has been therefore greater, greater even than your superior faculties would have warranted. I have had to fight hard with vanity at home, and applause abroad; no wonder that my vessel has been tossed about, but greater wonder that it is yet *upon* the waves. I exhort you to pray with me, (and I intreat *you* to pray *for* me,) that we may both weather out the storm and arrive in the haven of sound tranquillity, even on this side the grave.

We have all particular reason to watch and pray, lest self too much predominate. We should accustom ourselves to hold our own comforts and conveniences as subordinate to the comforts and conveniences of others in all things; and a habit thus begun in little matters, might probably be extended without difficulty to those of a higher nature.

* * * * *

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

St. John's, 14th Sept. 1806.

MY DEAR BEN,

I CAN scarcely write more to you now than just to calm your uneasiness on my account. I am perfectly well again, and have experienced no recurrence of the fit; my spirits too are better, and I read very moderately, I hope that God will be pleased to spare his rebellious child; this stroke has brought me nearer to him: whom indeed have I for my comforter, but him?

I am still reading, but with moderation, as I have been during the whole vacation, whatever you may persist in thinking.

My heart turns with more fondness towards the consolations of religion that it did, and in some degree I have *found* consolation. I still, however, conceive that it is my duty to pursue my studies temperately, and to fortify myself with Christian resignation and calmness for the worst. I am much wanting in these virtues, and, indeed, in all Christian virtues, but I know how desirable they are, and I long for them. Pray that I may be strengthened and enlightened, and that I may be enabled to go where duty bids, wherever that be.

* * *

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

St. John's, Cambridge, 22d Sept. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * *

You charge me with an accession of gallantry of late: I plead guilty. I really began to think of marriage,

(very prematurely you'll say;) but if I experience any repetition of *the fit*, I shall drop the idea of it forever. It would be folly and cruelty to involve another in all the horrors of such a calamity.

I thank you for your kind exhortations to a complete surrender of my heart to God, which are contained in your letter. In this respect I have betrayed the most deplorable weakness and indecision of character. I know what the truth is, and I love it; but I still go on giving myself half to God, and half to the world, as if I expected to enjoy the comforts of religion along with the vanities of life. If, for a short time, I keep up a closer communion with God, and feel my whole bosom bursting with sorrow and tenderness as I approach the footstool of my Saviour, I soon relapse into indifference, worldly-mindedness, and sin; my devotions become listless and perfunctory: I doat on the world, its toys, and its corruptions, and am mad enough to be willing to sacrifice the happiness of eternity to the deceitful pleasures of the passing moment. My heart is indeed a lamentable sink of loathsome corruption and hypocrisy. In consistency with my professed opinions, I am often obliged to talk on subjects of which I know but little in experience, and to rank myself with those who have felt, what I only approve from my head, and, perhaps, esteem from my heart. I often start with horror and disgust from myself, when I consider how deeply I have imperceptibly gone into this species of simulation. Yet I think my love for the Gospel, and its professors, is sincere: only I am insincere in suffering persons to entertain an high opinion of me as a child of God, when indeed I am an alien from him. On looking over some private memorandums which were written at various times in the course of the two last years, I beheld, with inexpressible anguish, that my progress has, if any thing, been retro-

grade. I am still as dark, still as cold, still as ignorant, still as fond of the world, and have still fewer desires after holiness. I am very, very dissatisfied with myself, and yet I am not prompted to earnest prayer. I have been so often earnest, and always have fallen away, that I go to God without hope, without faith. Yet I am not *totally* without hope; I know God will have my whole heart, and I know, when I give him *that*, I shall experience the light of his countenance with a permanency. I pray that he would assist my weakness, and grant me some portion of his grace, in order that I may overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil, to which I have long, very long, been a willing, though an unhappy slave.—Do you pray earnestly with me, and for me, in these respects; I know the prayers of the faithful avail much; and when you consider with what great temptations I am surrounded, and how very little strength I have wherewith to resist them, you will feel with me the necessity of earnest supplication, and fervent intercession, lest I should be lost, and cast away forever.

I shall gladly receive your spiritual advice and directions. I have gone on *too* long in coldness and unconcern; who knows whether, if I neglect the present hour, the day of salvation may not be gone by forever!!

* * *

TO MR. JOHN CHARLESWORTH.

St. John's, 22d Sept. 1806.

MY DEAR CHARLESWORTH,

THANK you for taking the blame of our neglected correspondence on your own shoulders. I thought it rested elsewhere. Thrice have I began to write to you; once in Latin, and twice in English: and each time have

the fates opposed themselves to the completion of my design. But however, *pax sit rebus*, we are naturally disposed to forgive, because we are, as far as intention goes, mutually offenders.

I thank you for your invitation to Clapham, which came at a fortunate juncture, since I had just settled with my tutor that I should pay a visit to my brother in London this week. I shall of course see you: and shall be happy to spend a few days with you at Clapham, and to rhadsodize on your common. It gives me pleasure to hear you are settled, and I give you many hearty good wishes for practice and prosperity. I hope you will soon find that a wife is a very necessary article of enjoyment in a domesticated state, for how indeed should it be otherwise? A man cannot cook his dinner while he is employed in earning it. Housekeepers are complete *hellumes rei familiaris*, and not only pick your pockets, but abuse you into the bargain. While a wife, on the contrary, both cooks your dinner, and enlivens it with her society; receives you after the toils of the day with cheerfulness and smiles, and is not only the faithful guardian of your treasury, but the soother of your cares, and the alleviator of your calamities. Now, am I not very poetical? But on such a subject who would not be poetical? A wife!—a domestic fireside!—the cheerful assiduities of love and tenderness! It would inspire a Dutch burgomaster! and if, with all this in your grasp, you shall still choose the *pulsare terram pede libero*, still avoid the *irrupta copula*, still deem it a matter of light regard to be an object of affection and fondness to an amiable and sensible woman, why then you deserve to be a fellow of a college all your days; to be kicked about in your last illness by a saucy and careless bed-maker; and, lastly, to be put in the ground in your college chapel, followed only by the man who is to be your successor. Why, man, I dare no more *dream* that I

shall ever have it in my power to have a wife, than that I shall be Archbishop of Canterbury, and Primate of all England. A suit of rooms in a still and quiet corner of old St. John's, which was once occupied by a crazy monk, or by one of the tanslators of the Bible in the days of good King James, must form the boundary of my ambition. I must be content to inhabit walls which never echoed with a female voice, to be buried in glooms which were never cheered with a female smile. It is said, indeed, that women were sometimes permitted to visit St. John's, when it was a monastery of White-Friars, in order to be present at particular religious ceremonies; but the good monks were careful to sprinkle holy-water wherever their profane footsteps had carried contagion and pollution.

It is well that you are free from the restrictions of monastic austerity, and that, while I sleep under the shadow of towers and lofty walls, and the safeguard of a vigilant porter, you are permitted to inhabit your own cottage, under your own guardianship, and to listen to the sweet accents of domestic affection.

Yes, my very Platonic, or rather Stoical friend, I must see you safely bound in the matrimonial noose, and then like a confirmed bachelor, ten years hence, I shall have the satisfaction of pretending to laugh at, while, in my heart, I envy you. So much for rhapsody. I am coming to London for relaxation's sake, and shall take it pretty freely; that is, I shall seek after fine sights—stare at fine people—be cheerful with the gay—foolish with the simple—and leave as little room to suspect as possible that I am (any thing of) a philosopher and mathematician. I shall probably talk a little Greek, but it will be by stealth, in order to excite no suspicion.

* * *

I shall be in town on Friday or Saturday. I am in a

very idle mood, and have written you a very idle letter, for which I intreat your pardon, and I am,

Dear C——, Very sincerely yours,

H. K. WHITE.

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

(FOUND IN HIS POCKET AFTER HIS DECEASE.)

St. John's College, Saturday, Oct. 11, 1806.

DEAR NEVILLE,

I AM safely arrived, and in College, but my illness has increased upon me much. The cough continues, and is attended with a good deal of fever. I am under the care of Mr. Farish, and entertain very little apprehension about the cough; but my over exertions in town have reduced me to a state of much debility; and, until the cough be gone, I cannot be permitted to take any strengthening medicines. This places me in an awkward predicament; but I think I perceive a degree of expectoration this morning, which will soon relieve me, and then I shall amend apace.

Under these circumstances, I must not expect to see you here at present: when I am a little recovered, it will be a pleasant relaxation to me.

* * *

Our lectures began on Friday, but I do not attend them until I am better. I have not written to my mother, nor shall I while I remain unwell. You will tell her, as a reason, that our lectures began on Friday. I know she will be uneasy if she do not hear from me, and still more so, if I tell her I am ill.

I cannot write more at present, than that I am

Your truly affectionate Brother,

H. K. WHITE.

HINTS, &c.

WHY will not men be contented with appearing what they are? As sure as we attempt to pass for what we are not, we make ourselves ridiculous. With religious professors this ought to be a consideration of importance; for when we assume credit for what we do not possess, we break the laws of God in more ways than we are aware of; vanity and deceit are both implicated.

Why art thou so disquieted, O my soul, and why so full of heaviness? O put thy trust in God; for I will yet thank him which is the help of my countenance, and my God. *Ps.* 42.

Domine Jesu in te speravi, miserere mei! Ne sperne animum miserrimi peccatoris.

The love of Christ is the only source from whence a Christian can hope to derive spiritual happiness and peace. Now the love of Christ will not reside in the bosom already pre-occupied with the love of the world, or any other predominating affection. We must give up every thing for it, and we know it deserves that distinction; yet upon this principle, unless the energy of Divine grace were what it is, mighty and irresistible, who would be saved?

The excellence of our liturgy, and our establishment, is more and more impressed upon my mind: how admirable do her confessions, her penitentiary offerings, her intercessions, her prayers, suit with the case of the Christian! It is a sign that a man's heart is not right with God, when he finds fault with the liturgy.

Contempt of religion is distinct from unbelief: unbelief may be the result of proud reasonings, and independent

research; but contempt of the Christian doctrine must proceed from profound ignorance.

LORD, give me a heart to turn all knowledge to thy glory, and not to mine: keep me from being deluded with the lights of vain philosophy; keep me from the pride of human reason; let me not think my own thoughts, nor dream my own imaginations; but in all things acting under the good guidance of thy Holy Spirit, may I live in all simplicity, humility, and singleness of heart, unto the Lord Jesus Christ, now and for evermore. Amen.

[*The above Prayer was prefixed to a Manual, or Memorandum-book.*

A PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY Father, at the close of another day I kneel before thee in supplication, and ere I compose my body to sleep, I would steal a few moments from weariness, to lift up my thoughts to thy perfections, to meditate on thy wonderful dispensations, and to make my request known unto thee.

Although the hours of this day have not been spent in the busy haunts of society, but in the pursuit of needful and godly knowledge, yet I am conscious that my thoughts and actions have been far from pure; and many vain and foolish speculations, many sinful thoughts and ambitious anticipations, have obtruded themselves on my mind. I know that I have felt pleasure in what I ought to have abhorred, and that I have not had thy presence continually in mind; so that my ghostly enemy has mixed poison with my best food, and sowed tares with the good seed of

instruction. Sometimes, too, the world has had too much to do with my thoughts; I have longed for its pleasures, its splendors, its honours, and have forgotten that I am a poor follower of Jesus Christ, whose inheritance is not in this land, but in the fields above. I do therefore supplicate and beseech thee, Oh! thou my God and Father, that thou wilt not only forgive these my wanderings, but that thou wilt chasten my heart, and establish my affections, so that they may not be shaken by the light suggestions of the tempter Satan; and since I am of myself very weak, I implore thy restraining hand upon my understanding, that I may not reason in the pride of worldly wisdom, nor flatter myself on my attainments, but ever hold my judgment in subordination to thy word, and see myself as what I am, an helpless dependant on thy bounty. If a spirit of indolence and lassitude have at times crept on me, I pray thy forgiveness for it: and if I have felt rather inclined to prosecute studies which procure respect from the world, than the humble knowledge which becomes a servant of Christ, do thou check this growing propensity, and only bless my studies so far as they conduce to thy glory, and as thy glory is their chief end. My heart, O Lord! is but too fond of this vain and deceitful world, and I have many fears lest I should make shipwreck of my hope on the rocks of ambition and vanity. Give me, I pray thee, thy grace to repress these propensities: illumine more completely my wandering mind, rectify my understanding, and give me a simple, humble, and affectionate heart, to love thee and thy sheep with all sincerity. As I increase in learning, let me increase in lowness of spirit; and in asmuch as the habits of studious life, unless tempered by preventing grace, but too much tend to produce formality and lifelessness in devotion, do thou, O heavenly Father, preserve me from all cold and

speculative views of thy blessed Gospel; and while with regular constancy I kneel down daily before thee, do not fail to light up the fire of heavenly love in my bosom, and to draw my heart heavenward with earnest longings [to thyself.]

And now, O blessed Redeemer! my rock, my hope, and only sure defence, to thee do I cheerfully commit both my soul and my body. If thy wise Providence see fit, grant that I may rise in the morning, refreshed with sleep, and with a spirit of cheerful activity for the duties of the day: but whether I wake here, or in eternity, grant that my trust in thee may remain sure, and my hope unshaken. Our Father, &c.

[*This Prayer was discovered among some dirty loose papers of H. K. W.'s.*]

Mem.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1806.

On running over the pages of this book, I am constrained to observe, with sorrow and shame, that my progress in divine light has been little or none.

I have made a few conquests over my corrupt inclinations, but my heart still hankers after its old delights; still lingers half-willing, half-unwilling, in the ways of worldly-mindedness.

My knowledge of divine things is very little improved. I have read less of the Scriptures than I did last year. In reading the Fathers, I have consulted rather the pride of my heart, than my spiritual good.

I now turn to the cause of these evils, and I find that the great root, the main spring is—love of the world; next to that, pride; next to that, spiritual sloth.

[*This Memorandum was written a few weeks before his death.*]

TRIBUTARY VERSES.

TRIBUTARY VERSES.

SONNET,

Addressed to H. K. White, on his Poems lately published.

HENRY! I greet thine entrance into life!
Sure presage that the myrmidons of fate,
The fool's unmeaning laugh, the critic's hate,
Will dire assail thee; and the envious strife
Of bookish schoolmen, beings over rife,
Whose pia-mater studious is filled
With unconnected matter, half distill'd
From letter'd page, shall bare for thee the knife,
Beneath whose edge the poet oft-times sinks:
But fear not! for thy modest work contains
The germ of worth; thy wild poetic strains,
How sweet to him, untutor'd bard, who thinks
Thy verse "has power to please, as soft it flows
Thro' the smooth murmurs of the frequent close."

G. L. C...., 1803.

SONNET.

To Henry Kirke White, on his Poems lately published.

BY ARTHUR OWEN, ESQ.

HAIL! gifted youth, whose passion breathing lay
Pourtrays a mind attun'd to noblest themes,

A mind, which, wrapt in Fancy's high-wrought dreams,
To nature's veriest bounds its daring way
Can wing: what charms throughout thy pages shine,
To win with fairy thrill the melting soul!
For though along impassion'd grandeur roll,
Yet in full power simplicity is thine.
Proceed, sweet bard! and the heav'n-granted fire
Of pity, glowing in thy feeling breast,
May nought destroy, may nought thy soul divest
Of joy—of rapture in the living lyre,
Thou tun'st so magically: but may fame
Each passing year add honours to thy name.
Richmond, Sept. 1806.

TO MR. H. K. WHITE.

HARK! 'tis some sprite who sweeps a fun'ral knell
For Dermody no more.—That fitful tone
From Eolus' wild harp alone can swell,
Or Chatterton assumes the lyre unknown.
No; list again! 'tis Bateman's fatal sigh
Swells with the breeze, and dies upon the stream:
'Tis Margaret mourns, as swift she rushes by,
Rous'd by the dæmons from adulterous dream.

O! say, sweet youth! what genius fires thy soul!
The same which tun'd the frantic nervous strain
To the wild harp of Collin's?—By the pole,
Or 'mid the seraphim and heav'nly train,
Taught Milton everlasting secrets to unfold,
To sing Hell's flaming gulph, or Heav'n high arch'd with gold?

H..... Welker.

LINES.

On the death of Mr. Henry Kirke White.

BY. THE REV. J. PLUMPTRE.

SUCH talents and such piety combin'd,
With such unfeign'd humility of mind,
Bespoke him fair to tread the way to fame,
And live an honour to the Christian name.
But Heaven was pleas'd to stop his fleeting hour,
And blight the fragrance of the opening flow'r.
We mourn—but not for him, remov'd from pain;
Our loss, we trust, is his eternal gain:
With him we'll strive to win the Saviour's love,
And hope to join him with the blest above.
October 24th, 1806.

SONNET,

On Henry Kirke White.

I.

MASTER so early of the various LYRE
Energic, pure, sublime!—Thus art thou gone?
In its bright dawn of fame that spirit flown
Which breath'd such sweetness, tenderness, and fire!
Wert thou but shewn to win us to admire,
And veil in death thy splendour?—but unknown
Their destination who least time have shone,
And brightest beam'd.—When these the ETERNAL SIRE,

II.

—Righteous and wise, and good are all his ways—
Eclipses as their sun begins to rise,
Can mortal judge, for their diminisht days,
What blest equivalent in changeless skies,
What sacred glory waits them?—His the praise;
Gracious, whate'er he gives, whate'er denies.

C. LOFFT.

24th Oct. 1806.

LINES,

On the Death of Mr. Henry Kirke White, late of St. John's College, Cambridge.

WRITTEN ABOUT AND IN THAT COLLEGE.

SORROWS are mine—then let me joys evade,
And seek for sympathies in this lone shade.
The glooms of death fall heavy on my heart,
And, between life and me, a truce impart.
Genius has vanisht in its opening bloom,
And youth and beauty wither in the tomb!
Thought, ever prompt to lend th' inquiring eye,
Pursues thy spirit through futurity.
Does thy aspiring mind new powers essay,
Or in suspended being wait the day,
When earth shall fall before the awful train
Of Heav'n and virtue's everlasting reign?
May goodness, which thy heart did once enthrone,
Emit one ray to meliorate my own!
And for thy sake, when time affliction calm,
Science shall please, and poesie shall charm.

I turn my steps whence issued all my woes,
Where the dull courts monastic glooms impose;
Thence fled a spirit whose unbounded scope
Surpass'd the fond creations e'en of hope.
Along this path thy living step has fled,
Along this path they bore thee to the dead.
All that this languid eye can now survey
Witness'd the vigour of thy fleeting day:
And witness'd all, as speaks this anguish't tear,
The solemn progress of thy early bier.
Sacred the walls that took thy parting breath,
Own'd thee in life, encompass'd thee in death!
Oh! I can feel as felt the sorrowing friend
Who o'er thy corse in agony did bend;
Dead as thyself to all the world inspires,
Paid the last rites mortality requires:
Close the dim eye that beam'd with mind before;
Compos'd the icy limbs to move no more!
Some power the picture from my memory tear,
Or feeling will rush onward to despair.
Immortal hopes! come, lend your blest relief,
And raise the soul bow'd down with mortal grief;
Teach it to look for comfort in the skies:
Earth cannot give what Heaven's high will denies.

Cambridge, Nov. 1806.

SONNET,

Occasioned by the second of Henry Kirke White.

1.

YES, fled already is thy vital fire,
And the fair promise of thy early bloom

Lost in youth's morn extinct: sunk in the tomb:
Mute in the grave sleeps thy enchanted lyre!
And is it vainly that our souls aspire?
Falsely does the presaging heart presume
That we shall live beyond life's care's and gloom:
Grasp its eternity with high desire.

II.

But to imagine bliss, feel woe, and die;
Leaving survivors to worse pangs than death?
Not such the sanction of the ETERNAL MIND.
The harmonious order of the starry sky,
And awful revelation's angel-breath,
Assure these hopes their full effect shall find.

C. L.

25th *Dec.* 1806.

WRITTEN IN

THE HOMER OF MR. HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Presented to me by his Brother, J. Neville White.

I.

BARD of brief days, but ah, of deathless fame!
While on these awful leaves my fond eyes rest:
On which thine late have dwelt, thy hand late prest,
I pause; and gaze regretful on thy name.
By neither chance, nor envy, time, nor flame,
Be it from this its mansion dispossest!
But thee ETERNITY clasps to her breast,
And in celestial splendor throned thy claim.

II.

No more with mortal pencil shalt thou trace
An imitative radiance:* thy pure lyre
Springs from our changeful atmosphere's embrace,
And beams and breathes in empyreal fire;
The Homeric and Miltonian sacred tone
Responsive hail that lyre congenial to their own.

C. LOFFT.

Bury, 11*th Jan.* 1807.

TO THE MEMORY OF H. K. WHITE.

BY A LADY.

IF worth, if genius, to the world are dear,
To Henry's shade devote no common tear.
His worth on no precarious tenure hung,
From genuine piety his virtues sprung:
If pure benevolence, if steady sense,
Can to the feeling heart delight dispense;
If all the highest efforts of the mind,
Exalted, noble, elegant, refin'd,
Call for fond sympathy's heart felt regret,
Ye sons of genius, pay the mournful debt:
His friends can truly speak how large his claim,
And "Life was only wanting to his fame."
Art thou, indeed, dear youth, forever fled?
So quickly number'd with the silent dead.
Too sure I read it in the downcast eye,
Hear it in mourning friendship's stifled sigh.

* Alluding to his pencil'd sketch of a head surrounded with a glory.

Ah! could esteem, or admiration, save
So dear an object from th' untimely grave,
This transcript faint had not essay'd to tell,
The loss of one belov'd, rever'd so well.
Vainly I try, even eloquence were weak,
The silent sorrow that I feel to speak.
No more my hours of pain thy voice will cheer,
And bind my spirit to this lower sphere;
Bend o'er my suffering frame with gentle sigh,
And bid new fire relume my languid eye:
No more the pencil's mimic art command,
And with kind pity guide my trembling hand;
Nor dwell upon the page in fond regard,
To trace the meaning of the Tuscan bard.
Vain all the pleasures thou canst not inspire,
And "in my breast th' imperfect joys expire."
I fondly hop'd thy hand might grace my shrine,
And little dream'd I should have wept o'er thine:
In fancy's eye methought I saw thy lyre
With virtue's energies each bosom fire;
I saw admiring nations press around,
Eager to catch the animating sound:
And when at length, sunk in the shades of night,
To brighter worlds thy spirit wing'd its flight,
Thy country hail'd thy venerated shade,
And each grac'd honour to thy memory paid.
Such was the fate hope pictur'd to my view—
But who, alas! e'er found hope's visions true?
And ah! a dark presage, when last we met,
Sadden'd the social hour with deep regret;
When thou thy portrait from the minstrel drew,
The living Edwin starting on my view—
Silent, I ask'd of heav'n a lengthen'd date;
His genius thine, but not like thine his fate.

Shuddering I gaz'd and saw too sure reveal'd,
The fatal truth, by hope till then conceal'd.
Too strong the portion of celestial flame
For its weak tenement, the fragile frame;
Too soon for Us it sought its native sky,
And soar'd impervious to the mortal eye;
Like some clear planet, shadow'd from our sight,
Leaving behind long tracks of lucid light:
So shall thy bright example fire each youth
With love of virtue, piety, and truth.
Long o'er thy loss shall grateful Granta mourn,
And bid her sons revere thy favour'd urn.
When thy lov'd flower "spring's victory makes known,"
The primrose pale shall bloom for thee alone;
Around thy urn the rosemary we'll spread,
Whose "tender fragrance,"—emblem of the dead—
Shall "teach the maid, whose bloom no longer lives,"
That virtue every perish'd grace survives."
Farewell! sweet Moralist! heart sick'ning grief
Tells me in duty's paths to seek relief,
With surer aim on faith's strong pinions rise,
And seek hope's vanish'd anchor in the skies.
Yet still on thee shall fond remembrance dwell,
And to the world thy worth delight to tell;
Tho' well I feel unworthy thee the lays
That to thy memory weeping friendship pays.

His harp th' Omnipotent adores,
And from its sweet, its silver strings
Celestial music pours.

And tho' on earth no more he'll weave
The lay that's fraught with magic fire,
Yet oft shall fancy hear at eve
His now exalted heav'nly lyre
In sounds Æolian grieve.

B. Stoke. JUVENIS.

VERSES.

Occasioned by the Death of Henry Kirke White.

WHAT is this world at best,
Tho' deckt in vernal bloom,
By hope and youthful fancy drest,
What, but a ceaseless toil for rest,
A passage to the tomb?
If flow'rets strew
The avenue,
Tho' fair, alas! how fading, and how few!

And every hour comes arm'd
By sorrow, or by woe:
Conceal'd beneath its little wings,
A scythe the soft-shod pilf'rer brings,
To lay some comfort low:
Some tie t' unbind,
By love entwin'd,
Some silken bond that holds the captive mind.

And every month displays
The ravages of time:
Faded the flowers!—The Spring is past!
The scatter'd leaves, the wintry blast,
Warn to a milder clime:
The songster's flee
The leafless tree,
And bear to happier realms their melody.

Henry! the world no more
Can claim thee for her own!
In purer skies thy radiance beams!
Thy lyre employ'd on nobler themes
Before th' eternal throne:
Yet spirit dear,
Forgive the tear
Which those must shed who're doom'd to linger here.

Although a stranger, I
In friendship's train would weep:
Lost to the world, alas! so young,
And must thy lyre, in silence hung,
On the dark cypress sleep?
The poet, all
Their friend may call;
And Nature's self attends his funeral.

Altho' with feeble wing
Thy flight I would pursue,
With quicken'd zeal, with humbled pride,
Alike our object, hopes, and guide,
One heaven alike in view;
True it was thine
To tow'r, to shine:
But I may make thy milder virtues mine.

If Jesus own my name,
(Though fame pronounc'd it never,)
Sweet spirit, not with thee alone,
But all whose absence here I moan,
Circling with harps the golden throne,
I shall unite forever:
At death then why
Tremble or sigh?
Oh! who would wish to live, but he who fears to die!

JOSIAH CONDER.

Dec. 5th, 1807.

SONNET,

On seeing another written to Henry Kirke White in September, 1805, inserted in his "Remains by Robert Southey."

BY ARTHUR OWEN.

AH! once again the long-left wires among,
Truants the muse to weave her requiem song:
With sterner lore now busied, erst the lay
Cheer'd my dark morn of manhood, wont to stray
O'er fancy's fields in quest of musky flower;
To me nor fragrant less, though barr'd from view
And courtship of the world: hail'd was the hour
That gave me, dripping fresh with nature's dew,
Poor Henry's budding beauties—to a clime
Hapless transplanted, whose exotic ray
Forc'd their young vigour into transient day,
And drain'd the stalk that rear'd them! and shall time
Trample these orphan blossoms?—No! they breathe
Still lovelier charms—for Southey culls the wreath!

Oxford, Dec. 17th, 1807.

SONNET,

In Memory of Mr. H. K. White.

" 'TIS now the dead of night," and I will go
To where the brook soft murmuring glides along
In the still wood; yet does the plaintive song
Of Philomela through the welkin flow:
And while pale Cynthia carelessly doth throw
Her dewy beams the verdant boughs among,
Will sit beneath some spreading oak tree strong,
And intermingle with the streams my woe:
Hush'd in deep silence every gentle breeze;
No mortal breath disturbs the awful gloom;
Cold, chilling dew-drops trickle down the trees,
And every flower withholds its rich perfume:
'Tis sorrow leads me to that sacred ground
Where Henry moulders in a sleep profound!

J. G.

REFLECTIONS,

On reading the Life of the late Henry Kirke White.

BY WILLIAM HOLLOWAY,

Author of "The Peasant's Fate."

DARLING of science and the muse,
How shall a son of song refuse
To shed a tear for thee?
To us so soon, for ever lost,
What hopes, what prospects have been cross'd
By Heaven's supreme decree?

How could a parent, love beguil'd,
In life's fair prime resign a child
So duteous, good, and kind?
The warblers of the soothing strain
Must string the allegiac lyre in vain
To soothe the wounded mind!

Yet Fancy, hov'ring round the tomb,
Half envies, while she mourns, thy doom,
Dear poet, saint, and sage!
Who into one short span, at best,
The wisdom of an age comprest,
A patriarch's lengthen'd age!

To him a genius sanctified,
And purg'd from literary pride,
A sacred boon was giv'n:
Chaste as the psalmist's harp, his lyre
Celestial raptures could inspire,
And lift the soul to Heav'n.

'Twas not the laurel earth bestows,
'Twas not the praise from man that flows
With classic toil he sought:
He sought the crown that martyrs wear,
When rescu'd from a world of care;
Their spirit too he caught.

Here come, ye thoughtless, vain, and gay,
Who idly range in Folly's way,
And learn the *worth of time*:
Learn ye, whose days have run to waste,
How to redeem this pearl at last,
Atoning for your crime.

This flow'r, that droop'd in one cold clime,
Transplanted from the soil of time,
To immortality,
In full perfection there shall bloom;
And those who now lament his doom
Must bow to God's decree.

London, 27th Feb. 1808.

ON READING THE POEM OF SOLITUDE,

In the second Volume of H. K. White's "Remains."

BUT art thou thus indeed a "alone?"
Quite unbefriended—all unknown?
And hast thou then his name forgot
Who form'd thy frame, and fix'd thy lot?

Is not his voice in evening's gale?
Beams not with him the "star" so pale?
Is there a leaf can fade and die,
Unnotic'd by his watchful eye?

Each flutt'ring hope—each anxious fear—
Each lonely sigh—each silent tear—
To thine Almighty Friend are known;
And say'st thou, thou art "all alone?"

JOSIAH CONDER.

To the Memory of H. K. White.

BY THE REV. W. B. COLLYER, D. D.

O, LOST too soon! accept the tear
A stranger to thy memory pays!
Dear to the muse, to science dear!
In the young morning of thy days!

All the wild notes that pity lov'd
Awoke, responsive still to thee,
While o'er the lyre thy fingers rov'd
In softest, sweetest harmony.

The chords that in the human heart,
Compassion touches as her own,
Bore in thy symphonies a part—
With them in perfect unison.

Amidst accumulated woes,
That premature afflictions bring,
Submission's sacred hymn arose,
Warbled from every mournful string.

When o'er thy dawn the darkness spread,
And deeper every moment grew;
When rudely round thy youthful head,
The chilling blasts of sickness blew;

Religion heard no 'plainings loud,
The sigh in secret stole from thee;
And pity from the 'dropping cloud,'
Shed tears of holy sympathy.

Cold is that heart in which were met
More virtues than could ever die;
The morning-star of hope is set—
The sun adorns another sky.

O partial grief! to mourn the day
So suddenly o'erclouded here,
To rise with unextinguished ray
To shine in a superior sphere!

Oft genius early quits this sod,
Impatient of a robe of clay,
Spreads the light pinion, spurns the clod
And smiles, and soars, and steals away!

But more than genius urg'd thy flight,
And mark'd the way, dear youth! for thee:
HENRY sprang up to worlds of light,
On wings of immortality!

Blackheath Hill, 24th June, 1808.

On the death of Henry Kirke White.

BY THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F. A. S.

TOO, too prophetic did thy wild note swell,
Impassion'd minstrel! when its pitying wail
Sigh'd o'er the vernal primrose as it fell
Untimely, wither'd by the northern gale.*

* See Clifton Grove, p. 16, ed. 1803.

Thou wert that flower of promise and of prime;
Whose opening bloom, mid many an adverse blast,
Charm'd the lone wanderer through this desert clime,
But charm'd with a rapture soon o'ercast,
To see thee languish into quick decay;
Yet was not thy departing immature?
For ripe in virtue thou wert reft away,
And pure in spirit, as the blest are pure;
Pure as the dew-drop, freed from earthly leaven,
That sparkles, is exhal'd, and blends with heaven!*

To the Memory of Henry Kirke White.

BY A LADY.

WHILE in full choir the solemn requiem swells,
And bids the tranced thought sublimely soar,
While sorrow's breath inspires responsive shells,
One strain of simple grief my reed would pour:
No splendid offering
Of lofty praise I bring;
Yet sainted spirit! own the pensive tear
Shed in sad tribute on thine early bier.

Soft as the airs that fan the waking spring,
And on the margin of some melting rill,
In music wild their sounds Æolian fling,
When the pale North regains his empire chill,

*Young, I think, says of Narcissa, "she sparkled, was exhaled, and went to Heaven."

And all his fury dies,
Thy touching minstrelsies
With magic sweetness on thy *spring* arose,
Then faintly murmuring, sunk to deep repose.

For thee his glowing torch did Genius fire!
Who now its meteor brightness shall recall?
Too soon he bore it to thy funeral,
And bid in drowning tears its flame expire.
For thee did Fancy weave a chaplet wild,
And from her woodland bower,
With many a forest flower
Enwreath the brows of her much favoured child?
Still they preserve a lasting bloom
But ah! they blossom on thy tomb!

Hush'd is the melting cadence of the lyre
That once could sweetest melodies impart;
Its soften'd echoes vibrate on the heart,
But dews of death have quench'd the poet's fire.
Sure—'twas a phœnix flame;
Kindled from heaven it came,
And with its native spark so closely blended,
That soon to heaven impell'd, it re-ascended.
As wandering o'er the waste of desert lands,
Some wearied pilgrim seeks a holy shrine,
And speeds him o'er the blaze of torrid sands
His soul with purest ardour to refine;
So to thy sacred turf would I repair;
And while on Fame's recording page I see,
Thy polish'd graces, and thy virtues fair,
Thy wisdom mild or heaven taught piety,
The vestige of thy worth would share,
And thence some precious relic bear.

What, though no longer beaming here below,
Thy radiant star of life has ceased to burn,
Still shall its fire on Fancy's vision glow,
And memory shed her moonbeam on thine urn.
Though early vanish'd hence, an angel band
Marked its swift progress o'er this realm of night
Watch'd the last lustre of its parting light,
And hailed its rising on a fairer land.
Above the flaming zone of day
Sparkling with exhaustless ray;
Fixed, shall it shine with living glory bright
When Time's last midnight long has rolled away.

LINES

Written on visiting the Rooms once inhabited by Henry Kirke White, in St. John's College, Cambridge.

BY MRS. M. H. HAY.

HOW awful! how impressive is the gloom,
How sacred is the silence that prevails
Mid these lone walls, where Henry met his doom.
My heart is full, my recollection fails;
Earth and all earthly things fade from my sight;
My friends, so loved around me disappear;
I almost see a dawn of heavenly light,
And Henry's angel voice I seem to hear,
Saying, "Poor Sister, dry the mortal tear
"Nor let thy bosom swell with grief for me;
"Learn first the bleeding cross on earth to bear,
"And then the bliss, now mine, shall gladden thee.

"Mid scenes celestial e'en my soul can glow,
"And heavenly harmony can with me sing,
"To think these poor "*Remains*" I left below,
"Shall kindred spirits to my pleasures bring.
"But oh! could I send down the faintest gleam,
"To wipe the earthy vapours from thine eyes,
"All human wisdom would appear a dream,
"And inspiration lead thee to the skies."

A REFLECTION,

On the early death of Henry Kirke White.

BY A LADY.

THE pensive snow-drop lifts her modest head,
While yet stern winter binds the icy stream,
On chilling snow her taper leaves are spread,
Uncheer'd by balmy dew and summer's beam.

Sweet flower! not long thy spotless heart will fear
The cruel blast that bows thy slender form:
Thou wert not made for winter's frown severe;
Soon wilt thou droop, unconscious of the storm.

Thus genius springs, and thus the storms of earth
Nip the young bud, just opening to the day:
Awhile it blooms, to prove its heavenly birth,
Awhile it charms, then withers,—dies away.

Thus Henry graced the world—Too soon the power
Of stern affliction seized his youthful breast;

He saw the clouds arise, the temptest low'r,
He bowed his head, and meekly sunk to rest.

EXTRACT FROM A POEM RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

UNHAPPY White!* while life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler came; and all thy promise fair
Has sought the grave, to sleep forever there.
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science' self destroyed her favourite son!
Yes! she too much indulg'd thy fond pursuit;
She sowed the seeds, but death has reaped the fruit.
'Twas thine own Genius gave the final blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low:
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quivered in his heart:
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nurs'd the pinion which impell'd the steel,
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

* Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge, in October, 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which death itself destroyed rather than subdued. His poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret, that so short a period was allotted to talents which would have dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to assume.

MONODY.

To the memory of Henry Kirke White.

BY JOSEPH BLACKETT.*

" No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
" But living statues there are seen to weep;
" Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
" Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom!"

LORD BYRON.

TO yon streamlet's rippling flow,
Through the grove meand'ring slow,
Heart heaving sighs of sorrow let me pour,
And those "*living statues*" join,
For no "marble" grief is mine,
Mine is sympathy's true tear,
Love and pity's sigh sincere,
And to "Affliction's *self*" I give the mourful hour!
What means yon new-rais'd mould beneath the yew;
And why scoop'd out the coffin's narrow cell,
Fashion'd, alas! to human shape and size?
Why crawls that earth-worm from the dazzling ray
Of day's unwelcome orb? And why, at length,
Lingering, advances, with grief-measur'd pace,
The sable hearse, in raven plumes array'd?
And, hark! oh hark! the deep-ton'd funeral knell
Breathes, audible, a sad and sullen sound!

* Vide his Poems recntly published.

Alas, poor youth! for THEE this robe of death!
Ye Nine, that lave in the Castalian spring,
Whose full-ton'd waves, responsive to the strain
Of your Parnassian harps, with solemn flow,
Peal the deep dirge around,—pluck each a wreath
Of baneful yew and twine it round your lyres,
For your own HENRY sleeps to wake no more!

Alas! alas! immortal youth!
Thine the richly varied song,
Simple, clear, sublime, and strong;
Thy sunny eye beam'd on the page of Truth,
Thy God adorn'd, and fraught with cherub fire,
'Twas thine to strike, on earth, a heavenly lyre!
Ah! lost too soon! through tangled groves,
'Midst the fresh dews no more
He pensive roves
The varied *Passions* to explore.
Silent, silent, is his tongue,
Whose notes so powerful through the woodlands rung
When on the wing of hoary Time,*
With energy sublime,
He soar'd, and left this lessening world below:—
Hark! hark! methinks, e'en now, I hear his numbers flow
——Ah! no;——he sings no more.——
Oh! thou greedy cormorant fell,
Death! insatiate monster! tell,
Why so soon was sped the dart
Which pierc'd, alas! his youthful heart?
Oh, despoiler! tyrant! know,
When thy arm that dealt the blow,

* One of Kirke White's most animated and beautiful Poems, entitled "Time."

Wither'd sinks, inactive, cold,
By a stronger arm controul'd,
Then shall this youth the song of triumph raise,
Throughout eternity, immeasurable days!
Bard of nature, heav'n-grac'd child!
Sweet, majestic, plaintive, wild;
Who, on rapid pinion borne,
Swifter than the breeze of morn,
Circled now the Aonian mount,
Now the Heliconian fount,
Teach me to string thy harp, and wake its strain
To mourn thy early fate, 'till every chord complain!

No! let thy harp remain,
On yon dark cypress hung,
By death unstrung;
To touch it were profane!

But, now, oh! now, at this deep hour,
While I feel thy thrilling pow'r;
While I steal from pillow'd sleep,
O'er thy urn to bend and weep,
Spirit, rob'd in chrystal light,
On the fleecy clouds of night,
Descend; and oh! my breast inspire,
With a portion of thy fire;
Teach my hand, at midnight's noon,
Hover o'er me while I sing,
Oh! spirit lov'd and bless'd attune the string!

Yes, now, when all around are sunk in rest;
And the night-vapour sails along the west;
When darkness, brooding o'er this nether ball,
Encircles nature with her sable pall;

Still let me tarry, heedless of repose,
To pour the bosom's—not the muse's, woes!
To thy lov'd mem'ry heave the sigh sincere,
And drop a kindred,—a prophetic, tear!
Fast flow, ye genial drops—
Gush forth, ye tender sighs!
And who, dear shade! can tell—but—
While thus I, mournful, pause and weep for Thee,
Shortly a sigh may heave,—a tear be shed, for *me*!

On visiting the tomb of Henry Kirke White.

BY MRS. M. H. HAY.

OH! spirit of the blest, forgive
The mortal tear—the mortal sigh;
Thou knowest what it was to live
And feel each human agony.

I would not raise thy mould'ring form,
Nor bring thy spirit from above,
Could I, a miracle perform,
Much as thy beauteous soul I love.

No, all I ask in fervent prayer,
As o'er thy silent tomb I bend,
That I, in heavenly scenes may share
Thy converse and become thy friend.

LINES,

Written on reading the Remains of Henry Kirke White, of Nottingham, late of St. John's College, Cambridge, with an Account of his Life by Robert Southey, Esq.

BY MRS. M. HAY.

THY gentle spirit now is fled;
Thy body in its earthy bed
  Is laid in peaceful sleep,
A spirit good and pure as thine,
Best in immortal scenes can shine,
  Though friends are left to weep.

When in this dreary dark abode,
Bewildered in life's mazy road,
  The weary trav'ller sighs;
A rising star sometimes appears;
Illumes the path, his bosom cheers;
  And light him to the skies.

Oh, had thy valued life been spared,
Had'st thou the vineyard's labour shared,
  What glowing fruits of love,
Thou might'st have added to the stores
Purchased by him thy soul adores,
  Now in the realms above.

Ah! loss severe; reflect ye great,
Ye rich, ye powerful, on the fate
  Of merit's early doom;*

* Vide the Life, p. 47.

Those dazzling gems ye so much prize,
Perhaps in dread array may rise
In judgment from the tomb.

A single gem of useless show,
Might everlasting lustre throw
Upon the eternal mind;
Did gentle offices employ
Those hours which fashion's ways destroy,
Those hours for good design'd.

Peruse the letters of a youth,
Whose pen was dipt in heavenly truth;
His virtuous struggles trace;
Then will thy melting bosom bleed,
And quicken there the precious seed
Of self-renewing grace.

Then will be clearly understood,
'The luxury of doing good;'
And O! how happy they
Whose means are great, and hearts are large,
Who best the sacred trust discharge
To him who will repay.

POEMS

WRITTEN BEFORE THE PUBLICATION OF

CLIFTON GROVE.

POEMS.

CHILDHOOD:

A POEM.

This is one of Henry's earliest productions, and appears by the handwriting, to have been written when he was between fourteen and fifteen. The picture of the school-mistress is from nature.

PART I.

PICTUR'D in memory's mellowing glass, how sweet,
Our infant days, our infant joys to greet;
To roam in fancy in each cherish'd scene,
The village church-yard, and the village green,
The woodland walk remote, the greenwood glade,
The mossy seat beneath the hawthorn's shade,
The white-wash'd cottage, where the woodbine grew,
And all the favourite haunts our childhood knew!
How sweet, while all the evil shuns the gaze,
To view the unclouded skies of former days!

Beloved age of innocence and smiles,
When each wing'd hour some new delight beguiles.
When the gay heart, to life's sweet day-spring true,
Still find some insect pleasure to pursue.
Blest Childhood, hail!—Thee simply will I sing,
And from myself the artless picture bring;
These long-lost scenes to me the past restore,
Each humble friend, each *pleasure*, now no more;
And ev'ry stump familiar to my sight,
Recalls some fond idea of delight.

This shrubby knoll was once my favourite seat;
Here did I love at evening to retreat,
And muse alone, till in the vault of night,
Hesper, aspiring, shew'd his golden light.
Here once again remote from human noise,
I sit me down to think of former joys;
Pause on each scene, each treasur'd scene, once more,
And once again each infant walk explore.
While as each grove and lawn I recognize,
My melted soul suffuses in my eyes.

And oh! thou Power, whose myriad trains resort
To distant scenes, and picture them to thought;
Whose mirror, held unto the mourner's eye,
Flings to his soul a borrow'd gleam of joy;
Blest memory, guide, with finger nicely true,
Back to my youth my retrospective view;
Recall with faithful vigour to my mind,
Each face familiar, each relation kind;
And all the finer traits of them afford,
Whose general outline in my heart is stor'd.

In yonder cot, along whose mouldering walls,
In many a fold, the mantling woodbine falls,
The village matron kept her little school,
Gentle of heart, yet knowing well to rule;
Staid was the dame, and modest was her mein;
Her garb was coarse, yet whole, and nicely clean;
Her neatly border'd cap; as lily fair,
Beneath her chin was pin'd with decent care;
And pendent ruffles, of the whitest lawn,
Of ancient make, her elbows did adorn.
Faint with old age, and dim were grown her eyes,
A pair of spectacles their want supplies;

These does she guard secure in leathern case,
From thoughtless wights, in some unweeted place.
Here first I enter'd, tho' with toil and pain,
The low vestibule of learning's fane;
Enter'd with pain, yet soon I found the way,
Tho' sometimes toilsome, many a sweet display.
Much did I grieve on that ill-fated morn,
When I was first to school reluctant borne;
Severe I thought the dame, tho' oft she try'd
To soothe my swelling spirits when I sigh'd;
And oft, when harshly she reprov'd, I wept,
To my lone corner broken-hearted crept,
And thought of tender home, where anger never kept.
But soon enur'd to alphabetic toils,
Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles;
First at the form, my task for ever true,
A little favourite rapidly I grew;
And oft she strok'd my head with fond delight,
Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight;
And as she gave my diligence its praise,
Talk'd of the honours of my future days.

Oh, had the venerable matron thought
Of all the ills by talent often brought;
Could she have seen me when revolving years
Had brought me deeper in the vale of tears,
Then had she wept, and wish'd my wayward fate
Had been a lowlier, an unletter'd state;
Wish'd that, remote from worldly woes and strife,
Unknown, unheard, I might have pass'd through life.

Where in the busy scene, by peace unblest,
Shall the poor wanderer find a place of rest?
A lonely mariner on the stormy main,
Without a hope, the calms of peace to gain;

Long toss'd by tempests o'er the world's wide shore,
When shall his spirit rest, to toil no more?
Not till the light foam of the sea shall lave
The sandy surface of his unwept grave.
Childhood, to thee I turn, from life's alarms,
Serenest season of perpetual calms,—
Turn with delight, and bid the passions cease,
And joy to think with thee I tasted peace.
Sweet reign of innocence, when no crime defiles,
But each new object brings attendant smiles;
When future evils never haunt the sight,
But all is pregnant with unmixt delight;
To thee I turn, from riot and from noise,
Turn to partake of more congenial joys.

'Neath yonder elm, that stands upon the moor,
When the clock spoke the hour of labour o'er,
What clamorous throngs, what happy groupes were seen,
In various postures scatt'ring o'er the green!
Some shoot the marble, others join the chace
Of self-made stag, or run the emulous race;
While others, seated on the dappled grass,
With doleful tales the light wing'd minutes pass.
Well I remember how, with gesture starch'd,
A band of soldiers, oft with pride we march'd:
For banners, to a tall ash we did bind
Our handkerchiefs flapping to the whistling wind;
And for our warlike arms we sought the mead,
And guns and spears we made of brittle reed;
Then in, uncouth array, our feats to crown,
We storm'd some ruin'd pig-stye for a town.

Pleas'd with our gay disports, the dame was wont
To set her wheel before the cottage front,

And o'er her spectacles would often peer,
To view our gambols, and our boyish geer.
Still as she look'd, her wheel kept turning round,
With its belov'd monotony of sound.
When tir'd with play, we'd sit us by her side,
(For out of school she never knew to chide)—
And wonder at her skill—well known to fame—
For who could match in spinning with the dame?
Her sheets, her linen, which she shew'd with pride
To strangers, still her thriftness testified;
Tho' we poor wights did wonder much, in troth,
How 'twas her spinning manufactur'd cloth.

Oft would we leave, tho' well belov'd, our play,
To chat at home the vacant hour away.
Many's the time I've scamper'd down the glade,
To ask the promis'd ditty from the maid,
Which well she lov'd, as well she knew to sing,
While we around her form'd a little ring:
She told of innocence, fore-doom'd to bleed,
Of wicked guardians bent on bloody deed,
Or little children murder'd as they slept;
While at each pause we wrung our hands and wept.
Sad was such tale, and wonder much did we,
Such hearts of stone there in the world could be.
Poor simple wights, ah! little did we ween
The ills that wait on man in life's sad scene!
Ah, little thought that we ourselves should know,
This world's a world of weeping and of woe!

Beloved moment! then 'twas first I caught
The first foundation of romantic thought:
Then first I shed bold Fancy's thrilling tear,
Then first that poesy charm'd mine infant ear.

Soon stor'd with much of legendary lore,
The sports of Childhood charm'd my soul no more.
Far from the scene of gaiety and noise
Far, far from turbulent and empty joys,
I hied me to the thick o'er-arching shade,
And there, on mossy carpet listless laid,
While at my feet the rippling runnel ran,
The days of wild romance antique I'd scan;
Soar on the wings of fancy thro' the air,
To realms of light, and pierce the radiance there.

* * * *

PART II.

There are, who think that Childhood does not share
With age the cup, the bitter cup of care:
Alas! they know not this unhappy truth,
That every age, and rank, is born to ruth.

From the first dawn of reason in the mind,
Man is foredoom'd the thorns of grief to find;
At every step has further cause to know,
The draught of pleasure still is dash'd with woe.

Yet in the youthful breast, for ever caught
With some new object for romantic thought,
The impression of the moment quickly flies,
And with the morrow every sorrow dies.

How different manhood!—then does Thought's control
Sink every pang still deeper in the soul;
Then keen Affliction's sad unceasing smart
Becomes a painful resident in the heart;

And Care, whom not the gayest can out-brave,
Pursues its feeble victim to the grave.
Then, as each long-known friend is summon'd hence,
We feel a void no joy can recompence,
And as we weep o'er every new-made tomb,
Wish that ourselves the next may meet our doom.

Yes Childhood, thee no rankling woes pursue,
No forms of future ill salute thy view,
No pangs repentant bid thee wake to weep,
But Halcyon peace protects thy downy sleep,
And sanguine Hope thro' every storm of life,
Shoots her bright beams, and calms the internal strife,
Yet e'en round childhood's heart, a thoughtless shrine
Affection's little thread will ever twine;
And tho' but frail may seem each tender tie,
The soul foregoes them but with man a sigh.
Thus, when the long-expected moment came,
When forc'd to leave the gentle hearted dame,
Reluctant throbbings rose within my breast,
And a still tear my silent grief express'd.

When to the public school compell'd to go,
What novel scenes did on my senses flow?
There in each breast each active power dilates,
Which 'broils whole nations, and convulses states;
There reigns by turns alternate, love and hate,
Ambition burns, and factious rebels prate;
And in a smaller range, a smaller sphere,
The dark deformities of man appear.
Yet there the gentler virtues kindred claim,
There Friendship lights her pure untainted flame,
There mild Benevolence delights to dwell,
And sweet Contentment rests without her cell;

And there, 'mid many a stormy soul, we find
The good of heart, the intelligent of mind.

'Twas there, Oh, George! with thee I learn'd to join
In Friendship's bands—in amity divine.
Oh, mournful thought!—Where is thy spirit now?
As here I sit on fav'rite Logar's brow,
And trace below each well-remember'd glade,
Where, arm in arm, erewhile with thee I stray'd.
Where art thou laid—on what untrodden shore,
Where nought is heard save ocean's sullen roar?
Dost thou in lowly, unlamented state,
At last repose from all the storms of fate?
Methinks I see thee struggling with the wave,
Without one aiding hand stretch'd out to save;
See thee convuls'd, thy looks to Heaven bend,
And send thy parting sigh unto thy friend.
Or where immeasurable wilds dismay,
Forlorn and sad thou bend'st thy weary way,
While sorrow and disease, with anguish rife,
Consume apace the ebbing springs of life.
Again I see his door against thee shut,
The unfeeling native turn thee from his hut:
I see thee spent with toil, and worn with grief,
Sit on the grass, and wish the long'd relief;
Then lie thee down, the stormy struggle o'er,
Think on thy native land—and rise no more!

Oh that thou could'st, from thine august abode,
Survey thy friend in life's dismaying road,
That thou could'st see him at this moment here,
Embalm thy memory with a pious tear,
And hover o'er him as he gazes round,
Where all the scenes of infant joys surround.

Yes! yes! his spirit's near!—The whispering breeze
Conveys his voice sad sighing on the trees;
And lo! his form transparent I perceive,
Borne on the grey mist of the sullen eve;
He hovers near, clad in the night's dim robe
While deathly silence reigns upon the globe.

Yet ah! whence comes this visionary scene?
'Tis fancy's wild aerial dream I ween;
By her inspir'd, when reason takes its flight,
What fond illusions beam upon the sight!
She waves her hand, and lo! what forms appear!
What magic sounds salute the wondering ear!
Once more o'er distant regions do we tread,
And the cold grave yields up its cherish'd dead;
While present sorrows banish'd far away,
Unclouded azure gilds the placid day,
Or in the future's cloud-encircled face,
Fair scenes of bliss to come we fondly trace,
And draw minutely every little wile,
Which shall the feathery hours of time beguile.

So when forlorn, and lonesome at her gate,
The Royal Mary solitary sate,
And view'd the moon-beam trembling on the wave,
And heard the hollow surge her prison lave,
Towards France's distant coast she bent her sight,
For there her soul had wing'd its longing flight;
There did she form full many a scheme of joy,
Visions of bliss unclouded with alloy,
Which bright thro' hope's deceitful optics beam'd,
And all became the surety which it seemed;
She wept, yet felt, while all within was calm,
In every tear a melancholy charm.

To yonder hill, whose sides, deform'd and steep,
Just yield a scanty sust'nance to the sheep,
With thee, my friend, I oftentimes have sped,
To see the sun rise from his healthy bed;
To watch the aspect of the summer morn,
Smiling upon the golden fields of corn,
And taste, delighted of superior joys,
Beheld thro' sympathy's enchanted eyes:
With silent admiration oft we view'd
The myriad hues o'er heav'n blue concave strew'd,
The fleecy clouds, of every tint and shade,
Round which the silvery sun-beam glancing play'd,
And the round orb itself, in azure throne,
Just peeping o'er the blue hill's ridgy zone.

We mark'd, delighted, how with aspect gay,
Reviving nature hail'd returning day;
Mark'd how the flowerets rear'd their drooping heads,
And the wild lambkins bounded o'er the meads,
While from each tree, in tones of sweet delight,
The birds sung pæans to the source of light;
Oft have we watch'd the speckled lark arise,
Leave his grass bed, and soar to kindred skies,
And rise, and rise, 'till the pain'd sight no more
Could trace him in his high ærial tour;
Tho' on the ear, at intervals, his song
Came wafted slow the wavy breeze along;
And we have thought how happy were our lot,
Bless'd with some sweet, some solitary cot,
Where from the peep of day, till russet Eve
Began in every dell her forms to weave,
We might pursue our sports from day to day,
And in each others arms wear life away.

At sultry noon too when our toils were done,
We to the gloomy glen were wont to run;
There on the turf we lay, while at our feet
The cooling rivulet rippled softly sweet:
And mused on holy theme, and ancient lore,
Of deeds and days, and heroes now no more;
Heard, as his solemn harp Isaiah swept,
Sung woe unto the wicked land—and wept;
Or, fancy led—saw Jeremiah mourn
In solemn sorrow o'er Judea's urn.
Then to another shore perhaps would rove,
With Plato talk in his Elysian grove;
Or, wand'ring where the Thespian palace rose,
Weep once again o'er fair Jocasta's woes.

Sweet then to us was that romantic band,
The ancient legends of our native land—
Chivalric Britomart, and Una fair,
And courteous Constance, doom'd to dark despair,
By turns our thoughts engag'd; and oft we talk'd
Of times when monarch superstition stalk'd,
And when the blood-fraught galliots of Rome
Brought the grand Druid fabric to its doom;
While were the wood-hung Meinai's waters flow,
The hoary harpers pour'd the strain of woe.

While thus employ'd, to us how sad the bell
Which summon'd us to school! 'Twas Fancy's knell,
And sadly sounding on the sullen ear,
It spoke of study pale, and chilling fear.
Yet even then, (for oh, what chains can bind,
What powers control, the energies of mind?)
E'en there we soar'd to many a height sublime,
And many a day-dream charm'd the lazy time.

At evening too, how pleasing was our walk,
Endear'd by Friendship's unrestrained talk,
When to the upland heights we bent our way,
To view the last beam of departing day;
How calm was all around! no playful breeze
Sigh'd 'mid the wavy foliage of the trees,
But all was still, save when, with drowsy song,
The grey-fly wound his sullen horn along;
And save when, heard in soft, yet merry glee,
The distant church bells' mellow harmony:
The silver mirror of the lucid brook,
That 'mid the tufted broom its still course took;
The rugged arch, that claps'd its silent tides,
With moss and rank weeds hanging down its sides:
The craggy rock, that jutted on the sight;
The shrieking bat, that took its heavy flight;
All, all was pregnant with divine delight.
We lov'd to watch the swallow swimming high,
In the bright azure of the vaulted sky;
Or gaze upon the clouds, whose colour'd pride
Was scatter'd thinly o'er the welkin wide,
And ting'd with such variety of shade,
To the charm'd soul sublimest thoughts convey'd.
In these what forms romantic did we trace,
While fancy led us o'er the realms of space!
Now we espied the thunderer in his car,
Leading the embattled seraphim to war,
Then stately towers descried, sublimely high,
In Gothic grandeur frowning on the sky—
Or saw, wide stretching o'er the azure height,
A ridge of glaciers in mural white.
Hugely terrific.—But those times are o'er,
And the fond scene can charm mine eyes no more;

For thou art gone, and I am left below,
Alone to struggle thro' this world of woe.

The scene is o'er—still seasons onward roll,
And each revolve conducts me toward the gaol;
Yet all is blank, without one soft relief,
One endless continuity of grief;
And the tir'd soul, now led to thoughts sublime,
Looks but for rest beyond the bounds of time.

Toil on, toil on, ye busy crowds, that pant
For hoards of wealth which ye will never want:
And, lost to all but gain, with ease resign
The calms of peace and happiness divine!
Far other cares be mine—Men little crave,
In this short journey to the silent grave;
And the poor peasant, bless'd with peace and health,
I envy more than Crœsus with his wealth.
Yet grieve not I, that fate did not decree
Paternal acres to await on me;
She gave me more, she plac'd within my breast
A heart with little pleas'd—with little blest:
I look around me, where, on every side,
Extensive manors, spread in wealthy pride;
And could my sight be borne to either zone,
I should not find one foot of land my own.

But whither do I wander? shall the muse,
For golden baits, her simple theme refuse:
Oh no! but while the weary spirit greets
The fading scenes of Childhood's far-gone sweets,
It catches all the infant's wandering tongue,
And prattles on in desultory song.

That song must close—the gloomy mists of night
Obscure the pale stars' visionary light,
And ebon darkness, clad in vapoury wet,
Steals on the welkin in primæval jet.
The song must close.—Once more my adverse lot
Leads me reluctant from this cherish'd spot;
Again compels to plunge in busy life,
And brave the hateful turbulence of strife.

Scenes of my youth—ere my unwilling feet
Are turn'd forever from this lov'd retreat,
Ere on these fields, with plenty cover'd o'er
My eyes are clos'd to ope on them no more,
Let me ejaculate to feeling due,
One long, one last, affectionate adieu.
Grant that, if ever Providence should please
To give me an old age of peace and ease,
Grant that in these sequester'd shades my days
May wear away in gradual decays:
And oh, ye spirits, who unbodied play,
Unseen upon the pinions of the day,
Kind genii of my native fields benign,
Who were * * * *

FRAGMENT

OF AN

ECCENTRIC DRAMA.

Written at a very early age.

In a little volume which Henry had copied out, apparently for the press, before the publication of Clifton Grove, the song with which this fragment commences was inserted, under the title of "The Dance of the Consumptives, in imitation of Shakespeare, taken from an Eccentric Drama, written by H. K. W. when very young." The rest was discovered among his loose papers, in the first rude draught, having, to all appearance, never been transcribed. The song was extracted when he was sixteen, and must have been written at least a year before, probably more, by the hand-writing. There is something strikingly wild and original in the fragment.

THE DANCE OF THE CONSUMPTIVES.

1.

DING-DONG! ding-dong!
Merry, merry, go the bells,
Ding-dong! ding-dong!
Over the heath, over the moor, and over the dale,
"Swinging slow with sullen roar,"
Dance, dance away, the jocund roundelay!
Ding-dong, ding-dong, calls us away.

2.

Round the oak, and round the elm,
Merrily foot it o'er the ground!
The sentry ghost it stands aloof,
So merrily, merrily, foot it round.
Ding-dong! ding-dong!
Merry, merry, go the bells,
Swelling in the nightly gale.
The sentry ghost,
It keeps its post,
And soon, and soon, our sports must fail:

But let us trip the nightly ground,
While the merry, merry, bells ring round.

3.

Hark! hark! the death-watch ticks!
See, see, the winding-sheet!
Our dance is done,
Our race is run,
And we must lie at the alder's feet!
Ding-dong, ding-dong,
Merry, merry, go the bells,
Swinging o'er the weltering wave!
And we must seek
Our death-beds bleak,
Where the green sod grows upon the grave.

They vanish—The Goddess of Consumption descends, habited in a sky-blue Robe—Attended by mournful Music.

Come, Melancholy, sister mine!
Cold the dews, and chill the night:
Come from thy dreary shrine!
The wan moon climbs the heavenly height:
And underneath her sickly ray,
Troops of squalid spectres play,
And the dying mortals' groan
Startles the night on her dusky throne.
Come, come, sister mine!
Gliding on the pale moonshine:
We'll ride at ease,
On the tainted breeze,
And oh! our sport will be divine.

The Goddess of Melancholy advances out of a deep Glen in the rear, habited in black, and covered with a thick Veil—She speaks.

Sister, from my dark abode,
Where nests the raven, sits the toad,
Hither I come, at thy command;
Sister, sister, join thy hand!

I will smooth the way for thee,
Thou shalt furnish food for me.
Come, let us speed our way
Where the troops of spectres play,
To charnel-houses, church-yards drear,
Where Death sits with a horrible leer,
A lasting grin on a throne of bones,
And skim along the blue tomb-stones.
Come, let us speed away,
Lay our snares, and spread our tether!
I will smooth the way for thee,
Thou shalt furnish food for me:
And the grass shall wave
O'er many a grave,
Where youth and beauty sleep together.

CONSUMPTION.

Come, let us speed our way!
Join our hands, and spread our tether!
I will furnish food for thee;
Thou shalt smooth the way for me;
And the grass shall wave
O'er many a grave,
Where youth and beauty sleep together.

MELANCHOLY.

Hist, sister, hist! who comes here?
Oh, I know her by that tear,
By that blue eye's languid glare,
By her skin, and by her hair:
She is mine,
And she is thine,
Now the deadliest draught prepare.

CONSUMPTION.

In the dismal night air drest,
I will creep into her breast;

Flush her cheek, and bleach her skin,
And feed on the vital fire within.
Lover, do not trust her eyes,—
When they sparkle most she dies!
Mother, do not trust her breath,—
Comfort she will breathe in death!
Father, do not strive to save her,—
She is mine, and I must have her!
The coffin must be her bridal bed;
The winding-sheet must wrap her head;
The whispering winds must o'er her sigh,
For soon in the grave the maid must lie.
The worm it will riot
On heavenly diet,
When death has deflower'd her eye.

(They vanish.

While Consumption speaks, Angelina enters.

ANGELINA.

With* what a silent and dejected pace
Dost thou, wan moon! upon thy way advance
In the blue welkin's vault! Pale wanderer!
Hast thou too felt the pangs of hopeless love,
That thus, with such a melancholy grace,
Thou dost pursue thy solitary course!
Hast thy Endymion, smooth-fac'd boy, forsook
Thy widow'd breast—on which the spoiler oft
Has nestled fondly, while the silver clouds
Fantastic pillow'd thee, and the dim night,
Obsequious to thy will, encurtain'd round
With its thick fringe thy couch?—Wan traveller,
How like thy fate to mine?—Yet I have still
One heavenly hope remaining which thou lack'st;

* With how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face!

SIR. P. SIDNEY.

My woes will soon be buried in the grave
Of kind forgetfulness:—*my journey here,*
Tho' it be darksome, joyless, and forlorn,
Is yet but short, and soon my weary feet
Will greet the peaceful inn of lasting rest.
But thou, unhappy Queen! art doom'd to trace
Thy lonely walk in the drear realms of night,
While many a lagging age shall sweep beneath
The leaden pinions of unshaken time;
Tho' not a hope shall spread its glittering hue
To cheat thy steps along the weary way.

O that the sum of human happiness
Should be so trifling, and so frail withal,
That when possest, it is but lessen'd grief;
And even then there's scarce a sudden gust
That blows across the dismal waste of life,
But bears it from the view.—O! who would shun
The hour that cuts from earth, and fear to press
The calm and peaceful pillows of the grave,
And yet endure the various ills of life,
And dark vicissitudes!—*Soon, I hope, I feel,*
And am assur'd, that I shall lay my head,
My weary aching head, on its last rest,
And on my lowly bed the grass green sod,
Will flourish sweetly,—And then they will weep
That one so young, and what they're pleas'd to call,
So beautiful, should die so soon—And tell
How painful disappointment's canker'd fang,
Wither'd the rose upon my maiden cheek.
Oh, foolish ones! why, I shall sleep so sweetly,
Laid in my darksome grave, that they themselves
Might envy me my rest!—And as for them,
Who, on the score of former intimacy,

May thus remembrance me—they must themselves
Successive fall.

Around the winter fire
(When out-a-doors the biting frost congeals,
And shrill the skater's irons on the pool
Ring loud, as by the moonlight he performs
His graceful evolutions) they not long
Shall sit and chat of older times, and feats
Of early youth, but silent, one by one,
Shall drop into their shrouds.—Some, in their age,
Ripe for the sickle; others young, like me,
And falling green beneath the untimely stroke.
Thus, in short time, in the church-yard forlorn,
Where I shall lie, my friends will lay them down,
And dwell with me, a happy family.
And oh, thou cruel, yet beloved youth,
Who now hast left me hopeless here to mourn,
Do thou but shed one tear upon my course,
And say that I was gentle, and deserv'd
A better lover, and I shall forgive
All, all thy wrongs;—and then do thou forget
The hapless Margaret, and be as blest
As wish can make thee.—Laugh and play, and sing,
With thy dear choice, and never think of me.
Yet hist, I hear a step.—In this dark wood—

* * * *

TO A FRIEND.

Written at a very early age.

I'VE read, my friend, of Diocletian,
And many another noble Grecian,
Who wealth and palaces resign'd
In cots the joys of peace to find;

Maximian's meal of turnip-tops,
(Disgusting food to dainty chops)
I've also read of, without wonder;
But such a curst egregious blunder,
As that a man, of wit and sense,
Should leave his books to hoard up pence,—
Forsake the lov'd Aonian maids,
For all the pretty tricks of trades,
I never, either now, or long since,
Have heard of such a piece of nonsense;
That one who learning's joys hath felt,
And at the Muse's altar knelt,
Should leave a life of sacred leisure,
To taste the accumulating pleasure;
And metamorphos'd to an alley duck,
Grovel in loads of kindred muck,
Oh! 'tis beyond my comprehension!
A courtier throwing up his pension,—
A lawyer working without a fee,—
A parson giving charity,
A truly pious methodist preacher,
Are not, egad, so out of nature.
Had nature made thee half a fool,
But given thee wit to keep a school,
I had not star'd at thy backsliding;
But when thy wit I can confide in,
When well I know thy just pretence
To solid and exalted sense;
When well I know that on thy head
Philosophy her lights hath shed,
I stand aghast! thy virtues sum to,
And wonder what this world will come to!

Yet, whence this strain? shall I repine
That thou alone dost singly shine?

Shall I lament that thou alone,
Of men of parts, hast prudence known?

LINES

On reading the Poems of Warton.

AGE FOURTEEN.

OH, Warton! to thy soothing shell
Stretch'd remote in hermit cell,
Where the brook runs babbling by,
For ever I could listening lie;
And catching all the muses' fire,
Hold converse with the tuneful choir.

What pleasing themes thy page adorn,
The ruddy streaks of cheerful morn!
The pastoral pipe, the ode sublime,
And melancholy's mournful chime,
Each with unwonted graces shines
In thy ever lovely lines.

Thy muse deserves the lasting meed;
Attuning sweet the Dorian reed,
Now the love-lorn swain complains,
And sings his sorrows to the plains,
Now the sylvan scenes appear
Through all the changes of the year;
Or the elegiac strain
Softly sings of mental pain,
And mournful diapasons sail
On the faintly-dying gale.
But, ah! the soothing scene is o'er!
On middle flight we cease to soar,
For now the muse assumes a bolder sweep,
Strikes on the lyric string her sorrows deep,
In strains unheard before.

Now, now the rising fire thrills high,
Now, now to heav'n's high realms we fly,
And every throne explore;
The soul entranc'd, on mighty wings,
With all the poet's heat, up springs,
And loses earthly woes;
Till all alarmed at the giddy height,
The muse descends on gentler flight,
And lulls the wearied soul to soft repose.

TO THE MUSE.

Written at the age of fourteen.

I.

ILL-FATED maid, in whose unhappy train,
Chill poverty and misery are seen,
Anguish and discontent, the unhappy bane
Of life, and blackener of each brighter scene.
Why to thy votaries dost thou give to feel!
So keenly all the scorns—the jeers of life?
Why not endow them to endure the strife
With apathy's invulnerable steel,
Or self content and ease, each torturing wound to heal.

II.

Ah! who would taste your self-deluding joys,
That lure the unwary to a wretched doom,
That bid fair views and flattering hopes arise,
Then hurl them headlong to a lasting tomb?
What is the charm which leads thy victims on
To persevere in paths that lead to woe?
What can induce them in that rout to go,
In which in-numerous before have gone,
And died in misery, poor and woe-begone.

III.

Yet can I ask what charms in thee are found,
I, who have drank from thine etherial rill,
And tasted all the pleasures that abound
Upon Parnassus, lov'd Aonian hill?
I, thro' whose soul the muses' strains aye thrill?
Oh! I do feel the spell with which I'm tied;
And tho' our annals fearful stories tell,
How Savage languish'd, and how Otway died,
Yet must I persevere, let whate'er will betide.

SONG.

Written at the age of Fourteen.

I.

SOFTLY, softly, blow, ye breezes,
Gently o'er my Edwy fly!
Lo! he slumbers, slumbers sweetly;
Softly, zephyrs, pass him by!
My love is asleep,
He lies by the deep,
All along where the salt waves sigh.

II.

I have cover'd him with rushes,
Water-flags, and branches dry.
Edwy, long have been thy slumbers;
Edwy, Edwy, ope thine eye!
My love is asleep,
He lies by the deep,
All along where the salt waves sigh.

III.

Still he sleeps; he will not waken,
Fastly closed is his eye;

Paler is his cheek, and chiller
Than the icy moon on high.
Alas! he is dead,
He has chose his death-bed
All along where the salt waves sigh.

IV.

Is it, is it so, my Edwy?
Will thy slumbers never fly?
Could'st thou think I would survive thee?
No, my love, thou bid'st me die.
Thou bid'st me seek
Thy death-bed bleak
All along where the salt waves sigh.

V.

I will gently kiss thy cold lips,
On thy breast I'll lay my head,
And the winds shall sing our death-dirge,
And our shroud the waters spread;
The moon will smile sweet,
And the wild wave will beat,
Oh! so softly o'er our lonely bed.

THE WANDERING BOY.

A SONG.

I.

WHEN the winter wind whistles along the wild moor,
And the cottager shuts on the beggar his door;
When the chilling tear stands in my comfortless eye!
Oh how hard is the lot of the wandering boy!

II.

The winter is cold, and I have no vest,
And my heart it is cold as it beats in my breast;
No father, no mother, no kindred have I,
For I am a parentless wandering boy.

III.

Yet I had a home, and I once had a sire,
A mother, who granted each infant desire;
Our cottage it stood in a wood-embower'd vale,
Where the ring-dove would warble its sorrowful tale.

IV.

But my father and mother were summon'd away,
And they left me to hard-hearted strangers a prey;
I fled from their rigour with many a sigh,
And now I'm a poor little wandering boy.

V.

The wind it is keen, and the snow loads the gale,
And no one will list to my innocent tale;
I'll go to the grave where my parents both lie,
And death shall befriend the poor wandering boy.

FRAGMENT.

——————THE western gale,
Mild as the kisses of connubial love,
Plays round my languid limbs, as all dissolv'd,
Beneath the ancient elm's fantastic shade
I lie, exhausted with the noontide heat;
While rippling o'er its deep-worn pebble bed,
The rapid rivulet rushes at my feet,
Dispensing coolness.—On the fringed marge
Full many a flow'ret rears its head,—or pink.
Or gaudy daffodil.—'Tis here, at noon,
The buskin'd wood-nymphs from the heat retire,
And lave them in the fountain; here, secure
From Pan, or savage satyr, they disport;
Or stretch'd supinely on the velvet turf,
Lull'd by the laden bee, or sultry fly,
Invoke the god of slumber. * * *

* * * * * * *

And hark, how merrily, from distant tow'r,
Ring round the village bells! now on the gale
They rise with gradual swell, distinct and loud;
Anon they die upon the pensive ear,
Melting in faintest music.—They bespeak
A day of jublilee, and oft they bear
Commixt along the unfrequented shore,
The sound of village dance and tabor loud,
Startling the musing ear of solitude.

Such is the jocund wake of Whitsuntide,
When happy superstition, gabbling eld!
Holds her unhurtful gambols—All the day
The rustic revellers ply the mazy dance,
On the smoth shaven green, and then at eve,
Commence the harmless rites and auguries;
And many a tale of ancient days goes round.
They tell of wizard seer, whose potent spells
Could hold in dreadful thrall the labouring moon,
Or draw the fix'd stars from their eminence,
And still the midnight tempest.—Then anon,
Tell of uncharnel'd spectres, seen to glide
Along the lone wood's unfrequented path,
Startling the nighted traveller: while the sound
Of undistinguish'd murmurs, heard to come
From the dark centre of the deep'ning glen,
Struck on his frozen ear.

Oh, Ignorance,
Thou art fall'n man's best friend! With thee he speeds
In frigid apathy along his way,
And never does the tear of agony
Burn down his scorching cheek; or the keen steel
Of wounded feelings penetrate his breast.

E'en now, as leaning on this fragrant bank,
I taste of all the keener happiness
Which sense refin'd affords—Ev'n now my heart
Would fain induce me to forsake the world,
Throw off these garments, and in shepherd's weeds,
With a small flock, and short suspended reed,
To sojourn in the woodland.—Then my thought
Draws such gay pictures of ideal bliss,
That I could almost err in reason's spite,
And trespass on my judgment

Such is life;
The distant prospect always seems more fair,
And when attain'd, another still succeeds
Far fairer than before—yet compass'd round
With the same dangers, and the same dismay.
And we poor pilgrims in this dreary maze,
Still discontented, chase the fairy form
Of unsubstantial happiness, to find,
When life itself is sinking in the strife,
'Tis but an airy bubble and a cheat.

CANZONET.

1.

MAIDEN! wrap thy mantle round thee,
Cold the rain beats on thy breast:
Why should horror's voice astound thee,
Death can bid the wretched rest!
All under the tree
Thy bed may be,
And thou mayest slumber peacefully.

2.

Maiden! once gay pleasure knew thee:
Now thy cheeks are pale and deep:

Love has been a felon to thee;
Yet, poor maiden do not weep:
There's rest for thee
All under the tree,
Where thou wilt sleep most peacefully.

COMMENCEMENT OF A POEM

ON DESPAIR.

SOME to Aonian lyres of silver sound
With winning elegance attune their song,
Form'd to sink lightly on the soothed sense,
And charm the soul with softest harmony:
'Tis then that hope with sanguine eye is seen
Roving through fancy's gay futurity;
Her heart light dancing to the sounds of pleasure,
Pleasure of days to come.—Memory too then
Comes with her sister, Melancholy sad,
Pensively musing on the scenes of youth,
Scenes never to return.*
Such subjects merit poets us'd to raise
The attic verse harmonious; but for me
A dreadlier theme demands my backward hand,
And bids me strike the strings of dissonance
With frantic energy.
'Tis wan Despair I sing; if sing I can,
Of him before whose blast the voice of song,
And mirth, and hope, and happiness, all fly,
Nor ever dare return. His notes are heard
At noon of night, where on the coast of blood,
The lacerated son of Angola
Howls forth his suff'rings to the moaning wind;

* Alluding to the two pleasing poems, the Pleasures of Hope and of Memory.

And, when the awful silence of the night
Strikes the chill death-dew to the murd'rers heart
He speaks in every conscience-prompted word
Half utter'd, half suppres-'d—
'Tis him I sing—Despair—terrific name,
Striking unsteadily the tremulous chord
Of timorous terror—discord in the sound;
For to a theme revolting as is this,
Dare not I woo the maids of harmony,
Who love to sit, and catch the soothing sound
Of lyre Æolian, or the martial bugle,
Calling the hero to the field of glory,
And firing him with deeds of high emprise,
And warlike triumph: but from scenes like mine
Shrink they affrighted, and detest the bard
Who dares to sound the hollow tones of horror.

Hence then, soft maids,
And woo the silken zephyr in the bowers
By Heliconia's sleep-inviting stream:
For aid like yours I seek not; 'tis for powers
Of Darker hue to inspire a verse like mine!
'Tis work for wizards, sorcerers, and fiends!

Hither, ye furious imps of Acheron,
Nurslings of hell, and beings shunning light,
And all the myriads of the burning concave:
Souls of the damned:—Hither, oh! come and join,
Th' infernal chorus. 'Tis Despair I sing;
He, whose sole tooth inflicts a deadlier pang
Than all your tortures join'd. Sing, sing Despair!
Repeat the sound, and celebrate his power;
Unite shouts, screams, and agonizing shrieks,
Till the loud pæan ring thro' hell's high vault,
And the remotest spirits of the deep
Leap from the lake, and join the dreadful song.

TO THE WIND.

AT MIDNIGHT.

NOT unfamiliar to mine ear,
Blasts of the night! ye howl as now
My shudd'ring casement loud
With fitful force ye beat.

Mine ear has dwelt in silent awe,
The bowling sweep, the sudden rush;
And when the passing gale
Pour'd deep the hollow dirge,
* * * *

THE EVE OF DEATH.

IRREGULAR.

I.

SILENCE of Death—portentous calm,
Those airy forms that yonder fly,
Denote that your void foreruns a storm,
That the hour of fate is nigh.
I see, I see, on the dim mist borne,
The Spirit of battles rear his crest!
I see, I see, that ere the morn
His spear will foresake its hated rest,
And the widow'd wife of Larrendill will beat her naked breast.

II.

O'er the smooth bosom of the sullen deep
No softly raffling zephyrs fly;
But nature sleeps a deathless sleep,
For the hour of battle is nigh.
Not a loose leaf waves on the dusky oak,
But a creeping stillness reigns around;

Except when the raven, with ominious croak,
On the ear does unwelcomely sound.
I know, I know, what this silence means,
I know what the raven saith—
Strike, oh, ye bards! the melancholy harp,
For this is the eve of death.

III.

Behold, how along the twilight air
The shades of our fathers glide!
There Morven fled, with the blood-drench'd hair,
And Colma with grey side.
No gale around its coolness flings,
Yet sadly sigh the gloomy trees;
And hark, how the harp's unvisited strings
Sound sweet as if swept by a whispering breeze!
'Tis done! the sun he has set in blood!
He will never set more to the brave;
Let us pour to the hero the dirge of death—
For to-morrow he hies to the grave.

THANATOS.

OH! who would cherish life,
And cling unto this heavy clog of clay,
Love this rude world of strife,
Where glooms and tempests cloud the fairest day!
And where, 'neath outward smiles
Conceal'd, the snake lies feeding on its prey,
Where pit-falls lie in ev'ry flowery way,
And syrens lure the wanderer to their wiles!
Hateful it is to me,
Its riotous railings and revengeful strife;
I'm tir'd with all its screams and brutal shouts
Dinning the ear;—away—away with life!

And welcome, oh! thou silent maid,
Who in some foggy vault art laid,
Where never daylight's dazzling ray
Comes to disturb thy dismal sway;
And there amid unwholesome damps dost sleep,
In such foregetful slumbers deep,
That all thy senses stupified,
Are to marble petrified.
Sleepy Death, I welcome thee!
Sweet are thy calms to misery.
Poppies I will ask no more,
Nor the fatal hellebore;
Death is the best, the only cure,
His are slumbers ever sure.
Lay me in the Gothic tomb,
In whose solemn fretted gloom
I may lie in mouldering state,
With all the grandeur of the great:
Over me, magnificent,
Carve a stately monument;
Then thereon my statue lay,
With hands in attitude to pray,
And angels serve to hold my head,
Weeping o'er the father dead.
Duly too at close of day,
Let the peeling organ play:
And while the harmonious thunders roll,
Chaunt a vesper to my soul:
Thus how sweet my sleep will be,
Shut out from thoughtful misery!

ATHANATOS.

AWAY with death—away
With all her sluggish sleeps and chilling damps,

Impervious to the day,
Where nature sinks into inanity,
How can the soul desire
Such hateful nothingness to crave,
And yield with joy the vital fire
To moulder in the grave!
Yet mortal life is sad,
Eternal storms molest its sullen sky;
And sorrows ever rife
Drain the sacred fountain dry—
Away with mortal life!
But, hail the calm reality,
The seraph Immortality!
Hail the Heavenly bowers of peace,
Where all the storms of passion cease.
Wild life's dismaying struggle o'er,
The wearied spirit weeps no more;
But wears the eternal smile of joy,
Tasting bliss without alloy.
Welcome, welcome, happy bowers,
Where no passing tempest lowers;
But the azure heavens display
The everlasting smile of day;
Where the choral seraph choir,
Strike to praise the harmonious lyre:
And the spirit sinks to ease,
Lull'd by distant symphonies.
Oh! to think of meeting there
The friends whose graves receiv'd our tear,
The daughter lov'd. the wife ador'd,
To our widow'd arms restor'd:
And all the joys which death did sever,
Given to us again forever!
Who would cling to wretched life,
And hug the poison'd thorn of strife,

Who would not long from earth to fly,
A sluggish senseless lump to lie,
When the glorious prospect lies
Full before his raptur'd eyes?

MUSIC,

Written between the ages of fourteen and fifteen, with a few subsequent verbal alterations.

MUSIC, all powerful o'er the human mind,
Can still each mental storm, each tumult calm,
Soothe anxious care on sleepless couch reclin'd,
And e'en fierce anger's furious rage disarm.

At her command the various passions lie;
She stirs to battle, or she lulls to peace,
Melts the charm'd soul to thrilling ecstacy,
And bids the jarring world's harsh clangour cease.

Her martial sounds can fainting troops inspire
With strength unwonted, and enthusiasm raise,
Infuse new ardour, and with youthful fire
Urge on the warrior grey with length of days.

Far better she when with her soothing lyre
She charms the faulchion from the savage grasp,
And melting into pity vengeful ire,
Looses the bloody breast-plate's iron clasp.

With her in pensive mood I long to roam,
At midnight's hour, or evening's calm decline,
And thoughtful o'er the falling streamlet's foam,
In calm seclusion's hermit walks recline.

Whilst mellow sounds from distant copse arise
Of softest flute or reeds harmonic join'd,

With rapture thrill'd each worldly passion dies,
And pleas'd attention claims the passive mind.

Soft through the dell the dying strains retire,
Then burst majestic in the varied swell:
Now breathe melodious as the Grecian lyre,
Or on the ear in sinking cadence dwell.

Romantic sounds! such is the bliss ye give,
That heaven's bright scenes seem bursting on the soul;
With joy I'd yield each sensual wish, to live
For ever 'neath your undefil'd controul.

Oh surely melody from heaven was sent,
To cheer the soul when tir'd with human strife,
To soothe the wayward heart by sorrow rent,
And soften down the rugged road of life.

ODE

TO THE HARVEST MOON.

———Cum rult imbriferum ver:
Spicea jam campis cum messis inhorruit, et cum
Frumenta in viridi stipula lactentia turgent:
— — — — — — — — — — — — — —
Cuncta tibi Cererem pubes agrestis adoret.

VIRGIL.

MOON of harvest, herald mild
Of plenty, rustic labour's child,
Hail! oh hail! I greet thy beam,
As soft it trembles o'er the stream,
And gilds the straw-thatch'd hamlet wild,
Where innocence and peace reside;
'Tis thou that glad'st with joy the rustic throng,
Promptest the tripping dance, th' exhilarating song.

Moon of Harvest, I do love
O'er the uplands now to rove,
While thy modest ray serene
Gilds the wide surrounding scene;
And to watch thee riding high
In the blue vault of the sky.
Where no thin vapour intercepts thy ray,
But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on thy way.

Pleasing 'tis, oh, modest moon!
Now the night is at her noon,
'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
While around the zephyrs sigh,
Fanning soft the sun-tann'd wheat,
Ripen'd by the summer's heat;
Picturing all the rustic's joy
When boundless plenty greets his eye,
And thinking soon,
Oh, modest moon!
How many a female eye will roam
Along the road,
To see the load,
The last dear load of harvest home.

Storms and tempests, floods and rains,
Stern despoilers of the plains,
Hence away, the season flee,
Foes to light heart jolity;
May no winds careering high,
Drive the clouds along the sky;
But may all nature smile with aspect boon,
When in the heavens thou shew'st thy face, oh, Harvest Moon!

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,
The husbandman, with sleep-seal'd eyes;
He dreams of crowded barns, and round
The yard he hears the flail resound;
Oh! may no hurricane destroy
His visionary views of joy:
God of the winds! oh hear his humble pray'r,
And while the moon of harvest shines, thy blust'ring
whirlwind spare.

Sons of luxury, to you
Leave I sleep's dull pow'r to woo:
Press ye still the downy bed,
While fev'rish dreams surround your head;
I will seek the woodland glade,
Penetrate the thickest shade,
Wrapt in contemplation's dreams,
Musing high on holy themes,
While on the gale
Shall softly sail
The nightingale's enchanting tune,
And oft my eyes
Shall grateful rise
To thee, the modest Harvest Moon!

THE SHIPWRECK'D SOLITARY'S SONG.

TO THE NIGHT.

THOU, spirit of the spangled night!
I woo thee from the watch-tower high,
Where thou dost sit to guide the bark
Of lonely mariner.

The winds are whistling o'er the woulds,
The distant main is moaning low;
Come let us sit and weave a song—
A melancholy song!

Sweet is the scented gale of morn,
And sweet the moontide's fervid beam,
But sweeter far the solemn calm
That marks thy mournful reign.

I've pass'd here many a lonely year,
And never human voice have heard;
I've pass'd here many a lonely year,
A solitary man.

And I have linger'd in the shade,
From sultry noon's hot beam. And I
Have knelt before my wicker door,
To sing my ev'ning song.

And I have hail'd the gray morn high,
On the blue mountain's misty brow,
And try to tune my little reed
To hymns of harmony.

But never could I tune my reed,
At morn, or noon, or eve, so sweet,
As when upon the ocean shore
I hail'd thy star-beam mild.

The day-spring brings not joy to me,
The moon it whispers not of peace,
But oh! when darkness robes the heav'ns,
My woes are mix'd with joy.